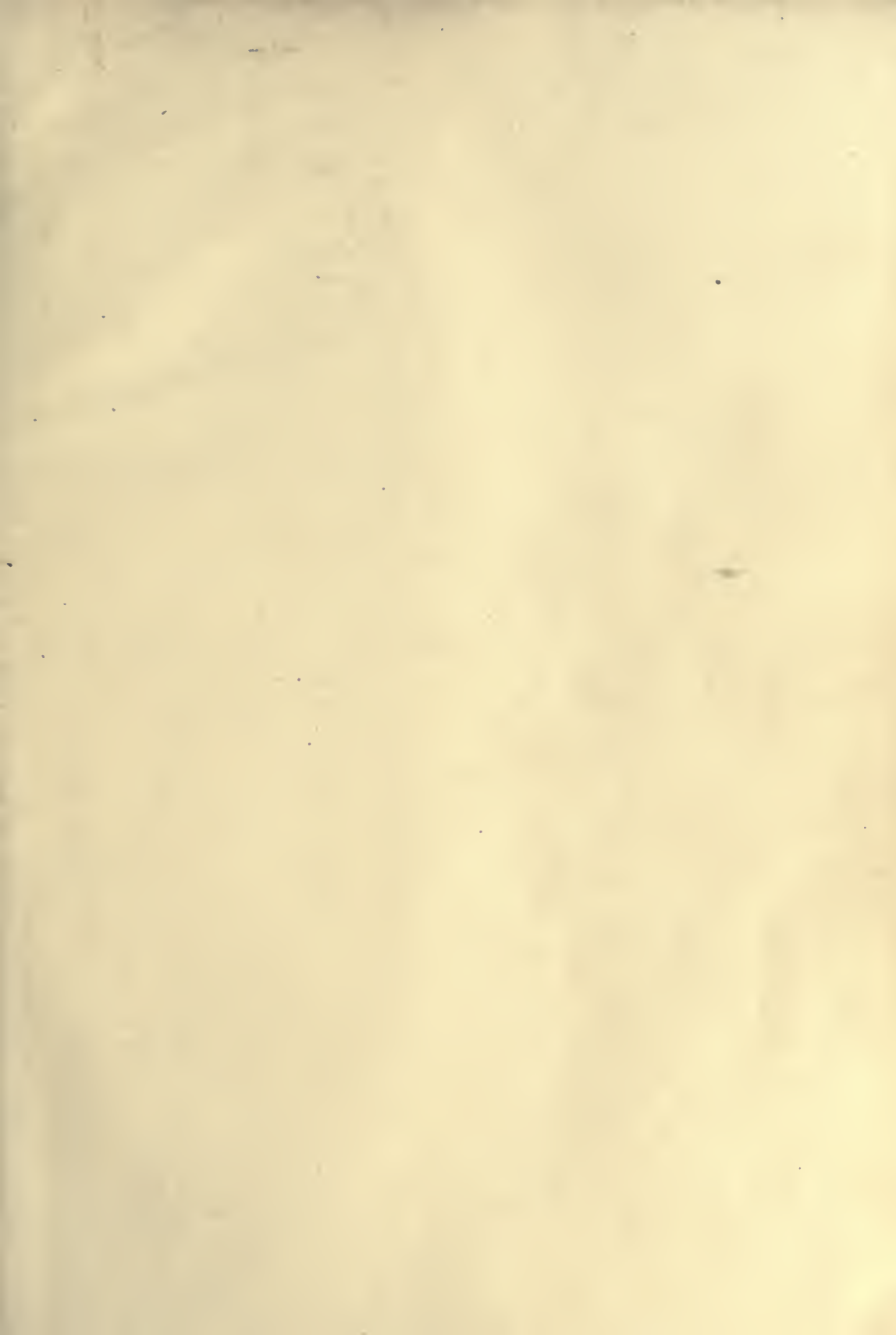


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June Number



Rae Lake, King River Country

Photo by Enid Kinney



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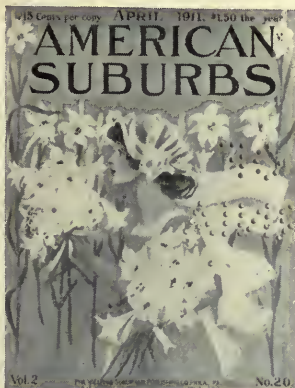
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OUT WEST

JUNE, 1911

Tramping in the High Sierras.

Celia W. Bailey

(NOTE). The Sierra Club is an organization formed to explore, enjoy and render accessible the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast, to publish authentic information concerning them, and to enlist the support of the people and the Government in preserving the forests and other natural features of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Dr. David Starr Jordan, Mr. Gifford Pinchot and John Muir are among its members. The following sketch describes one of its annual outings.

"Next station, Lemon Cove," was the summons that aroused the sleeping Sierrans at two o'clock on the morning of July first. All night we had been speeding on a special train through the great central valley of California, and now here we were as far toward the Kings River Canyon as steam power could take us. Outside, stages were waiting for us to hurry through our dressing. By the starlight, the faint outline of foothills near at hand could be seen and as daylight advanced, the jagged peaks of the Sierras loomed against the horizon.

All the long morning, our horses toiled up through the dust and heat of the barren foothills. But at mid-afternoon, we began to enter the Promised Land, having reached the forested slopes, where the Sequoia Giganteas lift their marvelous crowns to the sky. No talk of weariness



"Black Lady," with Rae Lake in foreground.
Photo by E. L. Parsons



"Close to Nature."

Photo by Miss Enid Kinney

now, but exclamations of wonder at the huge trees that crowd this forest belt. In one place, twelve of these giants could be counted within a stone's throw.

Making our first night's camp at Quail Flat, we could look down into Redwood canyon and catch the sunset light in the stately sequoias beneath us; while miles below, we could see our starting point of the morning on the edge of the great golden plain of the San Joaquin Valley.

With that first night's camp, began the month's outing of some two hundred members of the Sierra Club. Stages could take us no farther, and next morning walking was good to the Kings River Canyon thirty miles away. It was a varied party that "hit the trail" that morning—doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, rich-man, poor-man, school-ma'am and parson—people from every walk in life and from every state in the Union, though most of them were Westerners. Everyone was stoutly shod, and carried, or wore, a gay bandana handkerchief. The bandana is reckoned an indispensable

part of a Sierran outfit, being by turns a collar, a night-cap, an apron, a napkin, a hat-drape or a lunch basket, as necessity arises. Upon the size and beauty of one's bandana depends his social standing in camp.

Although there were so many of us, we did not travel in a dusty, noisy crowd through the glorious mountain solitudes. All the universe was ours up there. We started on the march after breakfast whenever we pleased, and got into camp at night whenever we pleased, so the company naturally divided itself into congenial little groups. Of course there were a few "hikers" and would-be "hikers," but with most of us the purpose was not the getting there but the going. Like Stevenson, we could not tell whether we put the knapsack on, or took it off with greater delight, eager to explore new country in the morning, and weary with the exertion of the day's march at night. We could still come into camp at a seasonable hour, even though we had lingered here and there by the trail to catch some particularly

lovely glimpse of mountain top or shining river, and had enjoyed an hour of delicious loafing at noon in the shade beside a dashing mountain stream, while the luncheon of hardtack and cheese was given zest by a pail of hot tea or chocolate, or some broiled trout cooked over a little camp fire.

How far did you walk a day? is the question asked by those who have an idea in their subconscious minds that some time they, too, would like to go on one of these Sierra Club outings. But "you nor I nor nobody knows." Mountain miles are mysterious affairs. Ups and downs aren't reckoned; only the distance advanced towards the goal. John Muir describes the trail into Kings River Canyon as fairly good as mountain trails go, inasmuch as you are seldom compelled to travel more than "two miles to make an advance of one, and less than half of the miles are perpendicular." It took us two days to walk into the Canyon, a distance of some thirty mountain miles, probably.

But oh! the joy of getting into camp, hollow as a tree internally, and beholding Charley Tuck at the cook stove, Charley Tuck, the Chinese head cook, the genius of the commissary, the indispensable factor of the Sierra Club, without whom all scenery would pall, and rocks and trees be but rocks and trees. What joy to loaf near the commissary and sniff hungrily at the delicious loaves of bread that are whisked in and out of the oven, or to watch him while he constructs and bakes sixty-four apple pies, his only work-table a couple of cracker boxes! He is always smiling, always eager to feed people, but never hurried or flurried, wearing a fine Celestial calm on that heathen countenance, though his slanting eyes keep keen watch over everything that happens in his realm. Who that has ever come tired from the trail will forget Charley Tuck's "soup, soup of the evening, beautiful, beautiful, soup?" Who that has started refreshed on the trail in the morning will forget Charley's crisp bacon and delicious corn bread? If an army is said to march on its stomach, still more is that a vital part of the anatomy with mountaineers.

Charley, being such a personage, rode from camp to camp. With his imper-



Mountain Walls—View from the Sierras into the Owens River Valley. Photo by R. L. Glisan

turbable countenance fixed on the path ahead, and his yeast bottle hanging from the saddle-horn, he often passed us on the trail, picking his way from "goose" to "goose" as he called the duck-rocks that marked the rougher trails.

Our menu of canned goods, cured meats and dried fruits doesn't sound exciting here in the valley, but it was greatly relished on the heights. Sometimes on extra occasions, we were treated to a kind of red jello dessert, a whole dishpan full, that we called from its color and consistency "quivering death." This was eaten with condensed milk atop and was a great delicacy. Several times, too, corn-starch pudding was served that somebody dubbed "Paper Hangers'



Mist Falls

Photo by Miss Enid Kinney

Delight." What's in a name? Enough in that one to spoil its flavor for the more sensitive souls.

Mealtime was announced by beating on the dish-pan with a spoon. Immediately a scramble to form the "bread line" ensued, for the food was served cafeteria style. Our mountain appetites usually advised us to take something of everything. The growing boys didn't wait to Fletcherize their first generous helping in calmness, sitting on the ground, but hied themselves at once to the end of the line and ate their way back to the counter again, as "repeaters."

Everybody slept in sleeping bags out in the open, these bags being made, as a rule, of an eiderdown quilt enclosed in a long denim bag. The quilt gives warmth and lightness, both requisites where dunnage must be limited. The sleeping bag was rolled up in the morning and thrust into a dunnage bag, a bag shaped like a gunny sack that was the Sierra trunk and carried one's bed and personal belongings. It was like tug-

ging a very fat pillow into a slim case to get all one's possessions into the bag. But there, individual responsibility ended. Packers loaded the patient burros with these bags and with the supplies of the commissary, so all the Sierrans had to do was to transfer themselves from point to point.

Upon reaching camp at night-fall, the experienced Sierran selects a comparatively level spot under a protecting tree, removes a few of the biggest rocks and pine cones, puts down his sleeping bag and is ready to sleep the sleep of the righteous. The inexperienced mountaineer spends time getting fir-branches or pine needles for a mattress, pokes cautiously down into her bag for a possible sleeping rattle-snake and blesses her stars that she has brought a soft down pillow for her head when parts of the back-bone of the continent meet her own vertebrae. Sometimes, a neighboring ant's nest disturbs the serenity of her dreams, for ants in those altitudes reach the dimensions of tarantulas and

are very restless. Sometimes, the burros of the pack train found their browsing ground inhabited by these strange sleeping bag creatures, and had to roam over them and around them to find pasture, the bells hanging from their necks tinkling merrily all night long. In the high altitudes, we didn't disrobe for bed. On the contrary we attired ourselves in every stitch of clothing we could lay hands on, sweaters, coats and extra stockings, for we were sleeping beside snow banks, with glaciers almost in sight.

But for the most part, our slumber was very refreshing. The nights were so beautiful it seemed almost wicked to sleep through them. I thought with Muir, "Sleep, why you can sleep when you get back home, or, at least, in the grave!" To lie there, breathing that pure upper air, fragrant with the pine and cedar trees that sway gently above you in the fitful night breeze, watching the stars that shine with a clear brilliance they never have to the dweller in the valley, hearing the rush of the river as it hurries on in silver flood, and watching the wierd moonlight bring out mysterious lights and shadows in the awful cliffs and precipices that form the canyon walls—to close ones eyes on the glory and beauty of it all seems sacrilege. But we are only human, and the bondage of the flesh soon fetters the wings of the reluctant spirit in slumber.

"Get up!—get up!—get up!" It is four o'clock of a glorious morning. Charley Tuck is vigorously beating the gong, and we know from his jubilant "get up" that his face is wreathed in smiles. Beating the rising gong at four A. M. is a joy to which the old heathen looks forward with keen anticipation from one summer until the next.

After the first disgruntled moment or so, we are glad with him. The sun is just touching the tops of the huge cliffs. The beautiful song of the hermit thrush is ringing through the wood, and our bodies are refreshed by slumber in that mountain air:

Air, fresh life-blood, thin and searching air,

The clear, dear breath of God that loveth us,



"Wash Day."

Photo by Miss Enid Kinney

Where small birds reel, and winds take their delight!"

The end of the first two days' walk brought us into Kings River Canyon. This Yosemite is longer and deeper, and is surrounded by grander mountains than the Yosemite of the Merced that is known as *the* Yosemite. The purplish gray granite rocks that form its walls are from 2,500 to 5,000 feet high, carved in many wonderful spines and pinnacles. Our main camp was at the base of the Grand Sentinel. This huge mass of rock presents a split vertical front 3,300 feet in height almost as sheer as the front of Yosemite Half Dome. Projecting out into the floor of the valley from the base of this sheer Upper Sentinel is the



Rest for the Weary .

Photo by H. E. Bailey

Lower Sentinel 2,400 feet high. For miles and miles, as we climbed up this canyon and followed its main branches to the mountain tops, we passed rocks and rock walls that will be as well known some day as are the rocks of the Yosemite. Many of them are as yet unnamed, as the Kings River Canyon is but little known on account of its inaccessibility. The Sphinx, a curious sphinx-like figure, is the highest rock on the south wall, and one of the most remarkable in the Sierras. At the head of the valley looms the great Glacier Monument, the most sublimely beautiful of all these great rocks. It is almost a mile in height and wonderfully sculptured.

The waterfalls are not so spectacular, however, as they are mostly made in the form of cascades, not shaken free as are the falls of the Yosemite. The falls of the rightly named Roaring River are interesting because, beyond the thundering plunge of the river into a dark pool and its short, boisterous rush thence into the Kings River, you see no more. The fall plunges from a

narrow gorge that is absolutely impassible for miles. Mist Falls below Paradise Valley has a fairy-like beauty that is difficult to picture. It is caused by the steep plunge of the Kings River, the water being tossed into shimmering spray by the jagged rocks in its descent.

The walk up Bubbs Creek canyon led us by a much-used trail to the highest travelled pass on the continent, Kearsarge Pass, 12,000 feet elevation, leading from Owens River Valley into the San Joaquin. The view from the Pass is glorious. Owens River Valley with its beautiful desert coloring lies far below you, the snowy Sierras lift their jagged peaks so near and clear that you can almost touch them, and numberless lakes are right at your feet. "Pothole Lake" is one of the most beautiful of these. It should have been called "Morning-Glory Lake" for it is a gem, so round and clear and deep and blue with the snow coming down to its very edge, and seeming to guard its crystal purity.

The other main trail followed led through Paradise Valley to Rae Lake. This Para-

dise trail had just been completed at an expense of a thousand dollars, paid for in part by Sierra Club funds, so we were going up into comparatively hitherto unexplored country. The way into "Paradise" was hot and steep and purgatorial, as it led up over huge boulders of earthquake talus and glaciated rock. How blissful, then, seemed the vale of Paradise to our hot and weary bodies, with its flowery beauty, its singing streams, grassy meadows and sentinel walls of rock. The trees were especially beautiful, red and white firs, yellow pines, sugar pines and incense cedars. But this was also an earthly Paradise. If it was the original Eden, the old serpent had been multiplying busily ever since. Fifty rattle-snakes were brought into camp during the three days we were there. We got so we could eat unconcernedly with a dozen rattlers hanging in a row before us, but it did take the charm from a comfortable seat to be politely requested not to hurt the snake, and find that one was sitting on a neatly coiled rattler. Minus, his head, to be sure, but he didn't look good anyway. And then it rained, so we dubbed the camp "Paradise Lost."

We climbed up from Paradise Valley to Rae Lake, where we had the most beautiful camp of all. This lake is several miles long, and has the greenish milky water that all snow or glacier fed lakes have. It is set in a narrow basin, surrounded by marvelous snow-crowned mountains, with broad zigzag lines of pin and yellow and black strata marking their slopes. Tamaracks and junipers crowd to the edge of the lake and cover the islands that dot it picturesquely. Fin Dome, a peculiar monumental rock over 500 feet high, rises straight up from the lake margin like a beautiful obelisk. We liked this camp so much that we called it "Paradise Regained."

And so the month passed all too swiftly, with walking, fishing, climbing mountain peaks, and enjoying jolly evenings about the big camp-fire. Two hundred people cannot travel for a month together in mountain fastnesses without becoming interested in each other. Of course, there were some people and events that stand out as espec-



"Steady."

Photo by Mr. Roper

ially memorable. There was a pretty girl from the East, who walked into the canyon, wearing a Dutch cut waist of sheer material, and shod in high-heeled low shoes. Between blisters and sunburn she cut a sorry figure, hobbling along as if bound to be in the fashion even at such an altitude. There was the deaf-mute who goes every year and gets great pleasure from these outings. And then there was the Kanawyer baby, born at Kanawyer's settlement, a mite of four pounds and the first white child ever born in Kings River canyon. There was no physician in attendance and no haughty nurse to keep away the crowds of Sierrans who filed in and out of the shack, bearing good wishes and gifts to the smiling mother and babe. We wanted the child named "Sierra" after us, but they thought "Viola Marie" none too good for it. A collection was taken among the club members to buy the babe a silver loving cup in honor of our visit.

Loath to leave the beauties of the

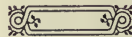


"Our Breakfast Room."

Photo by Miss Enid Kinney

mountains, we gathered about our last camp fire. And when next day, clad in civilian clothes, we sat in rocking chairs on the hotel piazza at Lemon Cove, feasting on watermelon and cheering the passing auto, we felt that we

had left the simple life far above us. But we also felt we might return with John Muir's benediction, "You were pretty good people when you went into the canyon, but you are a good deal better now. Life is richer."



San Diego's Novel Exposition.

By Winfield Hogaboom



President U. S. Grant, Jr.
Panama-California Exposition



Director-General D. C. Collier
Panama-California Exposition

California's celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal will open this year July 19, 20, 21, and 22, in San Diego with four days and nights of pageantry during which ground will be broken and the first building of the Panama-California Exposition dedicated. Around these dates cluster the anniversaries which made the state's history. It was in July, 1769, that the Franciscan Fathers reached San Diego on a mission to the Indians, having been sent by the Spanish authorities in Mexico City. It was then they planted the first olive trees and palms and began the history of irrigation.

The San Diego celebration will tell the whole story of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa, the ancient war rites of the Aztecs, Cabrillo's start on his search for a Northwest passage, his landing in San Diego Bay, the ad-

vent of the Mission fathers and all the epochs of the early history of California to be shown in pageantry. The program for the four days has been made to combine all these epochs of early Spanish history interwoven with all the modern periods requisite to complete the sequences.

The first day of the celebration, July 19, will be given over to the religious and civic ceremonies connected with the ground breaking of San Diego's 1915 Exposition. Bishop Conaty of the diocese of Los Angeles and Monterey, will celebrate mass upon an altar which is to be a replica of the one now in the church whence the Franciscan monks were sent on their first mission to California.

The corner stone of the first building, to be used for administration offices, will be laid in the afternoon during the



General Secretary Levi G. Monroe.

civic ceremonies which are under the direction of the Exposition officials. Director General D. C. Collier has already received acceptance from Governor Johnson and other state officials, has been assured that President Taft will send a personal representative, and among the other prominent visitors expected are noted church prelates, clergymen, mayors of California cities, officials of the Panama-California Exposition and officers of the army and navy.

The first of the big pageants is to take place on the night of July 20. It will be historical and allegorical in character, showing the various phases of California history beginning with the discovery of Pacific Ocean, the conquest of the territory, the advent of the Mission Fathers, all depicted by floats and parade pictures.

On the second day King Cabrillo, who is to reign over the carnival, will be received and escorted through the city by his subjects. He will join Queen Ramona whose arrival will antedate his by several hours, she being received in the afternoon during a floral parade planned and managed exclusively by San Diego society women.

Fraternal orders and civic societies will have charge of the third day's pageant of floats and displays and in the evening there will be an open air masked ball with receptions throughout the entire city for visitors.

The Mission parade, as it is termed, which will be the feature of the entire

celebration, is to be given on July 22. Then will be shown on floats all the twenty-one old Missions so famous in the history and romance of California. These floats will be historically correct, even to the outriders and characters, and are being constructed with the plan of being a permanent display of the Exposition. The evening of the closing day will be given over to the carnival and fiesta.

During the days of the celebration there will be many unique and novel entertainments. Among other things a street carnival, a wild west show, aquatic and land sports, automobile races and an aviation meet. It is practically assured that the regular soldiers now at and near San Diego will be there during July, as well as the Pacific naval squadron. The men will take part in the pageants.

There is a reason for the elaborate and complete plans being perfected for this celebration. It is the curtain raiser for the Exposition itself and is the first of a series of four similar pageants to be held during the years 1912, 1912, 1933 and 1914. The exposition opens the fifth and will be a pageant of the future.

Of all the great world's fairs and international expositions, the Panama-California exposition at San Diego, is to be the most original and unique. It will open its doors January 1, 1915, and will remain open until midnight of December 31, 1915, the climatic con-



Director of Works Frank P. Allen, Jr.



Birdseye View of Portion of San Diego.

ditions there making this one of the few places in the world where this can be done.

This exposition will specialize in its exhibits. Four great features have been selected for exploitation—reclamation, irrigation, conservation and colonization. The country to be represented, the huge Southwestern portion of the United States, the Northwestern portion of Mexico and the Pacific Coast of North and South America are in their infancy in commercial development. More potential markets are in these territories than in any other in the world. There will be a lack of glittering generalities in the different buildings of this exposition and a wealth of the new and up-to-date products of human ingenuity never before seen at a great exposition.

A superlatively attractive feature of this exposition will be the horticultural display to be made in the open air. Millions of plants and vines and flowers of all descriptions will be used for decor-

ative effects. The huge park in which the fair will be built is to be ornamented by the use of great portieres of flowers, an infinite variety of color effects being used. The preliminary landscape work and the immense labor of propagating these plants is already well under way. As an exposition that will show to advantage the exhibits brought together, the Panama-California Exposition will be the first ever held to specialize where others have merely generalized.

San Diego has all the facilities to make possible a great exposition. It has a park of 1400 acres in the heart of the city where the exposition will be constructed. One million dollars has been devoted to the improvement of this park. The buildings themselves will cost over a million. Money for both these items has been provided. It is the first port in the United States north of the Panama Canal; it has millions of acres of arable land at its very threshold; it has one of the three landlocked har-



Advisory and Consulting Architect Bertram G. Goodhue

bors on the west coast of North and South America; it has such a climate that will make it possible to hold open the exposition the year round; it is the most central point for the Mexican and Central American ports in the United States and the most central point in the territory embraced in the Southwestern states of the United States and the northwestern states of Mexico. Its lines of communication are adequate and are being enlarged, both by rail and water so that by the time the exposition is opened, the first of January 1915, San Diego will be a center for traffic and commerce from all parts of the world.

The President of the Exposition Company is U. S. Grant, Jr., son of the famous soldier and president. He is the builder of the huge U. S. Grant Hotel in San Diego, banker, financier and man of letters. Assisting him as vice-president is John D. Spreckels, a man of vast wealth, who owns railroads, steamship lines, newspapers, ranchos and mines scattered all over the western hemisphere.

A. G. Spalding, who is an old time ball player and head of the greatest sporting goods manufacturing company in the world, a man who has done more for clean sport in America than any other living person, also has taken up his permanent residence in San Diego and is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of President Grant. Lyman J. Gage is also interested in the exposition. At the head of the United States Treasury

Department for many years, and all his life a banker and financier, he is one of the most valuable aids to the president.

All these four men are of national character and reputation. David Charles Collier is the Director-General of the exposition. He is a man of tireless energy, unfailing good humor and inextinguishable enthusiasm. He, like the four heads of the company, is a man of wealth and is devoting his time and purse to the successful completion of the most ambitious effort ever made by a city of this size.

Early in the work of organization the projectors realized that this exposition would depend for success upon features that should be absolutely unique; that it must be, first of all, a beautiful exposition; that it must be vivid; that it must appeal to aspiration and ambition and that it must of all things be distinctive.

San Diego is the place where began the history of California. At San Diego landed the first of the Spanish navigators in the sixteenth century, Cabrillo, in 1542. Sixty years later came Viscaïno. In the eighteenth century came the spiritual conquests of Junipero Serra and the Franciscan Fathers associated with him. The history of this place is crowded with fascination, picturesque romance and tradition. Nothing more appropriate than a "Mission City" could be found for the motif of the buildings and grounds, and it was decided to construct the exposition along the lines of Spanish architecture, the most beautiful,



Landscape Architect John Charles Olmsted.

inspiring and enduring of all forms of American architecture. To do this work Director-General Collier has gathered the three foremost men of their line.

Frank P. Allen, Jr., of Seattle, U. S. A., as director of works will have charge of all construction. He assisted in the building of the Lewis and Clarke Exposition, built the Alaska-Yukon Exposition and is the foremost exposition constructor in America. John Clark Olmsted and Frederick Law Olmsted, of Olmsted Brothers, Brookline, Massachusetts, world famous landscape architects, have laid out the grounds, placed the gardens, drives and walks, and will have charge of the plantation and the beautification of the 1400 acre park where the exposition will be held. Bertram G. Goodhue, of New York, the foremost authority on Spanish-Colonial architecture, will design the buildings. He has made this class of architecture a life study. With these three men to lay out the plans, design and construct the buildings, the exposition is certain to surpass in beauty of architectural ensemble any exposition ever held in America, if not in the world.

Over all and through all will be the artistic atmosphere and the romantic and beautiful appearance of the exposition. One million flowering plants now are being propagated for use in this part of the picture. Millions of plants and trees will be in place when the exposition opens. So thoroughly are the architects entering into the spirit of the artistry of this exposition and the beautiful picture to be presented, that they are discussing a plan to secure the red roof tiles of every village on the Mexican and Central American coasts, rather than try to imitate the shades of color the old tiles have acquired in a century or so of use and exposure to the elements.

With the energy characteristic of the men who have made the western hemisphere what it is, the projectors of this exposition have proceeded with preparation until the work is advanced 15 per cent toward completion. The State of California has passed an appropriation act of a quarter of a million to assist in construction and will give more when it is needed. The counties of the state are allowed to appropriate an aggregate



Director of Publicity W. S. Hogaboom

of a million dollars for the same purpose. The city of San Diego has subscribed the capital stock to the amount of \$1,000,000, has bonded itself for \$1,000,000 to beautify Balboa Park for the purpose and another million and a half to improve the wharfage facilities is soon to come.

As the Panama-California Exposition is in no sense a rival of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, planned to be held in San Francisco, May to November of the same year, the two expositions are working in perfect harmony; one will be a world's fair and the other will be an international exhibition of arts and sciences in the most beautiful setting that can be arranged for it. The Panama-California Exposition will show to the world what the Franciscan Fathers tried to do and what the people of the Southwest hope to do with the heritage found in this country's vast commercial possibilities, possibilities that have only been touched by the moulding hand of modern endeavor.

In a climate, the most salubrious on earth, where the sun shines 300 of the 365 days of the year, life is easy. Nature responds with plenty to the minimum of effort. Health and happiness wait on the happy possessors of a land that in point of development is in its infancy, which has potential homes for millions of people scattered through valleys and hills of a region easy of access through one of the finest harbors in the world.

Song of the Mess Wagon.

By Jessie Davies Willdy.

*Evenin' time, and supper time,
Here's the camp and the cook,
And there's water, grass and wood
And a sheltered nook;*

*Cattle bedded in a draw,
Where the wind blows low;
Horses hobbled out to feed,
Night guards ridin' slow.*

*Coffee boilin' on the coals,
Pot of spuds and stew;
Oven piled with sour-dough bread,
Bacon frying too.*

*Heap the fire with dry mesquite,
(Haven't it since noon)
Throw the knives and forks about,
Grab your plate and spoon;*

*Pitch in, boys, and help yourselves
While the grub is hot;
Pass the can of syrup round,
And fetch the coffee pot:*

*Throw the rolls of beddin' down,
Yonder comes the moon,
Four o'clock and breakfast time,
Coming mighty soon!*

Impressions of an Artist While Camping in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Arizona.

By W. R. Leigh

Ten miles west—down the river—from where the Grand Canyon is reached by the railway, is a rock-eape extending three miles or more out into the great chasm; it is called Yuma Point in honor of the Indians of that name. A thousand feet approximately beneath this, a terrace-like formation continues a quarter of a mile further out, and this has been named Columbus Point. Below this, other terraces extend on out until the last one breaks off within a few paces of the granite wall, the last great plunge, which ends at the water's edge. Upon Columbus Point I have pitched my tent, and propose spending a month all alone, painting.

MORNING

Though the sun is already warm, so that I keep within the shadow of this ledge, there is a freshness in the air, a life, a sparkle as it were, an exhilaration, a something that makes one joy in filling the chest to its fullest capacity; that seems to stimulate like wine. No hint of dust or vapor dims the sunlight; the limpid sky in its entire circumference is one unbroken expanse of blue. And perfect peace prevails. The vastest canyon in the world, the mightiest natural chasm extant seems so mildly beautiful in this summer morning's light, that sitting here, it is pleasant to mark the complex forms that rise innumerable on every hand. It is interesting to let the eye wander into the deep recesses and up the winding alleys, into the wide branches that spread away, mile upon mile into the opposite plateau, wherein are spacious basins and amphitheaters, domes and towers, terraces and causeways in ever-varying forms, leading the eye on and on into pale obscurity. It is fascinating to let the idle fancy rove at will amid the wonders of this fairy land, where—if anywhere—genii and gnomes might dwell; to ponder the countless eons that have flown since first this gash began; to hear again, as it were, with imagination's ear, as in a hazy dream, the wash of archæon



Wedge Rock, Grand Canyon.

oceans whose lordly works are here described in rock. To pour upon this open book wherein Nature has written her record, as only Nature can where are endless stores of sublimest poetry; where the conflicts of the elements, the birth and growth of life, the sudden convulsions and slow titanic tragedies of geology mingle their music, like the pieces of an orchestra, to form a vast song of the poet. And those strange people, whose marks are found in every nook and corner of this maze of chasms—the cliff-dwellers—what a wondrous page in this same book, is their's to contemplate; Hunted from the plains by more powerful tribes, this fearsome pit was kind to them. Here, where the menace of death is ever before the eyes, a race was saved from extinction. And curious it is to think of the steel-clad Spaniard who first gazed down upon this chaos, and at last the Anglo-Saxon, with his railways and hotels. Curious to consider the names which modern man has bestowed upon the hoary giants that climb heavenwards from out these depths.

Yonder, on the eastern horizon stands Vishnu, like a shark's tooth, and nearer at hand are Brahma and Zoroaster's temples; in the middle ground Isis and Shiva, Osiris, Ra, Set; the temples of Buddha, Confucius, Mencious and Horus and so on; yet hundreds of noble peaks remain unchristened, waiting for some lordly name. Like sepulchres in a monster cemetery, where the immortals are resting, each with a fit and worthy monument to his memory, inaccessible to the vandal, solemn, serene, they stand, and at their feet the untameable Colorado picks its sinuous path with far-heard menacing roar.

FORENOON

At ten o'clock the August sun is blistering hot; not a breath of air is stirring. Though I am perched in a most exposed position, far out upon this naked tongue of red rock, where any wandering current of air would surely find me, though I huddle as closely under my sketching umbrella as I can, yet the perspiration trickles from my elbow; and this, let me add, means something in this dry atmosphere, where one

does not easily perspire. Some of my colors are melting, and only by judicious tilting of the palette are prevented from sliding off. On either side of my ten-foot-wide perch, and in front, the eye drops into chasms two, three and four thousand feet deep; surely a lofty and airy perch, yet my umbrella stands erect and motionless. The huge peaks lifting their crests from the depths on every hand, are not more still than the feather-winged seed pods that bestrew the ground under yonder weed. This rock—my perch—I am tempted to believe, has a more fiery hue than usual, as if it were growing red-hot; I think an egg would fry beautifully on it. My arms and neck—equally red and hot—feel as if they might cause steel to fall in a molten rain. The quivering heat streams upward toward the blue; the fierce light dazzles. Oh! for a breeze! There is a torpor; a fit of lifelessness, a spell upon the atmosphere. Across the canyon, to the north, a huge cloud swims in turquoise ether, shimmering, transcendent, high-piled like cyclopean rocks, a miracle of light and shadow, like the cliffs of Paradise. And beneath it a long dark, straight under-surface emits frequent flashes, and roars like the protests of the victims in the nether regions; and from this proceed many long, bent lines, descending obliquely earthward, and these are rain drops falling—cool, delightful rain—and the slanting, bent appearance indicates wind. O blessed wind! In four other parts of the heavens are other pearly clouds, each with the straight under-surface, and the descending lines, all sloping and bent, and torn, and here—here is stagnation; stifling, sizzling infernal stagnation. The water pockets further back on the rock, behind me, are filled with clear rain water, for only yesterday there was a heavy shower—but they are steaming each now, like little bath tubs. A grasshopper alights within a yard of my foot, and squats, all alertness, observing me. Presently reassured, he begins to indulge in the astonishingly loud rhythmical grating sound that so many of his kin are producing so incessantly in every direction. Bees make their business-like rounds of the scattered flowers clinging in the chinks and cran-



An inspiration for an artist. Cliff, clouds and distant vista of the Canyon.

nies. Wasps prowl over the rocks after unwary spiders. Butterflies, gaudy and erratic, bob about hither and thither, and a gorgeous humming bird, blue, green and scarlet, flashes from somewhere, and poised on invisible wings, before a crimson flower, glows like a jewel for a moment, and vanishes again as suddenly as it came. Nimble lizards, gray and brown, freckled and striped, or brilliant metallic green, dart here and there, up and down, in and out, or lie luxuriating in the sun, and bending inquisitive looks on that strange interloper—myself. Now a chuckawalla, blotched pink and black, emerges leisurely from a crack and surveys me, gravely blinking one eye. Possibly he has seen men before—red men who chased him with greedy smacking of their lips and gleeful yells—he evidently intends taking no chances. Tiny squirrels, not bigger than a mouse, scamper and scurry over the rocks with incredible alacrity, equally at ease whether the surface traversed be horizontal, perpendicular or inverted. Big squirrels meander from cactus patch to soap-weed clump, digging the seed from the fruits of each, or leap boldly out to one of the water-pockets and drink in company with the rock-wrens and yellow jackets. But this bold gentleman becomes in a trice a spineless coward and seeks the “tall timber” with an agility hardly expected. The cause is not far to seek. The great eagle who has just sailed by, below me—on the look-out for such gentry—has, a hundred yards beyond, wheeled upward and is now returning above my head. He passes so closely that the swish of his mighty wings is startling; I have an opportunity of observing his back-stretched golden feet with their huge black claws, his formidable beak and cruel eye. A thousand feet below, two little brown hawks, on a similar quest, circle into the shadows of the cliffs and out into the sunlight again, with a slow, even precision like the figurettes in a Dutch clock. Jay birds, keeping up a ceaseless clatter, plunge headlong over the dizzy brinks five hundred feet at a clip, yet every time I look for one to break his confounded neck, I notice he somehow stops just before he hits, and lands most beautifully

on his feet. A bee has become, for some unknown reason, immensely interested in me and mine. He is no honey bee, but a yellow, nameless beast who darts about with lightning rapidity, making a loud singing sound, and endowed with great curiosity and enormous persistence. He delights especially in placing himself squarely in the center of my line of vision, until my paint-brush is wielded in a savage effort to bat out his brains. Instantly he is gone, only to be back in a trice, more audacious than before. With the twelfth or fifteenth repetition of this manoeuvre I become grimly deliberate, and resolve that the miscreant shall die at all hazards. I lay for him. But he evades, he defies, he mocks me, he circles around me like an exulting imp. O devilish bee! O beastly heat! O cursed stagnation! Suddenly the peak I have been painting is plunged in inky shadow. As I look around a low rumble explains the reason. Above Point Yuma the vanguards of a storm are hurrying up the sky. Rolling, twisting, writhing, contorted and torn, they scurry ahead, while the black-visaged cloud-giant shoulders in their wake with threats and imprecations. And now the spell is broken; a whirl of dust and debris fills the awakening air, and my wet canvas is speckled over with dirt that will necessitate a half-hour's diligent picking with the point of a penknife blade to remove. Simultaneously everything is seized upon at once, as by rude hands, with treacherous and vindictive intent. My palette is twisted almost out of my hand, my canvas is slammed forward; I catch it just in time to prevent the whole picture from being wiped off on the knees of my trousers. With the other hand—the palette hand—I have barely saved my hat, at the expense of a huge dab of paint smeared up the side, from a brush, and have had to clap one foot down on one of the guy-cords of my umbrella, which has worked loose and threatens the breaking of staff, or loss of the whole over-cliffs. Now my paint rag is seized with a mania for experiments in flying; I come down with the other foot and squelch the brute, and thus, fully occupied, I wait the subsidence of the gust. The subsidence comes quickly—complete, absolute—and if there were any seed-



From Grand View Point.

pods remaining under weeds, they would lie as motionless as before. But I am not to be beguiled. I have grown wise through experience. I know the villainous propensities of these storms. The black giant is growling and grumbling, but he shall not have any more fun with me. I gather up my belongings and retire to the shelter of an over-hanging ledge of rocks, where, after anchoring everything tight, by piling stones on them, I stretch myself upon the ground, and scornfully bid the Giant do his worst. Nor have I long to wait; vicious bursts of wind churn up blinding clouds of loose matter, and a singular darkness, like evening twilight grows apace. Now huge scattered drops of rain come pounding down. The first dry up almost immediately because the rocks have not had time to cool, but soon a dashing wave of drops descends, and then a

perfect deluge, and I draw up my feet from the splash. The opposite wall of the canyon, where the sun is shining brilliantly appears curiously blurred through the curtain of falling water. But the fall is of short duration and is followed immediately by bright sunshine, which makes the wet rocks glisten and shimmer gloriously. I look at my watch; it is time for lunch.

NOON

Still the Giant is growling and grumbling and Point Yuma, in sunlight, stands out, livid as with terror against the dark background of his lowering frown. I repair to my kitchen which is located under another ledge of rocks near by. During my absence one of the big squirrels has been investigating my larder. I know the thieving villain by his tracks in the dust. But as everything had been

made pretty safe in aluminum buckets and paraffin sacks, (one takes as few chances with food supplies as possible on a trip like this) he had to content himself with the larceny of an onion. But it evidently did not please his palate, for little, or none of it is missing. Probably he supposed it contained seed like the cactus pears and soap-weed cucumbers; he cut a deep hole on one side.

I have dry wood stored away under a ledge where no water can ever find its way, and by the time I have a fire started in my stone-built stove, the rain begins to come down again. I get into my slicker, and proceed to open up the "grub-sacks." The wind has become shiftier and treacherous and hurls showers of big drops under the ledge and upon my stove and frying pan, where they hiss and sizzle and sputter. The smoke is driven in every direction and despite the most scientific dodging, catches me only too often. In fact it seems to follow—deliberately and persistently follow—and lie in wait for me. It seems to exercise a devilish ingenuity in catching me unawares, and when it does catch me, to concentrate its energies with diabolical design. Yet I know the poor smoke is but the helpless puppet of the wind; the wind, sly, malicious emissary of that same Giant whom I lately defied. He is having his fun with me again—that storm-Giant: I gag, and nearly suffocate, and am compelled to rush, with streaming eyes, to a sufficient distance to recover my breath. Yes, decidedly, he is having lots of fun with me! And what is more, he continually discovers new ways. Now the water is beginning to run down on the under sides of the rocks, and drop off in neat little streamlets that have a faculty for finding their way down the back of my neck. No matter how skillfully I side-step them, I am continually being caught, for as often as I find a dry spot, a new stream comes—as if I were a magnet for streamlets—and drops off exactly in its center. One actually drops into the middle of my batter while I am preparing to make "flap-jacks." And as if this were not enough, ashes and sand go flying about by fits and starts, watching for chances to get into my "grub." And then, on

top of all these comes suddenly such an appalling flash of lightening and earth-rocking peal of thunder, that, involuntarily I cower against the cliff with bated breath, and a heart that misses a beat. Yes, he is having all kinds of fun with me, all right! Oh, well I have my bacon and "flap-jacks" done now, and with these, who could not be happy under any conditions? Ah, and I have found one last spot too, where, by sitting considerably huddled up, I can avoid nearly all the streamlets. So here, after rescuing some of my supplies which have been floating in a puddle of muddy water, I squat down and begin my repast. And now, with fine irony—here comes the sun out, as beautiful as a smiling bride, and everything sparkles with diamond drops. While the streamlets patter contentedly down my back, a bird bursts into joyous song and the wind dies, and all is light and gladness. Hurrah! A humming bird hovers about a blooming shrub near by for a moment, and then accustomed to look upon all brightly colored objects as flowers, he makes a dive for the red label on my can of baking powder. Discovering his error, when within a foot of the can, he poises and next turns to me—perhaps the lovely hue of my sunburned and peeling nose is responsible—and within two feet of my face, examines me. He looks as if he had arrived from fairyland, after some sportive little fairy had daubed him with paint, as we see pictures of mischievous little boys smearing puppies and kittens with pea-green and purple stripes. Only the fairy was such an innate artist that it was impossible for her to do anything that was not exquisite. Now the bird vanishes like a bullet, and here is a horned toad trying to climb over the toe of my shoe; poor little chap: I sprinkle some crumbs for him, which he utterly ignores. Not so with the ants; they seize chunks twice as big as themselves, and tumbling and sprawling, strive with herculean efforts to bear them away.

On the opposite side of the canyon, the clouds are down among the peaks, trailing like wan spectres amid broken tombstones. The brawling rapids down at the foot of Columbus Point—where



On Grand View Trail.

more than one life has been lost—sound loud in the moist atmosphere. A wild burro somewhere in the depths brays and is answered by another further away. An eagle pierces the air with his shrill cry, and circles out over the canyon with some sort of prey dangling in his claws.

AFTERNOON

The canyon is again draped in gloom, so thick it is almost night. There is no wind, there are no sounds. In the stillness there seems to inhere a warning of impending violence. Nature seems to hold her breath—to pause, before her pent up wrath bursts forth. I sit safely enough under a ledge, watching, waiting; suddenly the rain pours down, and immediately before me—shot down to the chasm's midsts—a ball of fire—like a bomb hurled from the hand

of the malevolent storm Giant—explodes with terrific glare; and though half blinded, a vivid impression—as though scorched upon my brain—remains, of an instant's clear view of millions of rain drops falling, like a hail of white-hot pearls. A crash, like the splitting of a mountain, that seems to jar the very foundations of the earth, starts rebounding from one mighty cliff to another, a train of sonorous echoes that with strange hollow booms vibrate to the uttermost depths, and away from peak to peak, and wall to wall, in lessening roars mile upon mile. The two earlier showers were but the first flirtations of this, the real storm, and now a chilly blast of air—the Giant's breath—sweeps waves of rain—spreads along the canyon, and a little tree on yonder naked rock shivers and quakes as with sore affright. A tall, dead mescal stalk dashes to the

ground, all its seed-pods rattling as in protest. A hawk, in the habit no doubt of sheltering under my ledge, dives down from above, and is almost within reach of my hand before he can check his momentum and veer off. Through the sheets of rain he wheels out over the abyss and is caught in a gust that almost turns him upside down. Battling vainly, he at last turns back, and beats a hasty retreat to a shelving rock. The dim and ghostly contours of the canyon walls vanish and reappear by turns. The forked and crooked lightnings seam the heavens, and lambent waves like burning oil, seem to flash along the ground. Fits of ear-splitting thunder cause the ground to tremble, and the air to palpitate. Far below I hear a jumbled whistling, seething sound, resembling the weird noises one hears when looking into the crater of Vesuvius; it is the conflict of air currents among the narrow gorges. And now, amid the tumult of sounds, I begin to distinguish a new note. At first I am not sure but that it may be merely my fancy; but it persists. With each sweep of the wind in my direction I catch it again, and each time louder, wilder, until certainty brings recognition of its source. It is the roar of water; the thunder of many catatacts. On every hand I hear them, but all are hidden in the depths, or obscured by the storm.

An hour I lie musing. The vivid flashes have passed; only their intermittent glare—like backward glances of the storm-king's eye—lights up the cliffs; only the lessening roars—the spiteful mutterings—return from the walls in ever diminishing echoes upon the ear. The wind has sunken to a whisper, the gloom pales. Nature, like an angry beauty, after her rage has spent its fury of fiery glances, fierce reproaches, and floods of passionate tears, becomes quiescent. Her complainings cease, her frown vanishes; calm and peace return again to her countenance, and now—marvel of marvels—as at one stroke of the Creator's brush, a radiant rainbow flashes athwart the sky; the Beauty's smile, softly effulgent at first, bewitching, exquisite beyond all hope of words to describe; soon it glows vivid, transcendent, triumphant, as though the

last trace of anger past, and love victorious, Nature was at last her old, true, kind and lovely self again.

There is a pleasant coolness in the air. A light mist begins to form in the deepest parts of the canyon, and steal upward amid the broken walls and shafts, like timid phantoms, that slowly and cautiously venture from their hiding places. A second rainbow forms outside the first; a delicate haze is over all the panorama. Besides the cataracts, there are no sounds save the drip, drip, from the rocks, and a single cricket.

EVENING

The sun is sinking behind No-man's-lord, that isolated fragment of the original plain through which this great gap was excavated—whose spacious tabletop no human foot has ever trod. Grandly, serenely, amid gold and scarlet, and gilt-edged purples and far-flung shafts of radiance, the incandescent ball is sinking. I struggle in mad haste to utilize the precious moment, but ah! how futile! how hopeless! What a wretched makeshift, these paltry pigments! How hopeless to attempt; what inconceivable impudence to dream of imitating anything so ineffable!

Opposite the sunset, in the east, the last red rays of the declining orb have painted the tops of the peaks by the delicate haze into things of supernal beauty. Unlike anything else earthly, resembling the fabulous lands of enchantment conjured up in the minds of dreaming poets, with the vast purple mystery of the gorge with its labyrinthian ramifications below, and the rose-flushed clouds above, swimming in pale purplish-green ether, it calls aloud to the vagrant fancy, and to the deepest wells of the human soul. It challenges man's utmost skill, it mocks and defies his puny efforts to grasp and perpetuate, through art, its inimitable grandeur.

Slowly, peacefully, the purple gloom steals upward from below, gently the charmed light fades through indivisible stages of infinite delicacy, until the very tips of the loftiest spires alone are tinged; and now a single peak and one long slender line of cliffs; and now all is purple, and only the billowy clouds are aflame,



Cloud Effect and North Wall and Rim of Canyon.

as the shadow of the world creeps up the sky.

On silent wings, a swarm of bats, like restless spirits of darkness, are suddenly abroad. Close above my head they flit with startling audacity, sometimes chattering, and squeaking, and performing the most eccentric evolutions in pursuit of their insect prey.

In the West a pale-green glow, streaked with horizontal clouds, is all that is left of day. The blue vault is studded with stars; the mists of the canyon rise higher and higher in ghostly columns.

I stroll out to one of the water-pockets to wash my brushes, and while so engaged, catch a glimpse of something moving, out of the corner of my eye. Turning a little, I can see nothing, and conclude it was a wind-borne leaf that dodged across the tongue of rock. Hardly have I turned to my work however,

than I am conscious again of a movement. I stop splashing in the water, and watch for a moment; a small rat-like creature flashes into view, and out again, with such extraordinary rapidity, that with my eyes wide open, I ask myself whether I really saw something, or was deceived by some trick of optics. But almost immediately it reappears, and this time pauses at the edge of a pocket to drink; but only for a second, when it vanishes again. This is repeated many times; the animal moves so rapidly that it seems like a streak of light only, and pauses with the abruptness of light striking a wall, it takes advantage of the smallest inequality in the rocks to conceal itself, and moves over any surface in any position.

As I prepare supper, my eye is again caught by the flash of a wraith-like object among the amorphous heaps of

rock and brush. In vain I watch the spot where it last appeared, I only dimly perceive the flash somewhere else, but pieced together they form a direction, often partly retraced, and as often retraced and further pursued, until I become aware that the objective point is my larder. Ho! scoundrel! I have a revolver, and if I was twice as good as the most marvelous shot that ever lived, I might stand some ghost of a chance of hitting you once in a hundred years! In the gathering gloom *he* is merely a gray something that is only discernible because he moves, and never by any chance does he cause the least noise. He glides like down-borne by the wind, only with incredible swiftness. He seems to fly, yet from one propitious instant's view I perceive that it is but the little four-footed beast with beady eyes and scaly tail.

Supper over, I take my bacon to the tent for safety, and climb to the top of a huge flat rock, to sit a few minutes before going to bed. The night is dark; the moon will rise late, but when it does, I will be up; I have a canvas ready and a fresh candle in my lantern. My tent is insect-proof; the door is a net that opens in the center, and draws together on a string. My bed is a bag filled with pine fronds, and covered with several layers of blanket; my pillow is my coat and overalls rolled up; I sleep deliciously. After I have blown out the light, and settled down on my right side, things on the outside go biffing and banging against my tent, but I don't mind—I know they are merely kangaroo mice.

The last thing I say is, "when the moon shines through the side of the tent, wake up."

NIGHT

Out of a profound slumber I come in an instant. What was it? Something unusual happened. I am lying on my right side, unmoved. I listen intently. Through the window I see a patch of crystal-fretted ultramarine; the moon is not yet up. The multifarious insect orchestrians of the night are as hard at work as though their lives depended upon keeping up the rapid tempo of their monotonous concert. Suddenly a savage scratching at the front of my tent

startles me; ah! this it was that woke me. I rise on my elbow and, through the net-door perceive one of the small variety of skunks—the kind called hydrophobia skunks, who are said to have a special predilection for biting people on the nose while asleep—nice cheerful sort of neighbors—and more dreaded than rattlesnakes, tarantulas, scorpions and centipedes all put together. As I am perfectly safe from him, and am not sure whether it is me he is after, or my bacon—probably the latter—and as opening the net would scare him off, and I have no intention of shooting a hole through it, I merely begin to tell him my opinion of him in loud and discourteous terms. And being, no doubt, sensitive and averse to undignified exhibitions of feeling, he waddles disgustedly away; I settle down once more. Again I am awakened from a dreamless sleep; this time it is the roar of falling rocks, loosened by the rain. Without opening my eyes, I turn over, wondering vaguely—as I listen to the crunching and grinding, and imagine I detect a tremor go through the ground—how many tons of it went down, and whether it was a mile or only half a mile away. Finally, through some unconscious working of the mind, I wake up because the moon is shining through the side of the tent. The shadow of the bluff overlooking my position, and the cedar snag that crown it, are clearly silhouetted against the tent; the light is sufficient to dress by. I lie for a minute listening to the insect concert; now and again in this quarter or that, there is a sudden lull, which means that some of the little songsters have scented the approach of some marauding mouse, or other tiger of their world; but as soon as the danger is past each takes up his part in the universal choir as industriously as before. And now one of the great owls of the region, muttering weirdly intermittantly, like the grotesque babble of some demented outcast, adds his voice to the general hum, and from some far-off crag, or terrace, comes a single long-drawn bark of a coyote. Accompanying all this is the low but ceaseless roar of the river, and yet the sense of stillness is only accentuated by these sounds. I look at my watch; it is two o'clock. I get into my clothes, light



In Front of El Tovar.

the lantern and step outside. A moment ago, in the tent, surrounded by my belongings, there was in me that feeling of power and confidence common to humans; now the sense of entire unimportance, helplessness, utter insignificance is over-whelming. True, the cricket just outside my door, stopped chirping as I stepped out, but my presence is otherwise unnoticed. If I should tumble off one of these cliffs and break my neck, it would make no difference. There would be a slight crash, a few small stones dislodged, then the same stillness as now, save that the cricket at my door would begin chirping again. The moon would shine on as brightly, the insects as merrily, and the sun—after a while—would rise as gloriously as ever. Why should Nature concern herself about me, more than the crickets? What foolish egotism ever

made me feel superior to the katydids and beetles? Back of me, Point Yuma, steeped in the lunar rays, looms enormous, a structure sublime of silver light and velvet shadow; defiant, terrible!

Before me the stupendous chasm yawns, winding into hazy indistinctness to right and left, entrancing, frightful. The light borrowed from the sun makes everything appear unreal and ghostly as itself, yet all is visible. The countless recesses and gulfs, the amphitheatres and alcoves, the pits and tortuous alleys, —where one might lose oneself, and wander for days, until thirst and starvation sealed his doom—all these are traceable. And between them the countless spikes and pinnacles lift their jagged and cruel forms, and seem to lure and beckon, and reach out for prey. And fancy pictures all the Heroes and Prophets and Gods, each seated on his

lonely peak, and gazing with sad eyes upon the battered and lifeless form of the impious mortal that, daring to invade this cemetery of the immortals, slipped and fell to his death.

In the north a meteor shoots obliquely down the sky; far, far away another rock-avalanche goes down. I gather up canvas and paint box and make my way to the spot selected for the painting of a moonlight. On a stick stuck in a crack of the overhanging ledge, I hang the lantern, and start in furiously, for there will be just an hour and a half before the moon goes behind Point Yuma. With incredible swiftness the time flies, and when old Luna dodges out of sight I am daubed up with paint pretty thoroughly, but have enjoyed myself hugely. And now, though all my part of the canyon is in the shadow of Yuma, the rest is as brightly illuminated as ever; but, like spirit legions, the gathering mists of the depths have assembled and thickened, until they fill the entire abyss like a level field of snow, with dark spires and domes rising innumerable, like islands. Here and there openings in the mist-floor permit the eye to penetrate to the more dimly lighted depths below: The river—a silver band—is visible in spots. And now a breeze springs up, and all the misty legions, terror stricken, begin to flee like sheep, in such panic, they tear themselves to shreds and tatters on the jagged rocks, and tumble heels over head into the gorges, until the whole view is a jumble of rock and cloud, of reality and unreality; a bewildering phantasmagoric show. From a thousand feet below, long streamers of vapor come hurrying up to my very feet, like supplicating hands stretched out to me. And through the rifts and rents the moon sends down long shafts of light that form nebulous islands of illumination on the plateaux below.

SUNRISE

With the first dim light of dawn I am up; the stars are bright; the bats are still hunting, as though they had eaten nothing all night. In the east, above the deep blue mystery of the canyon, an amber glow is growing. Across it a wisp of diaphanous cloud is trailing, still in shadow. The mists have all

vanished, as if they had slunk into caves and fissures to hide; all save one thin band that hangs above the river. Now the wisp of diaphanous cloud is suddenly transformed into a veil of molten gold, and the first awakened bird begins to sing, and now the topmost crags of Yuma and No-man's-land, Point Sublime, and Powell's plateau in the west, have caught first rosy rays. I begin to shout and sing, and a fox yelps an answer from somewhere nearby.

A fiery speck appears on the horizon, shedding a halo of gold-dust light; the bats vanish as by magic. The speck expands; the first quarter of the disk shoulders above the eastern edge of the world, and sends long shafts of misty glory streaming between the peaks. Instantly a rabble rout of swallows swarm in the air, with swish of wings, and ceaseless twitter. And now, the mists, as though they had been waiting for this gilded St. George, to quell the Dragon, Darkness, come, stealing from their hiding place, slowly and discreetly, in snow-white flowing gown, and low, low down, and meekly as timid maidens, glide. But as the light grows stronger, emboldened, they rise to meet it, and with their crests aglow, become more and more confident, and swell and expand and leap up in ecstasy, until they join the clouds.

After breakfast I start off for a twenty minute's stroll; as every other place is too rough to walk with any comfort, I make immediately for the trail. Here my eye is at once caught by the fresh tracks of big horses. While I was watching the sunrise, a buck, a ewe and a lamb passed within a hundred yards of me. With the hope of seeing them, I follow rapidly but cautiously, and after about a mile, sight the buck as I round a point. He has probably been watching me long since; he stands on a bluff above me, calmly but curiously taking me in. Presently, as I approach, he turns his superb head to look in the opposite direction for a moment, then with one parting glance at me, wheels, and with marvelous grace and dignity, traverses the rough talus to the next jutting point, where he pauses again. Never having been disturbed by hunters, he has little fear of me; the ewe and the

lamb are nowhere to be seen; he probably lingered behind to satisfy his curiosity, while they, more timid, pressed on. I know the spot they are making for; it is Hermit Basin, a huge amphitheater surrounded by mighty walls, where there is good grazing and plenty of water.

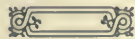
From where I stand I can look into the mouth of this Basin, two miles away; beautiful in its delicate veil of morning haze, as dreamland. There, whilom, was a favorite hunting place for the In-

dians, as many a smoke-blackened cave, and musical-pit attest. Deer are there to-day, galore, but the red hunter never comes to take his toll. Now-a-days he buys his beef, or mutton and rarely traverses this trail.

Here, before me are the signs of a camp; the charred wood, and sticks piled up in a rude half-circle; but the signs are old, and on the pinon tree beside it is nailed the government warning against trespassing on it's preserve.



El Tovar on the South Rim of the Canyon



Eschscholzia Aurata.

Christopher Robert Stapleton.

*There's naught on this hill-top betwixt thee and God,
Save the wing of the quail, as it shadows the sod;
Thy lips are the sun's, in the gold of the day;
He kisses thee last, as he hastens away.
The thought of thy likeness took beautiful wings,
Like the heart of a maid to her lover who sings,
Till, drawn of thy beauty, thou golden-peaked flower,
An angel off heaven strayed down for an hour.*

Where to Spend Your Vacation.

Elva Elliott Sayford

This is the season of the year when the man running a bureau of summer resort information craves to hang up his collar and his coat, roll up his sleeves and sit under a big electric fan to keep the sand out of his think-gear and the hair from falling off his near-addled pate, while he tries to figure out to each information seeker the proper place for him or her to spend a satisfactory vacation, without a chance of a disgruntled come-back if his "forecast" prove untrue.

To understand the problems confronting the bureau-man, one must stand in line and listen to a few vacation dialogues that pass across the bureau counter.

One man, with a family of seven, wants to know where he can get room and board for his brood with all the comforts of home, for a song; another, with a new wife—young or old—wants to go where dwells sweet seclusion, free from the madding, mid-summer, meddling crowd—expense immaterial; another be-chaperoned squad of gay, young things must have dancing, boating, mountain-climbing with grand and lovely scenery, cozy walks and seats and things—with plenty of nice young men thrown in as incidentals—and then, the young men themselves, who want very much the same thing, only they don't show the same anxiety about getting it. They know what goes with every well regulated summer resort, no matter which or where.

When the first hot "spell" comes one's impulse is to hurry off to one of the near-by beaches, if for only a day's outing. And so excellent are the facilities for reaching, by electric train or automobile, within an hour's time, any one of several resorts unequaled elsewhere in the West, that a mounting temperature gathers together a scurrying crowd of sea-breeze seekers that taxes every method of transportation to the limit, all beach-bound.

Santa Monica is first in the mind of the old-timer, as long before other resorts on the Southern shore line had gained even a name, Santa Monica was the Mecca of the super-heated, Sundays or week-days. In these times, however, Santa Monica poses only as a high-brow residence resort, summer or winter, leaving the beach cities farther south—Ocean Park, Venice, Playa-del-Rey and Redondo—to attract and amuse the pleasure-hunting people. And these seaside cities have fitted themselves well to act as host to those seeking entertainment, but also are they prepared to "sleep and eat" all those who come for as long as they stay. And it is safe to say there is no summer or winter resort in the country where the round of daily living is made easier or more full of pleasure to be had at small cost than these sister cities of Santa Monica Bay. Every way of living is offered; good hotels, if hotel life appeals most; numerous and conveniently fitted apartment houses for the biggest and littlest purses; furnished cottage-flats and houses of all sizes, descriptions and prices, and little "villas" or bungalows, built especially for transient service at a surprisingly low rental, furnished completely for the day or week's housekeeping; restaurants with fancy prices and cafeterias for the independents. Afternoon and evening concerts, promenades on the famous illuminated cemented walk, boating in the canals, and a Coney Island of amusements—which is saying it all. All this and more is to be had if one is seeking the sea-air, convenient and comfortable living and amusement enough to suit the most exacting of the multitude, and at the same time keep in touch with the business end of life by the use of the commuter's book.

Long Beach, with its fine stretch of wide beach, its colorful "Pike," its famous bath-house and excellent beach

hotel, also makes a strong bid for the more or less transient summer vacationist and gets him in numbers too numerous to mention. Here also, everything in the way of hotel and house-keeping arrangements are to be had by the seeker of either rest or recreation.

Farther down the coast line are Del Mar, San Diego and Coronado—Del Mar, with its old English hotel and picturesque surroundings; San Diego, with its unsurpassed facilities for boating and bathing, and Coronado, having its famous Tent City, opened every year with provisions for comfortable camping.

Following the sea-line northward from Santa Monica, and hugging the Coast line closely, one comes to the gloriously beautiful Topanga canyon, where a new resort of the mountain-and-sea type is springing into quick popularity. Topanga canyon, its tavern and cottage camp, is accessible only by stage or automobile as yet, which to many of its most ardent admirers makes for one of its most attractive features, but the prospector who goes seeking in those parts will come upon a paystreak that will make the journey worth the effort. For not only will he strike rest and comfort and good cheer, but he will open up an ore-chute of ruggedly beautiful scenery that has tempted many wielder of brush and palette to pitch his tent for a season of real work. Game, deer, dove and quail, and deep-sea and surf-fishing, are abundant here in season.

Taking train at the Arcade station and following north, a stop may be made at any one of a dozen delightful places between Los Angeles and San Francisco and no mistake made.

There are the Paso Robles Hot Springs at Paso Robles, with curative baths and excellent hotel accommodations; Santa Barbara, the Mission city, with its fine bathing establishment, boating and famous scenic mountain drives; and by stopping off this side, one may follow the wagon road by stage or automobile into the Ojai valley, with its numerous camping resorts and exceptionally good dove and quail hunting (especially if a permit be secured to shoot over one of the large grain ranches thereabouts), and on up rugged canyons

into the mountains of the Santa Barbara reserve, where Matilija lies sixteen miles from the Coast and 1,000 feet above sea level. Here are medicinal springs claiming many cures, a warm swimming plunge, natural hot sulphur baths in porcelain tubs and facilities for hotel or camp life, with a store, post-office and long-distance telephone among the conveniences. Two miles farther up the canyon, and nearly 600 feet higher, is Wheeler Springs, with a big outdoor plunge, a constant stream of hot sulphur water running through it. All the things that belong in a mountain camp are to be found at Wheeler's. Stanley Park, a gem of mountain camps, is another of this type of outing place. In the mountains contiguous to these resorts there is fishing for small trout in the mountain streams. and big and small game in season.

Nearer home is a group of mountain camps in near-by canyons. West of Hollywood is Laurel canyon, with an inn, cottages and bungalows; in the Santa Anita canyon, beyond Sierra Madre, is Carter's Camp, and Orchard Camp, very much what its name implies, both an hour's ride away, and in the heart of the Sierra Madres is Cold Brook Camp, claiming an altitude of 3,500 feet and scenery as beautiful as any that may be found in the Southern mountain section. But close on the heels of Cold Brook for scenic values, are Camp Rincon, Follow's and Scott's, all offering hotel or camping life at prices so fair as to be within the income of almost anyone vacation bent. Excellent trout fishing is a feature advertised much by these camps, and the man with a gun can always find something to shoot by leaving the beaten path.

For the more ambitious and hardy vacationist are the lovely spots in the San Bernardino range. Though more difficult of access, there is much to compensate for the more tedious journey. Of the best known camps are Seven Oaks and Bear Valley, mountain resorts operated under the same management, guests being privileged to visit one or the other at will, a pleasant feature providing change. Seven Oaks lies at the foot of the highest mountain peak in Southern California, "Old Greyback," towering 11,000 feet into the azure

heights. The camp itself, twenty-two miles from Redlands, has an altitude of 5,000 feet. The twelve mile stage ride up Mill Creek Canyon to the Half Way House covers a stretch of beautiful country, and to the courageous person bent on real enjoyment the remainder of the trip, which is made on horseback, will offer no terrors, real or fancied. Game of many kinds and excellent fishing are among the features that tempt many to make this their vacation jaunt annually.

The best route to the ascent of "Old Baldy," lies through San Antonio Park, with an altitude of 4,700 feet. One of the finest automobile roads in California, graded and surfaced with decomposed granite and with substantial bridges at each steam crossing, insures a delightful trip up this most picturesque canyon to "Camp Baldy."

Pinecrest, "the mountain village in the woods," is also one of the "higher-ups," having an altitude of 5,450 feet, and on clear days a view that embraces the sea and the Channel Islands, sixty miles away.

And then, right at home and so much a part of us at vacation time that it needs no word from the press agent, is Avalon, of the beloved "Magic Isle"—peerless when the longing comes to "go somewhere a long way off"—that isn't so very far away after all.

The State legislature of 1911 has made some decided changes in the fish and game laws for this season, and for the benefit of the vacationist who hunts only at vacation time, they are given in their changed form—

It is unlawful—to buy, sell, or barter or trade, at any time, any quail, dove, pheasant, grouse, sage hen, snipe, ibis, plover, rail, or any deer meat or deer skins.

To hunt wild birds or animals without license.

To have in possession Doe or Fawn skins.

To take or kill, at any time, Does, Fawns, Elk, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep.

To take or kill any Wild Pheasant, Grouse, Sage Hen, Swan, Bob White Quail, Mountain Quail, or any imported Quail, Partridge, or Wild Turkey.

To run Deer with dogs at any time, except to follow a wounded deer in open season.

To shoot half hour before sunrise, or half hour after sunset.

To fish for Trout or White Fish from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise.

To trap or hold protected game or birds of any kind without having first procured written authority from the Board of Fish, and Game Commissioners.

To take, possess, or destroy nests or eggs of any birds.

To ship game or fish in concealed packages, or without your name and address.

To buy or sell Trout less than one pound in weight.

To take or have in possession at any time Sacramento Perch, female Crabs, or Sturgeon under 25 pounds in weight.

To take Red Abalones less than 17 inches in circumference.

To take Black or Green Abalones at any time.

To take Trout, Black Bass, or Steelhead Trout, except with hook and line, or to ship or carry trout out of State.

To take Salmon with a net less than 6 1-2 inch mesh, or to use a set-net in taking the same.

To take Shad, or Striped Bass, with a net less than 5 1-2 inch mesh, or to use a set-net to take same.

To extend a net or seine more than 1-3 across the width of a river or slough.

To fish for market without a license.

To fish for Salmon, Shad, or Striped Bass with nets Saturday and Sunday.

To take fish, in any manner, within 50 feet of a fishway.

To take, buy, sell or have in possession at any time Striped Bass, less than 3 pounds in weight, or to buy, sell, ship or offer for shipment any Striped Bass, during May and June.

To take or kill Meadow Larks, Robins, or any other non-game birds, except Bluejays, English Sparrows, Sharp-Shinned Hawk, Cowper's Hawk, Duck Hawk, Great Horned Owl, or California Linnet.

To shoot on enclosed or cultivated land where signs are displayed, any Deer, Quail, Wild Duck, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, without permission.

To export dried Shrimp or Shrimp shells.

To use any animal as a blind, other than a dog, to approach any Wild Duck, Geese, Curlew, Ibis, Plover, or other water fowl.

To shoot at any kind of Wild Duck from any boat propelled by steam, gasoline or other power while such boat is in motion.

To take Lobsters or Crawfish from the waters of this state.

To have in possession any dressed Catfish less than 3 inches in length.

To take Crab less than 6 inches across the back.

To use Salmon or Steelhead roe as bait in fishing for any kind of Trout in any of the

waters of this State, excepting in salt or brackish waters.

Important forestry laws of the United States:

Extinguish fires before leaving camp, even if but for a short time. Fires are not allowed to be built unless a space of not less than five (5) feet is cleared all around the fire. No fires allowed closer than twenty (20) feet to a hill-side. The penalty for leaving fires burning is \$1000.00 fine or one year's imprisonment. Firecrackers and fireworks are not permitted in the reserves. Do not injure the trees. Forest rangers act as game wardens.

Throwing of garbage into and bathing in or otherwise polluting the water streams is strictly forbidden.

Every citizen of California who wishes to hunt in the State must procure a hunter's license from the county clerk, or fish and game commission or their deputies, for which he must pay \$1.00 per year; every non-resident citizen of the U. S., \$10.00; and non-citizens, aliens, \$25.00 per year.

Glacier Rock.

(In the Yosemite Valley)

By E. H. Parry.

*I stand upon thee, magic rock, and see—
While held aloft by unknown, mystic might—
The greatest wonders of the Earth unfurl'd
Below, around thee; one small step to right
Or left—in front—and marvels of that World
Which, to the living are conceal'd,
Would be to me (then dead) reveal'd—
Thou stepping stone to great Eternity.
What is thy secret? What great spirit or God
Has placed and holds thee here? What is thy story?
“When time shall be unknown, then comes my glory:
I was not simply placed here to be trod
By man, but in that last great day
When man and earth shall pass away
Then I shall be the judgment seat of God.”*

The Poetry in Our Path.

By Herman Scheffauer.

With the first machine that man ever made, a wail went up from the lips of the poets that poetry would be no more. It was one with the later and fiercer cry that the hand-workers let loose when machinery began to range itself against human skill and strength. Yes, the wail of beauty was as one with the wail for bread—a significant fact for a people who may have forgotten that man does not live by bread alone. Again and again the woeful cry came from the poets that steam and steel, gas, electricity and every modern monster loosed upon us from the brains of the inventors, would slaughter all poesy in human souls. Had the poets then so little knowledge of the nature of poetry? Was that flowering of the soul which had always been acclaimed as immortal, to be snuffed out, after all, by mere mechanical devices? Was substance then, despite all contemptuous decrying of it by the poets, so much more powerful than spirit? Poets, as so much of their dismal and tragic history has all too sadly attested, are perishable, but not until they themselves confessed it, was poetry or the response to poetry, deemed perishable too.

The despairing cry the singers first sent forth into the modern world has since been repeated often enough not only by their lips, but by those of their hearers. It has fallen as seed to produce the very weeds they feared might overrun their gardens. It might be said that the well known cry: This is a materialistic age! has acted upon mankind with that sure and insidious power of suggestion and hypnotic repetition which will lead the multitudes by a word, an idea or a hint. So the poets are locked in a prison that is largely of their own making. Having denied their age and the power of their voices to triumph over it, they sit deprived of their heri-

tage in the head and hearts of those who formed their large and reverent audiences in other days—the people.

What fields did the poet till in those old pastoral, halycon days? To what did he then make his appeal? Indubitably to the heads and hearts of men. If his voice was without effect upon these, in particular upon their hearts, he failed in that age as he must fail in this. True, nowadays, heads are stuffed with strange disconcerting matter. But have hearts altered so much? Are we not more conscious of our souls than ever before? Along with his reed, his lute, his lyre, these ancient human instruments still remain ready for the poet's fingers whether Hertzian waves pulsate through the air or expresses rush over the land. The poets have given too great an importance to their assumed enemies—Science and Invention.

It is not well to deceive ourselves in the passionate defense of any new or favorite theory. To be just and discriminate, it cannot be denied that a vast and growing distinction has seized upon mankind; that modern life is very much like a storm, owing, as is evident, to the noise, speed and ostentation of outward things. All this has scattered the attention, aroused a new sense of curiosity and wonder, engendered strange and even feverish desires, changed old tables of valuations and planted a wider interest in life, or at least in living. The poet and his harp of a few strings and emotions, have new and very rude intruders to cope with and consider in their relation to the human heart. He, himself, the poet, has suffered distraction—a helpless, backward-peering distraction, so that he works and moves but ill-adjusted to his age. The modern fever has confused him as he compares it with the old stately calm. Pluto and Mercury, it appears, have dispossessed

Apollo of his altars. True, Pan is dead and Pandemonium very much alive.

Let us face this Gorgon-question. Is poetry then to be crushed flat under the hoofs of this iron age? Is imagination a thing utterly withered and done to death? Is beauty to bloom no more upon the paths men tread on the way to their graves? Shall no more singing be heard in the world save the choruses of clanking engines and the dull murmur of dynamos? The poet who has fastened his eyes upon the past, upon the old poetry of a simpler, less-crowded world, whose fancy clings to happy, by-gone things and cowers in the hot, sharp glare of today, will answer these questions with a mournful Yes. His own strains will be very frail and low, lyrics of lamentation and despair, of enforced optimism very wry in the mouth, of pensive moods and mouldering helplessness. Yet there may be sturdier, more resistant and defiant spirits with something of the iron and electric fire of the times in them—battle-bards ready to hew new paths for poetry even through mountains of materialism—builders of new temples to house the old, imperishable flame. These, heated into a stubborn but divine anger, cry out that poetry cannot, must not perish from the Earth. They know that it is a garment that must clothe Life and Humanity to its end, but a garment which must be woven anew on the loom of every age.

It is vain and foolish to plead that modern civilization and modern invention have utterly killed all subtle response to Nature, all the romance, sentiment and emotion inherent in existence. It remains for the man of today to readjust his point of view, to measure the ideals of other times and set up ideals for his own, and adapt the shifting externals of his age to the permanencies of his spirit and the needs of his soul. When mastered by the imagination—to which many make a bold and legitimate appeal—when seen broadly in relation to the naked, epic facts of life, to which they matter very little—even the starkest, grimmest mechanical monsters may serve to enhance and broaden the wonder of existence in these latter days. Their

form is of man, their energy of nature; they are with us as are the animals.

Without intellectual arrogance, or enthusiastic over-assurance, with keen realization of the gulf between the old beauty and the new usefulness, and with no exact knowledge of what time shall yet produce, discard or change, it might yet profit us to seek and set forth what grandeur and beauty lie about us and within us. Nor is it to be denied that as yet we shall be tempted sorely to judge the new beauty chiefly by old, accustomed standards. The introduction of new values into poetry will be an invisible, almost imperceptible evolution. Just as Adam named the animals that passed before him, so must the poet finally and truly label the creations of progress—averse though he be to the inevitable task.

To dwell upon examples in the concrete one might say that it is futile to remain crushed under the half-fact that the sky-scrapers of New York City, often brutally hideous in themselves, must needs destroy beauty. It is possible that the proper perspective may not yet have been attained, or that the poets have not yet crept out from their shadows. Beauty may, perhaps, be found perched on top of the soaring structures. He who has seen these harsh and rigid towers massed like golden-helmeted giants, wreathed with plumes of vapor against a red and smoky sunset will have seen something wholly majestic, worthy of the brushes of a Turner, an apocalyptic vision of fiery pinnacles and gilded summits of stone.

Blatant enough, no doubt, and arrogant too, with its hoarse hornblasts and tossing of dust in our faces, is the blinking, pestilential motor. Yet it need not be a roaring, reeking monster, poisoning the pure air and killing our sylvan peace, unless another sort of monster permit it to become obnoxious. If Soul sit at the wheel, and Imagination, and perhaps, Love, the motor is but a kind of modern, enchanted carpet, a blithe, glittering, tireless courier from land to land. From still another angle it might be seen as a fiery, snorting charger which has liberated us from the narrow, iron-bound thralldom of railways, and brought us back, if we are wisely led,

to the romance of the free and open road. Who has not been stirred by the thunderous power, fiery glory and swift onset of the locomotive? When the iron horse shall have passed away from our landscapes, we shall then value and no doubt lament it for all its superb beauty and essential picturesqueness. Surely the critics and lesser poets of Homer's day cried out against the wooden horse of Troy as a rank mechanical contrivance unworthy a single line from the bard. Probably submarine boats may in the future destroy a little of the awful mystery of the deep sea, but just as probably they will increase its wonder.

The light of Science pushes back the borders of mystery, but may there not be created a poesy of light or enlightenment, as well as that which thrived on superstition or grew out of the twilight and the darkness of the unknown? Poets, like Alexander, should sigh for new worlds to conquer. For if it is good to find familiar beauty in the world and to sing about it, it is certainly greater to discover new beauty—or to create it.

As for that long-inviolable domain, encroached upon only by the timorous, helpless balloon, and now "conquered" by a new machine, that domain in which dreams still roved unfettered, the air—well, are not dreams and imagination unfettered still? We see that another battle has been won in man's everlasting warfare with the elements, but we must see it grandly. A new Odyssey is being created before our eyes. We should feel in us something of the emotion of the Europeans when Columbus broke open a new hemisphere. It is however, very easy to realize, now that the skies are about to be broken up, that a sense of infinite loss may at first overwhelm the lover of beauty.

The well-known poet, Richard Le Gallienne, in beautiful and pathetic paragraphs lately lamented the conquest of the air. No longer, said he, in substance, "will the glory of the sunset be ours, nor the blue, unbroken vault of heaven. Landscapes painted before the invention of aeroplanes will seem strange and alien. We shall have trippers careering overhead at all hours, picnicking in mid air and making night

hideous with the jangling songs of the music-halls.

It is true that the skies, like many other things, are now open to desecration. They may even, as Tennyson foretold, become fields for the wars of man as they are fields for the wars of the elements. No thought more terrible, more grand and epic can be conceived. But a new and living beauty may also be set free in them, just as a new beauty was given the virgin ocean with the first ship. Man may become the companion of the eagle. But he must learn to be more than a flying biped; there must develop in him the eagle's aspiration for the sun.

Recently the writer spoke with one of the most daring of the airmen. He, the aviator, told of the exhilaration and exaltation of flight, of the ever-present danger and the skill required to control the flimsy machines. But nothing seemed full of more appeal to the imagination or more symbolic of the new era of mechanics than when he touched upon the following. He remarked that often in the early dawn, when the larks are soaring and other birds are abroad, it was his habit to launch his plane and himself into the air to meet the up-slanting rays of the sunrise, or to curve about his feathered fellows in their swoops and plunges, or overtake them on the wing. It is as if the old song (and far older desire) "O, for the Wings of a Bird!" had become a reality.

Within the past year and a half, the North Pole, shrouded grimly with mystery since the birth of man, has been discovered, and another haunt of the imagination seemed to go glimmering into the glare of day. Yet to say that this has destroyed its poetic meaning for us is to say that the sea and the mountain-peaks, once known, are forever lost to fancy or song or art. If man were able to explore another old and romantic store-house of the imagination—the moon—would his field and his fund of poetry be enlarged or lessened? There would merely be more and, what is just as important, new material for the muses. The stars remain—whatever their lights shine on.

When the nations, half in instinctive awe and half in scientific curiosity and even fear, awaited the approach of

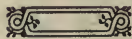
Halley's comet—a thing to touch the fantasy of the most wooden mortal—few of us felt the real cosmic beauty of the giant apparition. That, perhaps, was because our eyes sought a greater satisfaction than the comet saw fit to give us, and the imaginations of most of us were too feeble to help out our eyes and read its true meaning.

Our spirits, with the accumulations of ages of poetry and at least twenty centuries of tradition, are now, it appears, in danger of being overwhelmed by one century of invention. We are like to be jaded by novelty after novelty, by wonder following swiftly upon wonder. We are indeed to be pitied if we have lost for all time the faculty of being moved, enraptured, entranced or amazed—the zest, the glamour and fresh delight of simpler days. For in these lies the response to poetry. But just as surely as winds blow and flowers continue to blossom, and men and women to live, love and suffer, we have not lost them. The fact is we are weary and distracted with the noise and glare, not of civilization, but of what is called progress, and, as has been already declared, the very poets themselves have instilled in us the belief that we are utterly materialistic. If one single, simple thing might be prescribed for the sickness of our souls, that thing would be Meditation. The lack of it is the real curse of our time and constitutes its most abject poverty.

Assuredly then, there is hope for us, even in our materialistic age, and amidst the rage and clamor of our strident modern life. We have never been compelled to abandon the deathless parts of us to the iron wheels of mechanics

nor to the golden counters of money-changing. There is no commandment thundered at us to be or to remain the slaves of the engines we have built or the energies we have harnessed. Steam and electricity cannot destroy the spirit, unless the spirit is feeble and finer and tougher fibre than that. Why should Commerce become our national prison-house? Or the ant-like passion of doing or hoarding something destroy the higher desire of being something? If the crass, brutal forces of materialism or mammonism have stunned or estranged the national soul, or drugged it into a lethargy, there is nothing to do but for every man and woman to take account of their spiritual stock—to arouse ourselves to the full and very sinister meaning of this personal and national bankruptcy and seek to recover the lost riches. In comparison with these, engines and new inventions matter very little after all. They matter less than a single perfect flower in a perfect vase at which a people so wise and poetic as the Japanese have tortured themselves to gaze in silence and veneration.

If our lives have been helplessly entangled in our machines, if the dollar has become a millstone for the spirit, if our nerves have been self-murdered, if our souls have grown stale, snarled and withered, there is nothing to do, let us repeat, but for each man and woman to awaken to the truth. It is in such an awakening that hope, too, may be found that there may yet be deposited in the hearts of the people a soil fit to foster the seeds of a vital and transforming native poesy. Without this no nation justifies its existence to nature or to the world.



Near Pie and Cupid.

By Jessie Davies Willdy.

"Among those presents, hanging over the horse-corral fence, waiting for supper call, is Windy Thompson, the Kid Puncher, Tucson Charlie, myself, (that's me) and some few insignificant horse-wranglers and such. We're anxious to hear Windy's dishion-de-looks, regardin' the new pie flinger at the 'risterong' alias 'chuck-house,' which he brings news of.

"'Wow, boys, she's come! She's a niece or something of old Brown's, the proprietary of aforesaid eatin' house, and they say she sure is hell on the pie; makes 'em all by her lone, too, lushiouser than real, ripe black-berries; Yum! she's a peachy-pie herself, all right, WOW!'

"After deliverin' this, he sees visions of angels and things away off on the horizon above the stock-pens, and looks real dreamy and sentimental.

"We don't want to appear too interested, for then Windy Bill will swell up and become plumb unsufferable, just because he happens to be lucky enough to be in town when Joseline arrives to get here and sees her first, before we does; and we've waited weeks for it to happen.

"After a long silence, the Kid sighs timid, trying to look uninterested, and asserts, 'reckon her eyes must be blue, and her hair all yellow and flufferty, ain't it?'

"'Ain't neither,' snaps Tucson, slidin' off the fence and lightin' on his feet. 'Coal black and dancin' eyes, and black curls, I'll bet you.'

"'Lord, I don't know,' answers he, chewin' a grass stem, and dreaming like he is tastin' cream puffs and pie. 'They're something that just makes you wisht—oh, just wisht you was handsome and winnin' lookin,' instead of being so blamed, bow-legged and bashful and on-handsome generally.'

"'Aw, listen to Windy,' says Tucson.

'Gettin' locoed all ready, before the lady gets her bonnet off; maybe she won't like the looks of a jerk-water shippin' station, with stock-pens and cattle cars and saloons for populations; and us boys ridin' in every Sunday, for our grub at the risterong, and buckin' around some lively, or otherwise, as the principal entertainment.'

"'Of course,' he continues, 'there's some bailies, and the Fourth of July celebrations, and broncho ridin' and such, but maybe the lady will think that's slow fun; I hears she's only going to stop off awhile, any way, and you don't want to ever bank on any female person, whatsoever.'

"'No—you never, now did yuh?' asks Windy, nervous and anxious. 'I reckon as she's going to stay some while, cause she unloads her trunk all right, and I hears that old Brown is willin' to give her, free, all the profits on the pies and cakes she disposes of, and she waits on table, too, WOW—me for the table-doo-hot every blamed chuck time, Sunday or no Sunday, if she sets out the grub forty times a day.'

"'And just maybe,' drawls out Tucson, 'she's heard that Windy says pie makes him sick, always, and that he's been known to quit his job, if they happens to shove pie at him too often.'

"'Shut yer face,' snorts Windy, 'and mind your own troubles,' scowling under his hat, and hitching his belt a little more to the south. 'It won't be healthy for nobody to mix into anything about pie, from this on.'

"'Well,' says Tucson, real aggravated away towards the bunk house, 'its too mortal bad you *don't* never eat pie, Windy. I will admit.' and Windy scowls ferocious.

"'How tall is she, Windy,' coaxes the

Kid Puncher, gentle. "Come as high as my chin, do you reckon?"

"'Naw,' he answers, ruffled, 'bout as high, maybe, as mine, I should think.'

"'Lord, I'm glad I ain't you, Windy,' retaliates the Kid, exasperatin.' 'Didn't you *never* like pie.'

"'Yes,' bellers Windy, desperate, 'I *have* liked *pie*, and I've *et* pie, and I'm goin' to again if I wants to, and you can all go plumb to Yuma.'

"And then we splits up, and wanders over to the bunk house and begins to have misgivin's about whether evenin' dress consists of chaps and flannel shirts and slouch hats, where Joseline comes from; and if she's particular about eticuts, any.

"There's a heap of milling around in that bunkhouse, and the boys gets mighty restless as it gets on to supper-time; of course, we're all going to dine at old Brown's to-night, if we don't get maimed up somehow, and is plumb unable to walk.

"Nobody wants to let on that he is onduly interested, but there's a terrible anxious amount of fixin' up, goin' on thereabouts, with the whole bunch; and there's a heap of chin carpentering and scrapin' takin' place; and a fierce jerking on of clean shirts, and a hustlin' around for hankachufs.

"Its just right awful the way they throws sharp-edged sarcastics at each other, too. 'Don't you want a cheer-ofodist for your fingernails and yer eyebrows?' asks Tucson, irritating. 'Leave me alone,' roars Windy, plastering down his hair with town-grease.

"'You don't catch me fixing up, any for the dee-sert part of the performance,' asserts Tucson, sneakin' a look at his features and straightening out the fuzz of his eyebrows.

"When we wanders over, nonchalent and careless to the grub apartments, you could hear the air throbbin' with the scare them boys is undergoing, (includin' me.) We ambles in, and sets up to the rub, silent and painful, and hotter than blazes, or cold as a blizzard, accordin' to what's happening.

"We takes some of every thing, of course, and there ain't no high-colored remarks floating around like when the Chink is shoving out the grub, not *none*.

Old Brown has both eyes open to business, you bet; every red-checked covered table in the eat room, is full, plumb full, and punchers and railroad hands, a good sized herd of them, pawing the ground outside, waitin' for a chance to fall to the eats.

"The boys (includin' me) is all hell-bent on making a favable impression. Tucson is so miserable nervous he tilts back, constant on the hind legs of his chair, which isn't nice table manners, and I certain tells him so; the green glass sugar-bowl holds Windy's gaze so constant we almost thinks he's mesmerijed.

"We is conscious there's something in a pink dress, with short sleeves and a white apron on, dancin' around the table, and whiskin' things at us, and passin' us all the grub we wants, and we takes some of everything over and over, and gets to look at her hands for a scorchin' second; but not a brave, bloody, bloomin' cowman in the lot has the sand to look straight at her; when she makes for the kitchen door, though, the whole outfit twists their fool heads to get a look at her.

"Is it a fairy, balancin' that tray of dishes on a pinkish, white arm? Is it a angel? Is it a posey flower? Yes—all of them, and then some. When we gets to the pie part of the performance, you orter see the stampede for same goin' on around there, for old Brown gives out that we wants to go for it to encourage the dimpled one in the pie-makin'. He also winks loud, as he sees the fools scramblin' for the first time, at the hash and other grub, but we don't know that its mighty rotten chuck; oh, no, we are merely waiting for the pie to come on, before we does our special stunts; well, it come; and it was what you might designate as *near* pie, as near as I could describe it; lordy me, I have witnessed all kinds, but that was the plum daisy of the collection.

"Did the boys know it? No! they swallowed it down as rapit as they could an' keep from chokin', and called breathless for more. *They*, the bow-legged fools, thinks they are eating angel's foods mixed up with summer clouds and pink ice cream and such sentimental stuff.

"Because of Windy's always having

hated pie of any inscription whatsoever, he is sure nervousing around some, for he's dead afraid the boys will be makin' sinuous remarks if he does eat it, and like-wise if he don't; any way, he means to eat it, plenty of it too, or else prepare to join the singin' angels.

"So, when a voice like a velvet dove-bird asks each squirmin' victim if he chooses for some, of course they does, hearty, but shaky, and when she gets to Windy the boys is watchin' careful, and his face certain glows up like red flannel, and then changes sudden to linen sheets by turns; then Joseline murmurs, like a gentle breeze, 'I hears Mr. Windy favors puddin' 'stead of pie, usual' and swamp down in front of him she sets a little frothy, creamy lookin' thing that he gulps down in red hot confusion, after blurting out real hoarse 'thank yuh, ma'am, real kindly,' and nearly dying of thinking that he is made to eat the puddin' which the boys tells him the Chink has made.

"His agony proper, and with emphasis, begins then, and he suffers awful and constantly, for thinkin' she knows he ain't a pie gobbler; and he threatens fierce to let out the corpuscles of the teetotally doomed cowpuncher that went and told her he never was likin' that sort of dissert. The rest of the boys (includin' me) just certainly throwed in the near-pie article, on every occasion, for the rest of the summer; well, the thing went on from worse to extra bad, an the pies kept gettin' worse; old Brown sure kept up a steady winkin'.

"They fairly killed themselves stuffin' pie till they got so sore at everybody that life was getting plumb unbearable; old Brown sure knows he has the drawin' card, all right, and is contemplatin' a trip to Europe on the proceeds. He is cunning enough, though, not to have no hangin' around after meal times, and the boys has to fight it out among themselves at the bunkhouse; every cowpuncher and horse wrangler in the out-

fit was swimming in green seas of jealous, unrequited love, and the pies the boys bought for lunches between meals, and throwed away in the adjoinin' arroyas, unbeknownst to each other, was enough to put up quite a few good sized pyramids.

"Windy ain't mixed much with the boys since the first night when they ridicules him about the puddin' and tells him the angel is mad at *him* for life; he makes himself mighty filmy; so much so that he ain't visible any to any large extent.

"Finally, one day, when we are so sick of near-pie, and so dead in love with the near-pie maker that we can almost die and blow up, she not takin' any particular notice of none of the outfit as we can see, she ups and springs on us endurin' of the eatin' time at noon, on a calm, peaceful Sunday, says she, blushin', 'Boys, I'll never forget none of you; you has treated me real royal, and I appreciates it a heap; I am goin' away tomorrow,' says she, trembly like, and throwin' the whole outfit into jumpin' spasms. 'Yes, I'm goin' in the mornin', and Mr. Windy here,' glancin' at the blushin' old devil real lovin', 'he is goin' too.' Then she twists the corner of the same white apron the boys has all worshipped, individual and continues some more: 'We are going to see the preacher man at Nogales,' and she simpers, sickenin'.

"'I likes all of you awful well, but he,' indicatin' the sinful coyote, sometimes called Windy, who is grinnin' like a cissy cat with his arm around her, 'he DON'T like PIE, and I just hates 'em myself, and you all is so fond of 'em, and I never made one in my life that was fitten to eat; the Chink makes 'em all here anyway, so you can have all you want every day, just the same; so long, boys,' says the pie angel, holdin' that fool Windy's arm, like she ain't going to let go.



A Modern Minerva.

By M. Pelton White

Minerva was little Mrs. Rockaway's baptismal name. Not that any one ever dreamed of calling her by it. Oh, gracious, goodness no! Even her father (a certain Minerva Wentworth with a combative spirit that intimidated the non-courageous had been the secret passion of his youth) who had bestowed upon her the cognomen (his wife in naming their other children, all girls, had quite exhausted her vocabulary of proper names from Annie to Zella) recognized the misnomer and sorrowfully contented himself with "Minnie." By others she was "deared-ed, sweet-hearted, lovey-ed and honey-ed."

At length Robert Rockaway came bowling along in his flashy red roadster, accidentally blew a tire, intentionally cussed, and stopped in front of her father's house for repairs. He'd paid many a fine for fast and reckless driving; but when he caught sight of the dimples, curves, ruffles, and little breeze-tossed tendrils of soft, brown hair behind the gate he did the scorching of his life—literally burned the road in Lover's Lane.

The minister's eyes bulged at the size of the bill thrust into his hand, while Robert Rockaway, "Bobsy," now—the cuddling kind always croquette their husband's name—stowed deep in an inner pocket for safe keeping the paper that gave him the sole privilege of calling Minerva "wifey" till "death (or Reno) do us part." Their acquaintances looked on approvingly, exclaiming "Dear little Mrs. Rockaway."

And that's another thing—Minerva wasn't really "little" so far as feet and inches counted, nor pounds either for that matter. But who would think of associating size with a creation of dimples and curls with embroidery frills, laces, and baby ribbon on her—Enough said! Minerva was the ultimate of femininity, therefore "little."

And now having been properly introduced the story will proceed decently and in order, unhampered by back history which is often hashed and dished up bit by bit until one is on the verge of nervous prostration lest the next paragraph contain the stale residue of yesterday's frappe instead of the hot breast of tomorrow's bird.

It was nearing midnight and little Mrs. Rockaway was sitting up in bed, the pillows in their embroidered slips (evidences of her skill with the needle) props for her aching back instead of rests for her head. She leaned closer to the light and examined worriedly the strip of crochet in her hand. Her brow puckered. "The horrid old thing isn't right yet," she moaned to herself. "And Bobsy will be back from his trip to-morrow; and his birthday only a week off."

The crochet hook was jerked impatiently. It slipped through her fingers and clicked sharply on the mahogany night-table. She held her breath and looked anxiously in the direction of Bobsy II's crib. No, the noise hadn't awakened him.

Having unravelled the bit of silk for the hundredth time since morning she reached for the open number of the "Home Woman's Compurgator." "Crocheted Ties for Men" headed the page. After running her finger along the printed directions she "chained" and counted stitches. She worked nervously for the next half hour only to discover that the growing string in her hand in no way resembled the finished product of her brain—a gorgeous affair of green over-shot with tints and shades of red and yellow.

Two big tears cleared the rims of her stinging eyes, cruised down her cheeks, and lost themselves in a billow of lace. She slipped from her bed and moved cautiously to Bobsy II's crib. A little

pink fist was tucked under the blanket; then she listened, being given to frequent spasms of mother-worry, to the child's breathing. Not that anything was ever wrong with Bobsy II—he'd never experienced even a twinge of colic. But then babies did have croup and lung—little Mrs. Rockaway shuddered; lots of babies had died.

She tip-toed back to her bed and turning out the light tried to sleep. Vain endeavor! A nightmare rampant oppressed her slumbers. Hordes and hordes of crocheted ties that were snakes and snakes that were crocheted ties wiggled and twisted and squirmed about her head. Some were the exact counterparts of the one she had been trying to make. But when she seized them and tried to count their stitches the green silk groundwork suddenly turned into a huge snake with a crochet hook for a head and straightway swallowed all the red and orange snakes that sprawled over its body. Then all the snakes hissed and stuck out their tongues at her. Little Mrs. Rockaway awoke with a start, terror in her heart and prickles in her fingers and toes. Whenever she closed her eyes the same demoniac spirit returned to torment her.

At early dawn, feverish and unfreshed, she drew a silken robe about her shoulders, crammed her feet into silken sandals and pulled a chair close to the window. Once more she read; once more chained and counted stitches.

"If I only had one to look at." She paused then sprang up with a cry. "Why didn't I think of it before."

Her exclamation awoke Bobsy II, who immediately gurgled his morning goo-goos. Although she cuddled, and bathed, and Danbury-crossed, and tweaked wee pigs to market as usual, while the rest of the household battled with fires and whipped up muffins and flap-jacks, yet her mind was possessed with a ghost of a crocheted tie.

"Most ready for breakfast, dear?" inquired her mother's voice from the doorway.

"In a minute. I'm going to run up to the city to-day—that is, if you'll take care of baby for me."

"Surely," her mother gasped, "you're

not forgetting that your husband returns to-day?"

"Oh no; but Bobsy's train isn't due till four o'clock. I'll be back on the noon train. You're sure baby won't be any trouble?"

"Not a bit. Did you finish the tie you were working on?"

"No, couldn't get the stitch. That's why I'm going to the city—to buy one."

"Well, you're sensible. I wondered why you didn't buy one in the first place instead of wearing yourself out trying to make one—not half as good either; and there can't be much of a saving in price.

Little Mrs. Rockaway's cheeks flamed. "I'm just going to buy one for a pattern. You don't suppose I'd give Bobsy a machine-made, hand-me-down tie do you? It isn't a matter of money—he could buy a store full of ties if he wanted to—but it's because I've made it, every stitch with my own hands, that he'll prize it."

"Well, do be careful and not work yourself into one of your spells. Remember you're not strong yet. You look sort of feverish now. I don't believe you ought to go shopping—not by yourself." Her mother worried as she disappeared, Bobsy II waving "bye-byes" from her shoulder.

As little Mrs. Rockaway, her willow plumes tickling the fur collar of her coat, fluttered toward the waiting room of the Interurban Station she noticed several women plastering posters on the billboards.

"Suffragettes—how perfectly vulgar!" was her mental comment.

One of the stigmatized handed her a card. She dropped it in her bag without glancing at it and hurried on to the ticket window.

"To Seattle," she told the agent.

The conductor was assisting her to mount the steps when her father rushed up and thrust a package into her hand. "Deposit in the Merchant's Bank," he gasped breathlessly. "My book is there being checked. I'm detained. Be sure, Minnie," he admonished as the gong clattered warning, "and attend to the matter as soon as you reach town. The car was crowded, but as usual

men vied with each in promptness to vacate in little Mrs. Rockaway's favor. She accepted the first offer, also the best, a single seat next to a window at the end of the car, while her gracious smile and "Thank you so much," included every would-be benefactor in the coach.

After stowing her father's package in her bag and tucking her dainty skirts free from the dusty floor she fell to fretting over Bobsy II. What if her mother should forget to feed him, or worse still, she might let the mixture

of baby food and milk get too hot. Oh, why hadn't she warned her! Fortunately she'd be home by twelve—perhaps she could make an earlier train. And, yes, while she was in town she'd get some medicine for croup and things, then if Bobsy II should—

The conductor came by and collected her fare. She leaned her head on her hand (she was really very tired) and dropped into a troubled sleep made hideous by crocheted ties that were snakes and snakes that were crocheted ties.

* * *

After a time she awoke with a start and gazed about in bewilderment. All was strange, very strange. She was sure she had never seen any of the people before who were packed into this car with her. The kaleidoscoping landscape caught her glance. Houses and fields wore an unfamiliar look. "Why-why where am I, and what place is this?" she puzzled to herself, then stiffened in sudden consternation. "Where did I come from and where am I going?" Her mind was a blank. Not a trace of the past could she recall.

Two women in front of her were conversing. "Minerva Ratz is the greatest orator, the best campaigner the cause—"

Little Mrs. Rockaway gripped the arm of the seat. What was *her* name! For the life of her she couldn't remember. "I must have one. What can it be—*what can it be?*" she asked herself frantically over and over.

Her glance fell to the bag hanging on her arm, and a flicker of hope lit her eyes. Surely there must be a card, or something that would reveal her identity. She unfastened the clasp and hastily examined the contents. There was a coin purse in which were a gold piece and some small change, a vanity box, a heavy package wrapped in paper—she tore it open. It contained twenties, tens and fives. "Not a pauper, if I am nameless," she grimly reflected, and continued her search. Beneath the handkerchief in the bottom of the bag

was a card, face downward. She turned it over with trembling fingers.

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*****
*                                     *
*      Minerva Ratz                  *
*      Suffragette                   *
*                                     *
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Dumbfounded she dropped the tell-tale scrap of pasteboard. "Am—am I Minerva Ratz?" she faltered. "It can't—it can't be *possible*."

The monogrammed cover of the vanity box stared her in the face. "M. R." she gasped through parched lips, "M. R." Yes, it certainly stood for Minerva Ratz. Her handkerchief fluttered to the floor and she bent to pick it up. Its embroidered corner flaunted an "M. R." Dumping the testifying contents from her lap into the bag she snapped it shut. "M. R." in silver letters decorated its face. Even the umbrella at her elbow displayed an engraved "M. R." on its gold mounted handle. She sank limply in her seat. Ratz! How disgusting; but then people were not to blame for their names.

"Minerva Ratz—" the woman in front of her began. She leaned forward and strained her ears. Evidently these people knew who she was even if she didn't herself. The next moment she clutched her bag. So that was how she had come by such a sum of gold.

It was her share of the Denver campaign "boodle."

An hour slipped by. Minerva, outwardly calm, a brain-storm raging within, had not lost one word of the conversation between her two fellow travelers. Under the civilizing influence of "enfranchisement, lobbying, square deal, railroading, ward-heeling and spell-binding" her hitherto unscratched cerebrum convoluted.

"Ever seen her?" inquired one of the women as the conductor, poking his head in at the door, shouted "Sea-at-t-u-l-l-l-l."

"No, but they say she's a good looker."

Minerva glanced at her gown and shrank into a corner. What a frump she was, all be-spattered with doo-dads and gew-gaws! She knew what sort of clothes she ought to be wearing; but these—she must have been addle-pated when she bought them. "Well," she mentally resolved as she followed the passengers down the aisle, "my constituents shall have no reason to be ashamed of me at tomorrow's convention."

Boarding an up-town car she made her way to the "More Bon Show's" department store where everything from a meal and hair dressing to a shoe lace was to be had for the price.

The being who emerged from its portals two hours later was the last word on near-men's toggery. Her stiff black hat was unadorned save for a plain band. Above her squarely padded shoulders was visible a stand-up collar. A four-in-hand graced the pouter-pigeoned front of her tailored linen. Her skirt two spliced would have constituted a "pair," was the tubest of the tubed and her feet were encased in broad-soled boots. In one heavily gloved hand she swung a new leather travelling bag, with the other she signaled a waiting taxi.

"The Voysa," she directed. That was the hotel at which her "constituents" had said she would stay.

"Yes, Si—Madame," stammered the chauffeur; then slammed the door and stepped to his place.

After registering Minerva gave orders that all who inquired for her were to be sent to her room. Striding—if a hobbled walk can be called a stride—in the direction of the elevator she

watched proceedings from the tail of her eye. Yes, all was well. As had been foretold a messenger boy was being dispatched with the secret information of the arrival of the great Minerva Ratz.

Hardly had she settled herself before the 'phone began ringing and members of her "following," would-be delegates and candidates for office swooped down upon her. At 1 a. m. when the last besieger took her departure Minerva felt sure that if there had been any little point concerning "frame-ups, slates, committees" and the like, on which she had been at all hazy, they had been made perfectly clear to her.

After giving her order for breakfast, the next morning, she spread before her a copy of the "Daily Press." Its front page was devoted to the picture of a doll-baby-faced woman and inky headlines.

Beautiful Woman Mysteriously Disappears. Mrs. Rockaway Wife of the Wealthy—

"Damned rot," growled Minerva disgustedly. "Why they want to waste space on a simpleton's doings is more than I can see. I'd like to know what they've done with my 'reader.'" She turned the sheet and was somewhat appeased by a write-up in which glowing tributes were paid to her past achievements—strange she couldn't recall them. A scurvy trick memory had played her and a prophecy of future success.

"Say, Ratz, read this," whispered one of her henchwomen, chairwoman of the committee on credentials, as she entered the convention hall. Minerva opened the yellow strip of paper.

"Washout. Detained. Meet noon train. (Signed) Minerva Ratz."

"It's that hussy Jones in Kanespo City trying to break up our organization," sniveled the henchwoman.

"Imposter! Strike her name from the roll," ordered the leader and made her way past wrangling factions to the platform, where for an hour, a veritable Minerva militant, she harangued the assembled throng of suffragettes. She hurled the spear of her eloquence into the ranks of the enemy. Single handed she could have enfranchised every female on the face of the earth; single handed

opposed the whole National Council of Woman Voters.

When the up-roar of commingling hisses and cheers was at fortissimo a wild-eyed man with several breathless individuals in tow made his appearance. "She's my wife," he cried, "Oh Minnie, wifey darling," and made a rush for the platform.

Minerva beheld him through cold, unrecognizing eyes. "Never saw you before." She turned to her audience. "The fellow's drunk, or crazy. Put him out."

"But Minnie, sweetheart," begged the distracted Robert, "I'm Bobsy. Don't you know me, dear?" He tried to draw her to him.

An officer put out a restraining hand with a "Mitts off the loidy," while a mob of yelling, shrieking, hair-pulling amazons surged around him. Cries of "Beast! Sot! Heel of the oppressor!" rose above the din.

"She isn't herself," wailed the distressed husband. "She's always been subject to slight attacks of mental aberration, but they never last long."

Through it all Minerva was calm. At last she waved her hand grandly in the direction of the door, and again ordered: "Put him out."

As she spoke a reporter elbowed his way into the thick of the melee. A crochet, marvelous in coloring, decorated his shirt front. It caught Minerva's eye and held it. She stared and stared. A dazed expression came into her face and she put her hands to her head as if struggling to recall something in a dim past. Then gradually her face brightened and cleared. Leaning toward the representative of the press, and pointing to his tie she asked eagerly: "Oh, would you mind taking it off so's I could get the stitch?"

"Minnie!" remonstrated her husband.

She tucked a small hand under his arm. "Coming Bobsy, dear. I do hope mama hasn't forgotten to feed baby, or let his milk get too hot, or—"

They had reached the door. Little Mrs. Rockaway paused and looked back. Concerning the happenings of the past twenty-four hours her mind was a blank. She was sure she had never seen any of those funny looking people before, or the smelly old hall, and yet those open-mouthed individuals certainly seemed to expect something from her. Smiles dimpled her cheeks. She nodded gaily and cooed: "I've had *such* a sweet time. Thank you so much."



A Question of Wings.

By J. de Q. Donehoo.

When Sylvester rather suddenly popped his head out of the opening at the head of the stairs he found that said head was within about six inches of the face of an exceedingly pretty young woman. Almost did he blush, for it looked as if he had done this on purpose. Quickly then, he drew back into the opening, bowing as best he could, and muttering some kind of an apology.

'Pray don't mention it,' the young woman at once responded. "It is rather awkward, the way one so suddenly emerges from that black hole, but the view is well worth the labor of ascending, isn't it?"

Sylvester, both mentally and audibly, agreed that it was. Before them, only two or three hundred yards away, flowed the great, dark river between the green levees, descending towards the Gulf with majestic sweep. A half mile back in the other direction was the gloomy cypress swamp, dense, impenetrable, just as it was nearly a century ago when it held the ill-starred British veterans in between its morasses and the Mississippi, to be picked off by remorseless squirrel hunters from Tennessee and everlastingly hammered by Baratarian pirates and all the heterogeneous throng that followed the banners of grim old Andrew Jackson. It was a beautiful panorama, and one well calculated to encourage revelry—the setting of this Louisiana lowland upon which two thousand men once bravely fell in a battle fought after peace had been declared. But Sylvester—he was no longer thinking about these things, it was about the girl.

Who could have imagined that this dilapidated old wreck of a monument would have revealed upon its truncated top a treasure like her? Sylvester then and there devoutly thanked the fates that had led him to visit this, among

the sights of New Orleans, even if it was a relic that takes high rank amidst the large and interesting collection of national disgraces that belong to the United States.

The chief disgrace is that this monument to mark the site of the Battle of New Orleans was begun by the State of Louisiana along in the thirties, when old Hickory was still living, and raised to the height of some sixty feet out of the two hundred and more that would have meant its completion. Work then stopped for some three score years.

The State of Louisiana either couldn't or wouldn't finish it, probably the latter, having a choice assortment of other troubles of its own on hands during most of this period. And the United States turned deaf ears to the Daughters of various kinds, who for many years importuned the nation to furnish funds to finish this memorial on the field of the most remarkable battle ever won by American valor.

But if unfinished, the pile of stone did not remain unnoted. Few Mardi Gras visitors to the Crescent City failed to climb, as did Sylvester, the spiral iron stairs inside it and view, from the rude wooden platform on top, the scene of the famous fight.

The young man had arrived at the foot of the monument, unaccompanied, about five o'clock in the afternoon of one of Louisiana's perfect February days. The first breath of spring was in the air, the grass was green under foot. The figure of what afterward proved to be the young woman could be faintly made out from below, but not another human being was in sight, save a man, apparently portly in person, who was slowly making his way along the river by the path on the top of the grass-covered levee.

As soon as he reached the monument

Sylvester entered and bounded lightly up the stairs inside, to emerge, as already related, upon the platform on top. This was a rough floor of cypress planks, and was perhaps fifteen feet square. There was no parapet about its edges, which overhung by a foot or more the sheer sides of the unfinished pile of stone.

But this girl—who was she? Did she belong to the South, North or West? What a face and figure, what a voice, too, as she addressed Sylvester. How picturesque she looked, sitting there on the platform gazing out toward the river, one hand grasping the slight rim raised about the hole from which she had emerged. No wonder that, in womanly fashion, she kept tightly hold of that, for it was a matter of but six or seven feet out to the edge.

"The view is grand," Sylvester replied to the young woman's question, "or rather, it is picturesque; and it all seems strange, indeed, so one like myself who never had a sight of the far South until a week ago."

Then, in the manner of a callow youth with a maid, Sylvester stalked boldly out to within a few inches of the edge of the platform, where he tried to look as if he felt perfectly at ease. He hoped, too, that his mention of the fact that he saw the South for the first time might inveigle the young woman into telling what section *she* came from. But it didn't.

"All Louisiana is completely unlike the rest of the South, and don't you think that the Mississippi here has some resemblance to certain of the larger streams in the West?" she replied, and very ambiguously, as Sylvester thought. "But, oh, aren't you afraid you'll fall?"

The latter sentence was ejaculated as Sylvester began to walk around the platform at a distance of very few inches from its edge.

He was greatly pleased. She *cared* then, whether he did fall or not. Yet a moment's sane reflection would certainly have taught him that the young woman, presumably not being a monster who delighted in battle, murder and sudden death, would most probably have cared seriously if *anybody* had fallen down those sixty feet and been killed. But it must be realized that the

youth was just then in the throes of falling desperately in love, so that his reasoning faculties, in consequence, were for the time being in a state of suspended animation.

"I wouldn't care very much if I did get killed," he blurted out, which was a most idiotic and senseless remark to make just then, as a moment later he himself realized.

For whilst the young woman plainly enough caught the sentiment intended to be conveyed by this brilliant remark, she didn't smiler, smile or answer it after its kind. She replied coldly and with perfect sweetness:

"Oh, surely I think you would care, or at least *I* should care very much indeed. Just think what a horrid sight you would make after falling sixty feet, and then, too, think how perfectly dreadful I should feel when I had to tell all about it before a coroner's jury. Hadn't you better come here and sit down near the center as I am doing? Can you point out to me Pakenham's oak, the one under which the English general was buried after the battle, according to the guide book?"

Sylvester felt decidedly sheepish as he proceeded to follow the young woman's sound advice. But he reflected, that, whilst flirting in its crasser forms was now certainly out of the question, yet there would be some slight satisfaction about this guide book business. He sat down on the other side of the opening, therefore, and pretended to study intently with her a diagram in the guide book which she held out to him across the chasm.

Locating that oak proved to be a difficult problem, and, if truth must be told, Sylvester contributed but little towards its solution. He much preferred the state of uncertainty that prevailed, with its resulting closeness of heads and unrestrained conversation. But suddenly the guide book flew out of his hands and fluttered clear over the edge of the platform. A huge form shot up out of the entrance, filling it completely, and a portly, pleasant-faced old gentleman emerged. He smiled benignantly, and several times bowed as low as his position permitted him to do, he having

little more than half his body above the opening.

"Magnificent, magnificent," he ejaculated. Turning to the young woman he then pleasantly remarked. "Just the place for the experiment, isn't it, my dear? Just the place, just the place."

"For what experiment, sir?" asked the young woman, with just a slight touch of alarm in her voice as she looked at him and then turned to Sylvester with a puzzled smile on her face.

"Oh, the great experiment, the great demonstration, of course," he rejoined, with increased suavity of manner, "the solution of the problem of aerial navigation by man in the manner of the birds, the only natural and feasible way. I am William Slocomb."

The old gentleman pronounced this name most impressively, and waited as if for a reply. But none being forthcoming, the young woman and Sylvester continuing only to gaze at each other in speechless astonishment and incipient alarm, he kept on declaiming with great volubility: "Doubtless you have heard of me. Nearly everybody has. I am one of the innumerable glorious martyrs of science. I made this revolutionary discovery years ago, and it should have been by this time in general use by mankind. But possibly you do not know how the persecutions of interested parties—patents and all that—kept me from getting it before the public. Why, I have at times been imprisoned, and the claim has been made that I was insane, right in this city of New Orleans. Some of my own relatives, even, have connived at it. Pitiful the lengths to which the love of money will carry people. They know that my invention will revolutionize mundane conditions—will open up a new realm to mankind—and they are jealous. You see, the trouble is that they will not allow me to demonstrate publicly the practicability of my discovery. Yet I have conclusively shown that all other inventors have, as regards this problem, reasoned upon false premises. They have assumed that aerial flight was solely a physical and mechanical question; I have shown that it is partly a spiritual, or perhaps I had better say, psychological one. The birds can fly because they have the proper mechani-

cal appliances, wings, and the strength necessary to utilize them; but all the perfect mechanical appliances that man has modelled on these wings, even when conjoined with stronger motive force than any bird possesses, do not enable him to attain flight. Why? Because the proper psychic power. In other words, it *believes* it can fly, it *knows* it can fly, and therefore it *can* fly. Now with these wings I have constructed (Mr. Slocomb here produced, apparently from capacious pockets in his coatails and solemnly unfolded, a pair of diminutive, gauzy wings something like those worn by the fairies in pantomime) with these wings I can fly. I can fly like the birds, because I *know* I can fly."

Nothing more radically unbirdlike than Mr. Slocomb as he appeared at that moment could possibly have been imagined—that stout, elderly gentleman with the absurd butterfly wings in his hands. Sylvester at once thought of that line in the Walrus and the Carpenter which speaks of "Why the sea is boiling hot and whether pigs have wings." He felt an almost irresistible impulse to laugh, yet the gravity of the situation sobered him. The man was plainly a lunatic. How in the deuce was he going to prevent him from killing himself or doing something else to frighten the young woman into spasms. Already was she deadly pale, and though calm enough as yet, she looked at him in a beseeching way that played sad havoc with what was left of his heart.

But the worst was to come. Slocomb, still egotistically pleasant, looked smilingly at the young woman. "I have decided," he continued, "since the opportunity is so favorable for the first demonstration of this momentous discovery, not to be selfish about it. The honor of having first pointed out the true theory of aerial flight is enough for me. I shall be content that the distinction of first demonstrating its practicability should go to another, and, I might add, a very charming person."

As he said this the old gentleman bowed as low as he could. Then he proceeded: "I will ask you, my dear young lady, to allow me to attach these wings to your shoulders. You may then in perfect safety take your flight from this

platform, roam at will through the circumambient air, and return to describe to us the delightful sensations experienced in navigating this tenuous medium. Our other young friend will then be entitled to the next trip, ladies first, you know. Meanwhile—"

Sylvester was just breaking out into energetic protest, when he felt the warning touch of the young woman's hand upon him. She was now deathly pale but her voice never quavered as she looked up at old Slocomb with the bravest possible little attempt at a smile upon her face.

"But oh, Mr. Slocomb," she argued, "you said that the whole secret of flying was that we must believe that we *can* fly. Now I'm perfectly sure that I, at least, *couldn't* fly at all. I would be just certain to get dreadfully frightened and fall like Icarus, Darius Green and all those other people did. Now surely you wouldn't want me to get killed and discredit your great invention, would you, Mr. Slocomb?"

Sylvester felt that that pitiful frightened appeal ought to have touched the heart of the wildest lunatic on earth. The old reprobate! Was he altogether a maniac, or were there still some glimmerings of reason concealed beneath that vacuous countenance? Couldn't he see that the poor young woman was frightened nearly to death? Yet she put on as bold a front as ever did old Andrew Jackson himself on that same field. What a brave little woman she was! Sylvester firmly resolved that whatever the issue of this adventure was, nothing should happen to her, at least, if the sacrifice of his life could prevent it. But what should he do? Should he fight it out with old Slocomb at once? That would be taking desperate chances. It was evident that the man possessed herculean strength, and the present advantage lay altogether with him. For his body completely blocked egress from the platform, so that it was not possible to get the young woman to a place of safety without first mastering him. If Sylvester attacked the maniac it was most probable that the young woman would in any event succumb to fright during the course of the struggle, and fall from the platform. And if he was

defeated, which seemed altogether the most probable issue, her destruction, along with his, was certain. He decided then, to play for time. That appeared to be their only hope. Help would certainly not be long delayed, and other visitors were likely to arrive and attract the madman's attention. Then, too, much was to be hoped from the young woman's native wit in helping them out of the predicament. Looking at her admiringly and reassuringly, the young man watched closely the effect of her logical objection to Slocomb's suggestion that she put on the wings. And he said to himself that if ever anyone did deserve to wear those members associated with the angels, surely she was the one.

"My dear young lady," replied the provokingly smiling Slocomb to her appeal, "how illogical you are! Why of course, *I* will have the faith, *I*, Slocomb the inventor, and so *you can* fly. There is not the least doubt or danger about it. Let me insist, I absolutely *must* insist that you put on the wings and take the first flight. This great honor has been predestined for you alone."

The man's look became, for the first time, menacing; the light of madness shone clearly in his eyes. The young woman could stand the strain no longer; she fell back in a dead swoon, her head reaching almost to the dizzy edge of the platform.

In an instant Sylvester from behind leaped upon Slocomb with the agility of a trained athlete and the fierceness of a lion. As well might he have attempted to stay the current of the great river that swept by near at hand. The maniac was a giant in physical development and his strength was four-fold reinforced by the delirium that possessed him.

The young man had but one chance: that was to keep the madman from getting clear out upon the platform. His huge body could, indeed, scarcely, at best, squeeze through the opening. The youth had seized Slocomb around the neck with his left arm, with his right hand he grasped the edge of the opening. Just as he was taking hold he saw three men rapidly enter the gate of the monument enclosure. He shouted for help and vaguely he wondered how long he could possibly hold out against this

monster, this maniacal giant. But hold he did, though he felt his bones fairly crack when the enraged enemy gripped him. Then he heard steps on the stairs far below, coming nearer, nearer! Good God, would they never reach him?

Flesh and blood could now stand it no longer; Sylvester's hold was relaxing, his brain reeled. All at once he felt the maniac loosen his grip and slip down the opening. He heard, too, a violent struggle, the click of hand-cuffs, and an excited voice that said, "Just in time."

The young man was able, now, by a supreme effort to hurry to the assistance of the young woman. He found her showing the first signs of returning consciousness. Tenderly he picked her up and deposited her in the center of the platform, by which time a man appeared from below with water, and the work of resuscitation was soon accomplished.

Profusely this man apologized for

what had happened, and expressed himself as most thankful that he and his companions had arrived just in the nick of time. It appeared that old Slocomb's escape from the Tulane Insane Asylum had only been discovered an hour before, and there had at first been some trouble in getting on his trail. Of course the apologetic keeper had no need to tell Mr. Sylvester Lawrence and Miss Katherine Brown of New York, what the genial old gentleman's favorite delusion was.

That same evening Sylvester was duly presented in the parlors of the St. Charles Hotel to Miss Katherine's parents, and, needless to add, was most cordially received by those grateful tourists. Later that evening, he repeated to Miss Katherine substantially what old Slocomb had said that afternoon about her deserving to wear wings. But when he said it she never once thought of fainting.

The Necessary Thousand.

By Katherine P. Mason

A beatific smile adorned Van Cleve's not unattractive face, as, with deft, sure strokes, he delineated the opposite wall of the canyon upon his canvas. His soul was at peace with the world; and why not? Every stroke of his brush brought him nearer to the realization of his dream—the day when he could ask Grace Nelson to marry him without blushing with shame. For he had accidentally overheard her say once that no man with an ounce of brains, or words to that effect, would ask a girl to marry him till he had at least a thousand dollars with which to start their post-nuptial life. Moreover, she had elaborated upon the idea till Van had slunk out of hearing, blushing with the shame of his poverty and helplessly adding up the values of his meagre belongings. The total had been hopelessly deficient.

But what matter now? Soon she would be his! He was sure of it—as sure as he was that—well, as sure as he was that he would receive payment for the partially painted picture before him. Bert Thomas, who was unnecessarily rich, had ordered it as a wedding anniversary present to his beautiful wife, whom he had wooed and won in the midst of this very scene. Had he not distanced all suitors? Did he not hold at least second place in her affections, a more or less obnoxious Skittles of the genus caninus coming first, and, therefore, receiving all the petting and caressing? How he despised that dog; and yet, what would he not give if some fairy god-mother would only change him into Skittles for the brief space of one hour! What bliss it would be to nestle in those soft, white arms; to be allowed to lick her adorable nose; to have her fondle

his long, silky ears; to have her coo endearing terms to him in that sweetest of dulcet voices! With such a memory to carry into eternity he could kick Bert's picture over the precipice and follow it head foremost with a song in his soul.

However, at the present moment he was poor, extremely poor—as poor as the wood-mouse pursued at a little distance by the despised Skittles, whose mistress, by a curious co-incidence, had elected to spend a fortnight at Pine Crest Inn. He had borrowed the money with which to come to Pine Crest to paint the picture. It was about gone, as was his credit at the resort.

At this juncture a heavenly voice interrupted his musing. "Oh, Van," it called from a grove over next to the hill, "do come here and see what I have found!"

Like a cloud from off the face of the sun the gloom that had settled for a moment on Van's features vanished, and, casting aside his palette and brush, he went. Who would not go to such a voice? He felt sure that the call of the Sirens was the veriest caterwauling by comparison.

With their heads very close together, so close that a lock of gold-brown hair interfered with Van's vision and set a strange tingle through his body, they investigated the tiny discovery Grace had made, which was nothing larger than a humming bird's nest.

In the meantime Skittles had given up the wood-mouse's trail for something less evanescent, in the form of a great yellow and black butterfly he discovered hovering above a clump of wild phlox. Nearly wild with excitement, for most of his short life had been spent inside the four walls of a flat, Skittles bounded, circled, walked on his hind legs, and barked frantically underneath its flight, his little pink tongue hanging out the side of his mouth, his abridged tail describing frantic circles in the atmosphere.

Presently Skittles became vaguely aware of something looming directly in the line of pursuit. He did not take his eyes from the quarry long enough to see what it was; it would simply have 'o get out of the way—or—but perhaps

—what if—his tail increased its revolutions at the idea. As they drew near to the something, with a mighty leap Skittles soared towards its top, his little legs working like minature pistons in their eagerness for a footing.

But, alas! things are seldom what they seem especially to a pampered lap-dog. What appeared to be a perfectly solid vehicle put there for the express purpose of raising him to the level of the butterfly's flight was no more nor less than Van's easel. Skittles experienced a sickening sense of falling when his feet touched the yielding canvas. With a short "ki-yi" of fright and dismay his legs went through, followed by his head. The easel tottered dizzily for an instant and then collapsed.

Frightened nearly to death by his strange predicament, Skittles floundered about like a landed fish, emitting appealing yelps for help the while. When rolling over and over, backing, turning summersaults, side-stepping, and other canine methods of extrication had hopelessly entangled him, he subsided and stood, a draped image of woe-begone caninity, in the midst of a waste of broken easel, scattered brushes and spilled colors.

It was thus they found him, an infinite gloom bent his head and tail earthward, a ray of wet sunlight streaked a dejected ear, a patch of fresh sky adorned the tip of his little nose, and his coat was smeared with the reds and browns of the canyon wall. He meekly awaited the crack of doom, which he believed to be imminent. They stopped aghast at the sight; then Van gained his immediate vicinity with a bound. In his mind was some dim idea of an awful revenge—for everything. But the terrible doom that was threatened Skittles never fell. His mistress did the only thing left for a woman to do at such a time; she burst into tears. "O-oh, Skittles," she wailed into an absurdly small bit of linen and lace, "how could you?"

At sight of Grace's tears the revenge all went out of Van's heart and he felt almost friendly disposed toward Skittles as he slipped an arm around Grace and proceeded to perjure himself. "There, there, dear, it was nothing but a worth-

less sketch," he lied, forgetting that only the day before, in a moment of enthusiasm and pride, he had confided to her that this one little picture would win him the rarest prize of all.

"Van Cleve, you know better; you told me yesterday it was worth a thousand dollars and now look at it!" sobbed the girl.

Van looked at it. "Ye-yes," he gulped, "but what's a beggarly thousand?"

"I-it's a whole lot of money—when one hasn't—when one wants to—to—to buy a lot of things," stammered Grace, becoming calmer but still unconsciously allowing her head to rest on Van's shoulder. "How can I ever repay you?"

Van was only human. Registering a mighty vow that he would steal the necessary thousand if he could not obtain it in any other way, he whispered certain things into the pink little ear so alluring close to his lips which caused it to turn pinker.

His only answer was a closer nestling of the girlish form in his arms. And as soon as he could find time he looked down at the entangled picture and dog with a queer expression of mixed defiance and exultation.

Not a little of gall and wormwood was mixed in Van's cup of bliss as the happy pair—for Skittles has become of minor importance, skulked shamefacedly behind—strolled slowly inward, talking as such pairs have talked since that little affair way back in Eden. And the future they planned, what a happy one it was to be, took something of the form of a great, sinister interrogation

point in Van's troubled mind.

Up in his room Van gazed for a moment intently into space. His expression was not as happy as one would expect on the face of one who has just won the "only girl."

Then he turned to the letters the clerk had handed him together with a bill as he came through the office. The very first one he opened was from Bert Thomas. A puzzled frown wrinkled his brow as he unfolded the letter and read:

Dear Old Van:

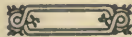
Enclosed is my check for \$1,000. Throw the picture in the fire; Mattie and I have decided to quit. The grounds will be incompatibility of temperament.

*Sincerely yours,
B. T.*

The beatific smile of the morning returned plus something more as he unfolded the check and examined it minutely, feeling the texture of the paper and turning it over and around, as if he was afraid it would disintegrate in his fingers. Then seizing his hat, he rushed down stairs two at a jump and out into the grounds in quest of Grace and Skittles. He found them in a secluded nook back of the kitchen going through a little transaction in soap and water. Gathering them both into his arms he whispered:

"He didn't fail me."

Although it often recurs to her, Mrs. Van Cleve has never asked her artist husband what he meant—she had never learned how Van got the necessary thousand.



The Lonesome Woman.

Effie McDowell Davies.

Miss Waddell lived alone; well not entirely, because there was Old Scratch, and little Oliver, both cats, who shared her comfortable home.

In this particular little Indiana town one half of the population lived on the north side of the street; the other half on the south side. The western section of the village, or to be accurate, the last two blocks on either side of the western section, was devoted entirely to business houses of various kinds. In the back room of the milliner shop was generally the place where delectable bits of gossip were incubated and started out; traveling up one side of the street to its extreme terminus, then down on the other, making the circuit in an amazingly short time.

Miss Waddell was of uncertain age, or rather had been for the past five years; now "the street" invariably alluded to her as "old Miss Waddell," or "the old maid who lives in the brown cottage," for surely five years is sufficient length of time for every one to determine upon the surety of almost any uncertain thing.

The care of two invalids had left her when her girl-hood should have been just begun, a tired, broken, down' utterly ambitionless person, and she was only too glad to be left perfectly alone quietly to rest. Rest for eternities if need be, till her poor weary body could regain strength. The lassitude proved greater even than she had imagined for her strength came slowly. Thus the time sped rapidly, while she drifted out of people's busy lives.

A great longing came with the returning vigor, for something, an unexplainable something she knew not what, to fill her life. Her neat little house-keeping, an occasional caller, and going to church Sunday mornings were not sufficient nutrition to sustain her starved soul. Her latent youth was blooming,

blooming in an old maid's body! She recalled several different occasions when she had overstepped the rigid line of old maid-dom, according to the "street's idea," and the gossips had concerned themselves quite industriously about it, and had not hesitated to impart their biased opinions, entirely gratis, to her until she felt she fairly hated her environment. Yet her sweet reticent manner in which she ever was known, did not betray to her nearest neighbor the slightest intimation of how she actually suffered for want of companionship and entertainment, nor how she longed in a vague sort of way to belong to the active world.

The realization of her situation became intensified one evening when a young couple passing by her house, paused to chat a few moments at the gate where she stood in the half light of the early evening.

"We are on our way to a little party," gushed the girl. "I simply love to dance; didn't you used to like to dance, Miss Waddell?"

"Yes, very much." The answer held no tremble that her poor heart felt, and she watched the two figures fade in the shadows down the sidewalk.

"Oh, if I could have had just one dance in all my life, how much pleasure the recollection would give me now," the thoughts were clothed in bitterness.

"Why could not my life have been like other girls'!"

How her stunted wings had longed to fly, and now she was ever forced to know by constant reminders such as the girl unconsciously had given in her question, that it was too late, hopelessly too late, ever to be in a position to enjoy such pleasures. And the knowledge was anything but pleasant.

So long had she lived up to the little town's strict standard of how a single woman of her age should conduct her-

self, that she became fairly feverish at times to get away, and do something; she had no idea what, for her limited means made everything seem impossible.

It was then that little Oliver who was quietly purring on the fence by her elbow received the shock of his feline life, for his mistress did a very strange thing. She gave a ferocious kick to the swinging gate that sent it bouncing half way off its hinges.

"India, you idiotic chump," she murmured, "what business have you even to think of such things." The next moment her voice had its own natural tone, as she cuddled a fluffy object in the hollow of her arm, and tried to smooth an enormous tail into its natural size.

"Mean old India, did she scare him almost to death?" His only answer was to flick off a teardrop that had fallen upon one little ear.

A letter announcing the death of a distant relative, and also informing her of several thousand dollars that had been left to her credit, decided most quickly what had come to her many times in the nights, in the form of a question. Why not go away some place, and begin all over again? The idea had often brought her to a sitting posture in bed, and with hands clasped over her nightgowned knees she would plan delightful adventures. And now, thanks to the distant relative, her dream was going to be!

What would be the first steps to take her womanly soul answered instinctively, "dress!" "My gray cloth would do to travel in I suppose." Miss Waddell almost gasped. "Could it be possible, yes it was, made over three years ago, and had never been altered!" No wonder people thought her old style. The replenishing of her scant wardrobe must be attended to immediately, and next morning found her before the dress goods counter of Mr. Jones' store.

"Pleasant weather we are having, Miss India," his voice was muffled as he emerged from behind a stack of dull brown and dark gray dress goods. The half bolts curling along the fold from much handling had a shop-worn, dusty appearance.

"Here is just the thing for you; in

fact I had you in mind when I ordered this suiting." His round, bald head shone dazzlingly from its recent morning's application of soap and water, and he hesitated, pleasantly confident she would take the piece he had reference to; for he flattered himself he knew her taste in such things.

Miss Waddell allowed herself scarcely a glance at the despised colors. Her clear gray eyes rested upon piles of fresh, dainty spring goods at the other end of the counter, toward which she motioned.

"What are those; let me see some of them please." The seat clattered back into place as she arose, giving evidence of her anxiety to examine the goods.

Mr. Jones illy concealed his surprise as he unrolled the beautiful materials, and mechanically gathered some into graceful folds for her better inspection. "Yes-ah-as I was saying, very pleasant weather indeed." Thus the little store-keeper regained his usual composure.

"And this will certainly make you a most stunning gown." "Ah yes, so striking." "The light tan you wish for a traveling suit, you say?" "Ah yes, ten yards of this silk, was it not?" "Now what about trimmings, and linings, ah yes, allow me to suggest a cream-cream yoking for this, and will you need —" Mr. Jones' glib tongue kept pace with his nimble fingers as yard after yard of all sorts of materials were measured off on the time worn counter.

At Madame Dusanne's dressmaking parlors two feminine heads were long buried in fashion books. After much consultation, and planning Miss India Waddell emerged once more into the fresh air of the street, a bit weary and flushed, though childishly happy over her morning's work. This time it was at the Dusanne place that "the news" was started on its circuit trip.

"The largest bill Madame had ever received from one person at one time!" "Now what do you know about that?" and "Just like a society woman would order her dresses made." The exchanging of such sentences over back yard fences were indulged in freely, until Miss Waddell gave the public a new topic. "She says she is going a-visiting!" "Will be gone all summer." "Closing her house." "Don't know when she

will return." "Now what do you know about *that!*"

A pale blue cloud of johnny-jump-ups still lingered over the tender green of the front yard, as the little gate swung shut. Miss Waddell's trimly gloved hand carried a crisp new suitcase. It was but a short walk to the station, and her steps unconsciously assumed an unusual briskness.

Mr. Jones waved a cheery good bye with his note book from the double doors of the store, as she passed.

"By jinks, a most stunning looking woman!" the exclamation was accentuated by a sharp friction of his thumb and fore finger. "Why I have always thought of her as an unusually plain little person?" came as an after thought.

Nearly every one came to the station to bid Miss India a farewell. Some came it is true, simply to appease their enormous curiosity in regard to how "the little old maid looked all fussed up" while others were there, well in all probability for the same reason. India found it rather trying to answer pleasantly each one's question. "What in the world will you do with those two trunks of things?" and "Why did you get such a light tan for your suit?" "Thought you always liked dark gray, seems to me it would have been much more suitable for a person of your age?"

Of course India knew only too well what they were saying when the train finally puffed away from the platform.

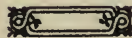
Nor did she care; she was a different person now, and was independent of their ideas. She liked her new self already, a being outside of her old personality.

She smiled; unconsciously keeping time to the rhythm of the pleasantly muffled revolutions of the heavy wheels, that were carrying her beyond a stagnant atmosphere into new life. "Free-free, do-as-you-please. Free, free, do-as-you-please," were the words she set to the rhythmic rumble.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Mr. Jones was not particularly a young man; however he found himself many times in deep meditation over his recent customer, and he deemed it necessary to take a "flying business trip" into Chicago in a remarkably short time after the news reached the little town that she had sold her home, and had permanently located in the big metropolis.

A sigh escaped the little store keeper's lips, upon his return; a sigh for what might have been had Miss Waddell been of the same opinion as he; instead his little romance was folded carefully away in a warm heart where contentedness beyond description had also entered.

For the lonesome woman had found her heart interest in a brisk little business office somewhere on La Salle street, and was adding her small share toward keeping the busy old world in action—a lonesome woman no longer.



EDITORIAL.

Before people realize in its entirety the effect of the decision of the United States Supreme court in the Standard Oil case, some "Reasonable" time must elapse. The court, to our mind has gone outside of its function in writing the word "reasonable" into the Sherman anti-trust act. It seems to have paved the way, in doing this, for an endless amount of litigation of a nature which delights the heart of the corporation lawyer and makes for large and steady fees.

It seems to us that the order directing the dissolution of the Standard Oil, but permitting it to remain in business until re-adjustments are made, merely amounts to allowing the corporation to arrange a new scheme for transacting business on the old plan.

The Court decides that the provisions of the law against restraint of trade mean an "unreasonable" restraint of trade. While the Standard's past operations are held to be unreasonable, still there is left a loophole for every other trust concern in the country.

When is a restraint of trade a reasonable restraint? When is it an unreasonable restraint? What constitutes reasonableness and what unreasonableness?

It is easy to conjure up causes of action defending the course of every corporation under the sun, and to claim that its acts are "reasonable." It is easy for any lawyer with a half an ounce of brains in his head, to carry case after case to the court of last resort the people meantime, suffering from the policies of the trusts.

To place the word "reasonable" in the law, was clearly the function of the law making body—not that of the law interpreting body. Thus, the decision is disappointing and not in line with the spirit of the times.

The exultation with which this decision has been greeted in the circle which rules the destiny of the lower end of New York, may be judged by these frank statements of Thomas C. Shotwell, who writes about the stock market every

day and whose sympathies, judging from what he has written for years, are with the high financiers.

"By rendering a compromise decision in the Standard Oil case," writes Mr. Shotwell, "the Supreme court of the United States laid the foundation for an immediate revival of prosperity."

"Prosperity" according to Mr. Shotwell, is a condition in which the great trade organizations of the United States have freedom to work their own will.

"The court has read the word 'reasonable' into the law" continues Mr. Shotwell, "and has made amendment of the statute unnecessary, since the addition of that word was the only thing it lacked. The Standard Oil company can be divided into six or seven smaller corporations and by making any 'reasonable' combination can go ahead in the business just as profitably as at present"

Under this decision a 'reasonable' combination of copper companies may be formed and scores of new corporations that have been planned will be brought out."

Out West has not noticed any triumphal flourish of itery trumpets in any of the daily newspapers of Los Angeles announcing the erection of a building at Eighth and Broadway by Hulett C. Merritt of Pasadena. Lest these inspired organs of the public conscience neglect or refuse to give all details to the waiting public, not only of Lo Angeles but of the world, *Out West* will assume the task.

The 'Builder and Contractor' says: 'Paul Haupt has the contract to erect a one story brick store building, 60 by 110 feet, at the northwest corner of Eighth and Broadway, for Hulett C. Merritt. It will have a cement floor, cream pressed brick front, copper sash, prism glass entrances, mahogany interior trim, plumbing and electric wiring.'

'Lest we forget' it is wise to recall a few things about that particular cor-

ner of Eighth street and Broadway.

Only a few months ago, Hulett C. Merritt wanted to erect a skyscraper at that particular corner and on that particular piece of ground. He desired to build higher than the existing ordinances permitted, and had every reason to think that he would be given the right, because other ambitious builders had been given the same right.

Instantly there was a great outcry from the faddists and theorists who talk about the "City Beautiful." They could not countenance the erection of the proposed building to such a height—something over 200 feet. Mr. Merritt wanted the building to serve as a monument for the Merritt family, or something to that effect. Now while *Out West* saw no special reason for a monument to the Merritt pile of dollars, which were accumulated, we believe in the Michigan iron deposits, we did think that Los Angeles wanted that improvement. A miscellaneous aggregation of busybodies besieged the city council and implored that body to refuse the Merritt request; all of the theoretical beautifiers from women's clubdom inveighed against an "architectural horror" at that corner. There was, in every way, a terrible to-do about the enterprise of Hulett C. Merritt.

He lost—the theorists won.

Well, they have their addition to the "city beautiful"—and isn't it a credit! It is full one story high. It is to have a cement floor and will have a cream pressed brick front. The sash will be of copper and the roof of composition. There will be an interior "mahogany trim" which, interpreted, means that mahogany stain will be used. It will help Hulett C. Merritt to pay the taxes on the corner and will in every way be an artistic addition to the city's architecture—according to the "City Beautifullers."

Very frequently one is tempted to ask whether or not the race is becoming more trifling, as time goes on, or whether it is a necessary incident of adolescence that self-consciousness gets the upper hand of a person's being. This is prompted by a

*Trifling or
Just Human.*

perusal of the questions asked by the correspondents of one "Cynthia Grey" who is a latter day "Ruth Ashmore" for one of the daily newspapers of the Southwest. Just listen to these inquiries which come from the class usually denominated in England as "young persons"—or we are much mistaken:

"I would like very much to make the acquaintance of the girl who has no friends. I am a stranger in the city and would love to have a friend."

"What will remove warts?"

"What will make your teeth whiter?"

"Should girls of 15 have beaux?"

"Please tell me a catchy Indian piano solo."

"What age should a boy be to go with a girl of 16?"

"I love a girl and we were on friendly terms. One night, she suddenly became angry with me, and ever since has refused to speak to me. I kissed her the minute before. Do you think that is the reason?"

"I have been going with a young man quite a while, and as I am going to graduate, he asked me if I would accept a present from him. I said yes. Did I do wrong?"

This list could be amplified to infinity, because the daily newspaper which is conducting this column is giving free rein every day to "Cynthia Grey," the modern "Ruth Ashmore."

God bless our home.

Still another theory of the origin of the word "Chicago" has been offered, this time by the United States Geological Survey. *City of the States Geological Survey.* "Bad Smell." The origin ascribed is not one that will appeal to the artistic tastes of Chicago, whatever they may be. The authorities of the Survey say: "The Ojibwa Indian form, *she-kag-ong*, signifies 'wild onion place', from the root form implying 'bad smell.'"

Who can deny that the city is rightly named? The city has produced packing house scandals that are best fitted by the Ojibwa notion; it has produced William Lorimer; it has produced the only river on earth that runs contrary to the course nature intended; it has produced a mass of muck in that river,

now happily almost cleaned out, compared with which the smell of the wild onion was as a fragrant rose; it has produced Bath-house John and Hinky Dink. Truly Chicago is the place of the "bad smell," not merely literally but metaphorically and in every other way.

One of the thousand and one "woman's publications" in the United States, "The Ladies' World"

Genevieve Knight of New York, has been *and Local Color*. making something of an advertising clatter in announcing the first chapter of "Love By Express," which, in the announcements, is stated to be strictly a California story. The title page of the first chapter of the story also bears the inscription "A Novel of California," and no doubt a good many people who never saw California, even if they have hopes to see it some day, will believe that the picture drawn, as far as its local color goes, is Californian. Love stories are never differentiated as to salient features, because a love story that will do for New York will do for California. But when an author begins to tamper with the verities of local color, and essays to perform some remarkable feats of description that do not fit, then it becomes needful to protest.

The author of this "Novel of California" is Genevieve Knight. We do not know Genevieve Knight. She may have seen California from a car window, which is a favorite mode for those who strive to tell western stories. And right at the beginning she flounders.

In the first paragraph she has "golden grainfields" in California under the "mel-low September sunshine." We may be dreaming, but we never have seen golden grain fields in California in September; maybe the lady has, in which case she is dreaming.

She describes Southern California as a place where "the blossoms open their brilliant petals to the sun and feel never a chill through all their span of life." The lady has never spent a night in California in the open air—that much is plain. Then Genevieve goes on "where Nature . . . glides jubilantly on through all of the seasons, tolerating

scarce any change from her ideal type." Beautiful but not true, never was true and never will be true. "Waving grain fields" are brought in by the lady once more this time in paragraph four. The month is September, remember, and one familiar with California in that month will know how much the grain is waving. Yes, indeed. The bloom is on the rye, surely enough and that is all.

The house in which the scenes of the first chapter are laid is an ancient adobe which is "overshadowed by a grove of noble, live oaks . . . Live oaks with which we are acquainted may by ones and twos overshadow an adobe house, but we do not know of a single adobe house anywhere in California which would require more than three or four, to say nothing of a whole grove doing the overshadowing. The interior of this place she makes consists of "large rooms with deep window seats, open fireplaces, redwood furniture in simple designs, piano, low book cases, dainty work baskets, flowers and birds." Miss Knight or Mrs. Knight, as the case may be, declares that "within the door one might fancy oneself in a New England house of modern style." That is inside of a California adobe, remember.

Then the lady insists on placing one of her characters on the pazzazz "courting slumber in a Chinese lounging chair." We may be ignorant, but we have a good many personal friends among the Chinese of San Francisco. We have eaten at their restaurants; been a guest at their homes, and have had tea with them in their stores. Our education concerning Chinese life may have been neglected, but we do not know what a Chinese lounging chair may be. The Chinese with whom we are acquainted sleep on a mat-covered contrivance which we would call a bench. Their chairs (the best of them) are made of hardwood and are anything but lounging chairs. We pass, as to this feature of Chinese furniture.

The local color of the story in other words, is honeycombed with absurdities. It is just as false as would be the placing of Central Park, New York in the borough of Brooklyn.

Still New Yorkers do not know any better than to swallow this sort of stuff.

When they travel it is not westward but toward Europe.

And just as a parting bit of advice we caution the lady against visiting Sacramento. Incidentally this city of Sacramento seems to the lady the most likely location on earth for a person in Southern California who wants to take up the practice of the law. The New York notion, probably, is that Sacramento is just an hour or so of riding from the scene of the story. That could be forgiven by Sacramento, were it not for this: "The fact is I would rather seethe with Ted Titus in Sacramento than stay here without him and be cool." The lady means that she would rather stay in the interior of Southern California where she thinks it is cool in September than go to Sacramento and swelter. Which is kind, but will not be appreciated by Sacramento. Poor Sacramento! A Vigilance Committee should at once be sent thence to the office of "The Ladies World" in New York.

Better come west, Genevieve. The outlaws of the Great West will "welcome you to our city" to the tune of smoking revolvers. All of the cowboys of Los Angeles will greet you. We will get a few redskins to dance in your honor. You will love the wild free life of the west when you see it.

California producers of lemons and probably orange producers may as well prepare, sooner or later, for an early reduction of the tariff on citrus fruits. One of the Senators from this state, John D. Works, virtuously lets it be known that he will not be a party to any "trade" with eastern senators looking to a maintenance of this duty in return for the maintenance of duty on the manufactured products of the states bordering on the Atlantic. The New York lemon importers, whose mouthpiece is Senator Root, are determined that there shall be a reduction in the lemon tariff, and unless Senator Perkins can prevent it, the change will come.

It ought to be easy to figure out a proper duty on lemons. If the principle of the protective tariff is to be main-

tained at all, the tariff on Sicilian lemons should be the difference between producing these lemons and laying them in New York, and the cost of producing lemons in California and laying them down in New York, plus profit. We pay high duties on the manufactured articles it uses and are entitled to as much protection as any manufacturing state of New England. We take it that the ideal protective tariff is one that places American products at least on a parity with foreign products. But we in California, who are far removed from the center of things, will have little chance to obtain even this justice unless our representatives will "trade." Every tariff bill that has been framed in the course of the national history has been a result of trade and compromise, and however much we may all desire that the time may come when trades will be no more, still it is a real condition on which we confront.

In any event the tariff is a local issue. We in California would be better off, as concerns manufacturing, if we could have a tariff wall erected at the point where the Rockies rise out of the Great Plains. We could do our own manufacturing could such a line be drawn. Again we do not doubt that the state would, in the long run, be better off if we could buy everything we use in the cheapest market. Real free trade would not hurt us. Even the reduction in the price of certain of our products would be more than compensated for by buying in a free market.

We manufacture comparatively little. Clothing, shoes, dry goods, almost everything that we use comes to us by trainloads and shiploads thousands of miles from the point of production. We pay high prices for manufactures because a high tariff is erected throughout the United States for the benefit of manufacturers thousands of miles removed from us.

All that we ask is that we be placed at least on a parity with foreign producers of the products which grow nowhere else in the United States than here.

Senator Root would deny us this right. We would have us taxed in our purchases of New York manufactures,

but he would not allow us a chance to compete with Sicilians.

Senator John D. Works says that he will not "trade" but that he will depend on the sense of justice of the National legislators to give to California what is hers by every right. Senator Works is a fine old dreamer.

There is an unfailing sign that we are to be at the mercy of the traders. The "Evening Express" of Los Angeles, which was attached to the Works campaign during the race for the Senate, is particularly gloomy over the outlook, and is preparing its readers for what appears to be inevitable—the reduction of the duty. Otherwise we should be more hopeful. But it is not to be forgotten that the "Express's" Washington correspondent is also attached to the Works menage and knows in which direction things are drifting.

Theorists may be very well in their sphere of action, but we would much prefer to have Frank P. Flint in the United States Senate at this moment.

The "Monitor" is the "official organ of the Archdiocese of San Francisco."

It is presumed to speak the views and beliefs of Archbishop Riordan of the Catholic Church.

One of the May issues contained a weighty philippic aimed at the spread of Socialism in the United States, with the declaration that the Church will wage ceaseless war on the growth of what is denominated an evil.

That the socialistic propaganda is spreading in the United States, that the tide will rise considerably higher than it now is, that the future will bring about the recognition of new ideas of government and municipal enterprises and even of land tenures, we do not doubt. But we can look with unfearing eyes on coming social changes, which are as certain as the lapse of time.

Much of Archbishop Riordan's fear of Socialism, we think, is due to the fact that he confounds the American brand of the article with the brand that the Church knows, unhappily, in Europe. We have never yet been able to meet any man who could define the word. As years go by and as discussion clarifies

the issue, it will be found that the American people will absorb to themselves all of the good there is in the socialistic teachings and will reject the bad. Then the word will take its place in the political history of the United States along with the names of other political parties whose titles are all but forgotten.

Take, in point, the Abolition party. Did the political party that had William Lloyd Garrison as its patron saint ever set the slaves free? Yet who can deny that the existence of the Abolitionist party was necessary to keep alive and foster the growth of the anti-slavery sentiment from 1830 to 1860?

Has the Prohibition party as such, ever closed a saloon. We cannot recall an instance; yet out of the movement started and perpetuated by the zealots of the Prohibition party, has grown the Anti-Saloon movement, which has closed saloons by the thousand; out of this party has come the principle—local option—which has made "dry" at least half of the total area of the United States. Prohibition was not by any means all that was demanded in the platforms of the Prohibition party. Where the people have deemed that they wanted the prohibitive principle, without any of the fantastic vagaries of the party, they have adopted it.

The Populist party is only a memory. Yet it was the foundation on which Mr. Bryan erected the edifice of the Bryanized Democracy. In turn Mr. Roosevelt adopted such parts of the Populist doctrine as he found useful in his business. The froth and foam of Populism have been dispersed by time, the good remains.

So, we think, the excellent Archbishop of San Francisco will find to be true of Socialism. Thousands of men all over the United States are voting for municipal ownership of public utilities—and municipal ownership is socialistic. The Water Department of Los Angeles, one of the most highly cherished of the possessions of the city, is a socialistic scheme. The people have determined that they are going into the distribution of electricity—rank socialism, if it is anything at all. The postoffice department is socialistic. The people of the country are sufficiently socialistic in their theories that they

would unquestionably vote today for taking over the business of the express companies and the telegraph companies, if they but had the chance. We are not so sure that they would even decline to take over the railroads—again a marvelous evidence of the development of socialistic theories. After the striking demonstration of the application of the single tax at Vancouver, we think that other communities will be tempted to try the efficacy of the theories of Henry George.

Perhaps the worthy Archbishop is appalled by a condition that exists only in his mind. No doubt thousands of devout Catholics in the United States have voted and will vote for socialistic experiments and things in this country, and will do so with a freedom from any intent to commit error.

After all, it depends on the definition. And the definition is not clear. We seem to be approaching a period in which collectivism in many forms is to have an inning. How far we will go is not for mortal man to say. As a body we certainly cannot be worse off than we have been under the fierce individualistic system which has brought unlimited wealth to a few, and its concomitant, unlimited poverty to the many.

Above all, the body politic of this country is sound and sane. It has enough sense to winnow the false from the true; to adopt such features of socialism as are of real service, and to reject the fantastic notions which are denominated in Europe as "socialism" but which to our mind are not socialistic in any essential manner.

None of the daily newspapers of Los Angeles will for one moment tell the truth as to what is actually going on
Suffrage and the "Friday Morning." within the Friday

Morning Club, which for years has been the largest and the most influential body of women in California. The fact is that a species of dry rot has invaded the club. No longer is there a rousing attendance at the sessions of each week; no longer is there talk of limiting membership; no longer is there talk of building a home for the club. There is a steady diversion of

members and activities towards the Ebell club. There is a reason for this which should bring about a thorough re-organization of the Friday Morning forces.

The underlying reason for the deterioration of one club and the growth of the other applies everywhere; it involves the first principle of what women want in their clubs. An examination of the shoal which the Friday Morning has encountered in its once peaceful and successful career will convince even the most casual observer that the great mass of women do not desire to meddle with and mix up in concerns that have, up to this time, been generally supposed to be a portion of the province of men.

The trouble is politics. Once upon a time the members of the Friday Morning Club could attend the sessions, sure of receiving a morning of entertainment or instruction from the best available talent and brains. Nowadays the topic of the hour is "politics." Politics has wrecked many a man's organization. Recognition of this is so general that in many organizations in which men gather, politics is joined with religion as tabu.

The political element gained the ascendancy in the talking brigade of the Friday Morning about three years ago. Since that time, politics and suffrage have been uppermost. All of the "orators" of the clique that is now in power in the city and state have been invited to address the organization. Public office has been bestowed upon Friday Morning members, presumably to keep the club in line. It has been openly stated among men politicians that the "Friday Morning" is merely a tail to the kite of the ruling wing of the Republican party.

Further than this, women with a mission to fulfill have made the club their favorite field for operations. The Club has become the recognized rallying point for the would-be voters of the gentle sex. Now, however much the orators of the club may claim to the contrary, the club as a whole is probably against the movement, could a full expression of the members be obtained. There has been no such expression of opinion, and may not be, unless a new administration of club officers be swept

into office. Certain it is that many women who are against the suffrage propaganda and all its works, have quietly withdrawn from membership, and are done with the club until a new regime comes in.

These things *Out West* deems it a duty to say because the function of the daily newspaper appears no longer to be to give the news but to suppress many things that look like news. Time was when the daily press would have told what is going on, in a manner not to arouse antagonisms but to create circulation. The news editors of these days appear to think that they might offend somebody by a recital of truth; whereas they would not only offend nobody but would add to the circulations of their publications.

All of which leads up to the condition of the women's suffrage propaganda in this section of the state. There is no apparent activity for suffrage anywhere in California except in the South. North of the Tehachapi pass, there is no agitation of the question and we believe that a big vote will be polled against it. South of the Tehachapi there is a mighty lot of talking going on, a mighty lot of "resoluting" and little opposition of an open nature. To read the newspapers one would imagine that the vote would all be one way; but quiet conversation among men will show otherwise. Notwithstanding the tremendous racket that has been maintained, we believe that Los Angeles city will show a vote against women's suffrage—the remainder of this section of the state we have not canvassed sufficiently to enable us to make a reasonable statement of conditions.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman, who is something of a high priestess in the domain of woman's clubdom—she *Slushy Mush or Mushy Slush!* has been feted and lionized in many places aside from Los Angeles—is engaged these days in running a brainy monthly "The Forerunner." What the publication fore-runs it is difficult to conjecture. A rather careful reading of the contents of the May number shows it to be one of those highly sublimated ethereal things which are just a little beyond—and

maybe more than little—the comprehension of the work-a-day brain.

This, however, is not what we set out to say. Mrs. C. P. S. Gilman herself has a play in the May issue of "The Forerunner," a one act play in which the question of a woman's career and whether it should interfere with matrimony is baldly discussed. The heroine, one Aline Morrow, has a proposal of marriage from a physician. She has had some success as a kindergartner and her mother, who with the daughter is living comfortably in apartments, adheres to the dictum: "Don't give up your profession for the best man on earth." "We have other interests—other powers, other desires" is her amiable way of stating the ambition of the feminine sex to try its wings in any calling of life.

On the other hand, an aunt, forty, fair, never married but wishing she had been, a Miss Upton, advises strongly on the other direction. She has had a "career," a successful one, but all of its glamor she would sacrifice for children—for "their little blundering crumpling fingers on your face; their foolish delicious curly feet; the down on their heads; the sweetness of the backs of their necks; the hugableness of them." Between this successful woman with the career and Aline Morrow this exchange of words occurs:

Aline—"The question is, shall I drop my work, give up my profession, to be his wife."

Miss Upton—"Does he make it a condition?"

Aline—"I am afraid that he does."

Miss Upton—"Then do it! Do it in a minute! Drop it once and for all! Forswear it; forget it!"—

What happens?

Why she decides to marry him and he gives up his condition.

She continues to run the kindergarten, presumably to live in apartments, to follow her "career."

Well that may be the Mrs. C. P. S. Gilman notion of the proper solution of the case; it is just such a solution as can be expected from the sublimated publication aforesaid.

No wonder the American race is passing—no wonder the American blood is dying—no wonder about the existence

of the family hotel with dogs and children barred.

While the morning newspapers in the United States will always hold their own, the day of their supremacy in the Pacific *"Herald"* to be *Evening Paper* Coast appears to be over.

Seattle's strongest newspaper is an evening paper, and one of the evening newspapers in Portland has had a surprising growth. The two strong evening newspapers in San Francisco are growing while the morning newspapers are standing still. In Los Angeles the surprise of the newspaper world in the past five years has been the amazing development of one of the evening papers. And now come rumors that one of the morning papers, the *"Herald"* is to become an evening newspaper with a Sunday morning edition, on or about July 1. It is stated that still another evening newspaper will be started about September 1. That will make the total number of

evening papers four as against two strong morning newspapers.

There is one reason—it is "today's news today." There is another—the advertiser desires that the bargains which he offers for any one day shall be read and conned over in the quiet hours of the evening rather than in the busy hours of daylight.

And so it comes about that the most influential newspapers of the country are today published in the evening, or very shortly will be. Undenially, the most influential newspaper in Los Angeles appears in the evening, much as we dislike to admit its far-reaching influence. Seattle's most influential newspaper is an evening publication, and so is Sacramento's. In their own domain the Scripps newspapers are supreme and their influence is unquestionably great. Every one of them is an evening publication.

This is the day of the evening paper. It has dawned and the daylight is growing stronger.

Annex Lower California.

By a Correspondent

Some years ago, when the subject of "annexing the peninsula" was broached, H. H. Bancroft, the historian (his "History of California," and "History of Mexico," are school standards), said to the writer "The question of price, as to buying 'Lower California,' could be arranged with President Diaz, over a bottle of wine."

Mr. Bancroft, being a personal friend of President Diaz, having been royally entertained by him while obtaining data for his "History of Mexico," knew what he was talking about. But never before has the Mexican government been in a better position to take up the matter with the United States.

"No extension of domain," said President Taft at the recent Third National Peace Conference. He added: "We have a magnificent domain of our own, in which we are attempting to work out and show to the world success in popular

government, and we need no more territory in which to show this," etc.

Still only in 1198 we annexed the Philippine Islands with a population (census of 1900) of 7,635,426. Area: square miles, 127,853.

The Hawaii Islands came just before that. Population 154,001. Area square miles, 6,449.

Also the Island of Guam.

Tutuila in the Samoa Islands.

Porto Rico.

In the Pacific: The Midway Islands, Wake Island, Howland Island, Baker Island.

And in 1903 the canal zone from Colon on the Atlantic side to Panama on the Pacific.

Who will say we only lately acquired the North Pole?

Then why should it be contrary to our Constitution to save a beautiful strip of land like Lower California from

the hands of adventurers like the Maderos who have been bombarding the peaceful, border towns intending, if the United States do not interfere to invade the whole peninsular.

Should we let Japan, Russia, England or any other nation step in?

Lower California, a peninsula of about 864 miles long and 137 miles wide, geographically belongs to us. The Madero capitalists who, whether through spite or for the desire of notoriety, or for greed, are conducting the present opera bouffe "war eclat" in Mexico, would undoubtedly be very glad to quit on a business basis proposition—if what J. T. McCarrier, who is stopping at the Alexandria hotel and who claims to know the standing of the Maderos, is true. Rich as they are, they would be glad to grasp the opportunity of not only locating the poor devils who have been pretending to fight for what? Their slogan is "May Diaz die! We will defend the rights our fathers fought for! We must safeguard and increase our inheritance for our sons!" All poppycock! What does a nation of manana care about increasing the inheritance of their sons, etc?—

If President Diaz had had the welfare of his people at heart would he have permitted, up to the present time, the hotel and saloon liquor license to be \$3.00 a month Mexican or (\$1.50 gold?) Hence a "cantina" every other door! A bar in every little grocery store! Hence the "peons" working for 50 cents a day three days in the week and spending the rest drinking "pulque at a cent a shot." Our annexing Lower California and cleaning all that part of it up, would be an example worth millions of dollars to the rest of the Mexican nation; our higher license would show them that higher prices restrict the sale of any liquor, pulque or mescal at one cent a shot and by our mode of schooling change a portion, anyhow, of the present hopelessly pauperized nation, into *desirable citizens*. The question of grants should we decide on the price or value of the peninsula, could be arranged in a business way. That we should respect any title bought or acquired in good faith by present owners, goes without saying.

But that such companies as the "English International Company" of Ensenada, which claims millions of acres from the Mexican government, without having fulfilled a tenth part of their agreement to build dams, water ways, etc, wharves, etc. at one time intending to colonize and build up that fine section of land and having failed in every particular, they like many other large imaginary property owners throughout the northern portion of Baja California, should only receive their "provata" according to their deserts. This can all be decided in the regular course of procedure when the deal for the peninsula is completed.

The Madero interests would then receive sufficient money from the purchase price, whether nineteen millions, as in the case of the purchase of the Phillipines or whatever sum should be decided upon by President Taft and his executives. His supporters or "insurrectos" who, with their families, are now in a practically starving condition, should be allotted say 100 acres to the deserving ones. This would put them in a position to start life anew. The "Spreckels interests" in San Diego have surveyed a direct railroad route from Tia Juana to the city of Ensenada; immediately on the annexation of Lower California deal being consummated the rails, that are all ready piled up at San Diego, could be laid in a few weeks. Then the rush always accompanied by the opening up of a new section especially desirable, would begin and owners of large tracts who bought in speculation thousands of acres at \$1.25 to \$2.50 would only get a small percentage but which by the ownership of the United States, would enhance the value of one acre to what a thousand acres is worth to-day, if of any value at all. How to consummate this "annexation" can be fully discussed in some future issue. By competent writers, ideas and suggestions should teem in every magazine, newspaper, etc., and by bringing the matter in a sensible way before our senators, congressmen and representatives at Washington, the matter should be agitated at once. As to the benefits Southern California would derive from such an "annexation" we can dilate later.

To Him Who Would Win.

By W. R. Reece.

The work you are setting out to do is of a difficult character. It is a high and exalted Use, hence the unusual difficulties attendant. To perform it successfully you must perfect your mind as to its Thoughts and Feelings as well as the body with its Mouth and Hand. The work you have set yourself to do is attended with many labors and you must not expect to succeed without labor and consecration. But the Reward also is great and enduring, provided your work is effectively done. Strive therefore to do it effectively.

There are many difficulties but do not forbear on that account to go ahead. Find first what they are and then set yourself resolutely to welcome them. Resolve to be a fighter and not a coward and a weakling.

Life is a battle in a very real sense. Your greatest enemies are intangible and unseen but they are supremely powerful. They live within yourself and are ever ready to spring upon you unawares, with cruelty and hate. Outward enemies you can more easily combat, but with those that lie within, you, like all men, are prone to make or league and compromise. Up to this moment you have rested content in Egypt and feared to demand freedom "in the name of the Lord." You have been afraid of the "lions in the path." "Lions" seem to stand in every path and lurk in every corner and dark place, yawning on every hand with open mouth. The whole way has seemed beset with enemies of every sort; wild beasts, fierce men and adverse circumstance, each and all terrifying you with their every move and aspect. You have been robbed and torn by them; deprived of every good, until you are poor and weak and miserable. These enemies have ruled over

you and bound you to their cruel service. They have robbed you of life *that* which every man should have of right and left you wounded and half dead. But now, to-day, this morning, time of life, must up and at them. You must go forth to fight with courage set and determination fixed. Resolve again to be a Fighter. Only so can you hope to win. There are "lions in the way" but fight them and overcome them. You can do so if you fight like Israel of Old "in the name of the Lord." Hell with all its mocking cruelty is sternly set against every attempt on your part to do the right but you must not succumb to its temptation. Temptation to delay; to impair your strength by self indulgence—are strong but must be fought with resolute face and smiting hand. Consider each deterrent that within yourself, or adverse circumstance without—as though it were an enemy in person bent on your destruction and determine that you will not allow him victory over you. Do what you know you ought. In order to prevent you from doing the right the Enemy will seek to cripple and disable you in a thousand spiteful ways. By working on your fears—increasing and multiplying them, by resurrecting your doubts of your ability and fitness; by causing you to dwell upon your weaknesses and lack of confidence; by renewing the memory of past failures; by stimulating your natural love of ease and inactivity and pleasure; by leading you to overindulgence of appetite—in all these ways and more is hateful effort made to hold you back.

If you would win you must be deaf to all these siren voices—voices which though they fall sweetly on the untaught ear, in reality are cruel and merciless, seeking your misery and failure that they may exult therein.

THINGS TO EAT

June, 1911

Conducted by J. R. Newberry

Will Reduce Distributing Costs.

By J. R. Newberry.

The great problem of the near future is standardizing all the elements that enter into our consumption. This is the great problem that the house of J. R. Newberry Co. intends to solve for the city of Los Angeles and Southern California. We have in the last few months put in many innovations, and when this subject was broached to one of my friends a few days ago he looked at me somewhat interested, somewhat skeptically, and said: "What next! You have cut off our solicitors; you have made us pay for the delivery of our goods; you claim to have cheapened our existence, which we hope is true, but what new form of insurgency are you now prepared to perpetrate upon the consuming trade?"

Our forty years of business experience, some twenty years in the wholesale business and nearly twenty years in the retail business, has brought us to the conclusion that the methods of ten years ago are today absolutely out of date. With the progression of thought and politics, merchandising must not stay behind. It is true that politics and thought can be improved. The same is true of merchandising; but to standardize 2,860 different articles in the grocery line alone is a Herculean task, and few men will undertake it.

However, in our organization we

have some men who are willing to take up the burden and carry this to a success. We do not know that we shall succeed in the next two years or even five years, but we believe we are on the right track.

We believe that we can serve the consuming public better in Southern California by a change we are going to make on July 1 of this year by retiring entirely from the retail business. The last eighteen or nineteen years of retail business has brought many changes, and we expect that the next three or five years will bring more changes than has the last eighteen or twenty years.

Progress and up-to-date merchandising is the ringing demand of the producer and the consumer alike, and in retiring from the retail distributing business we do not intend to leave our best friends, the consumers, without the knowledge that they shall be fully and honestly protected.

Therefore we intend to standardize in the next six months at least 500 of the necessary articles used daily in the household.

You will say: "How is this to be done?" In the first place manufacturers have made a standard price upon their goods, taking into consideration the raw material, manufacturers' costs, publicity cost getting the goods to the attention of the people, and freight charges from the

manufacturing point to the destination. The manufacturers have standardized their prices, taking these items as a basis.

After having retired entirely from the retail business and having entered into the wholesale or jobbing business, we are entitled to the consideration of any manufacturer in the United States, and to buy their goods at the lowest possible margin. Between manufacturer and the consumer there are two legitimate factors; the jobber and the retailer. An honest compensation must be considered for each one of these factors, and in order to get a standard we will commence at the jobbers' cost.

We are willing to handle by our own plan, the goods from the manufacturer to the retail dealer on the low margin of three per cent, delivery at our warehouse. It will cost the average retailer at least two per cent to get the goods from our warehouse to his store; then if he runs his business upon the Newberry System of "no free delivery and cash when the goods are sold," he can, by using the strictest economy, do this business at from 9 to 10 per cent. This will leave him, taking into consideration from one half to one per cent for shrinkage, about three and one half per cent upon his sales for his profit and interest upon his capital, all making a total figure of twenty per cent from jobbers' cost to the consumer's home.

While this seems a large portion of the total, to look at it in the abstract, to go to the retailer, still he must pay cash for his goods, and we undertake at that point to do the buying and carrying of the goods and distribute to him from the warehouse for the nominal sum of three per cent. This can only be done where we eliminate all traveling salesmen and have bills paid cash on delivery, or on Monday morning following delivery, where customers run current accounts. It does not admit of any soliciting expense whatever. We believe that we can cover the expense of this jobbing business upon two per cent of the margin, which will leave us one per cent upon our sales, as an earning upon our investment of \$500,000 capital, but we will assure you that it will require

rigid economy and every man to be at his post every minute.

The present system of doing business is such that people expect sugar, flour, packing house products and coal oil at a great deal less margin than twenty per cent. Therefore we expect to put these lines of goods on a practically ten per cent margin above jobbers' cost. These comprise about forty per cent of our volume of trade. Therefore the other sixty per cent must bear practically thirty per cent. We say to you squarely that this is not the proper way to do business; however modern methods have made this practically a necessity, to sell one line of goods at less than cost of handling and make it up on other lines.

The ordinary grocer gets from 40 to 60 per cent upon coffee; upon tea from 60 to 100 per cent; and occasionally many times 100 per cent. This is made necessary because he is selling you one line of goods at less than the cost of doing business. This is the system, but in our attempt to standardize goods we shall make it very plain to the consumer in our "Price-List," and we shall devote one page in "Things to Eat" to giving the consumer the absolute jobbers' cost of any article that the consumer may call for. We do not intend to hold back a single fact. In order to succeed along on this line it must be an open book. We must also place ourselves in a position where we are available to the entire city of Los Angeles, as well as Southern California.

We want you to understand that the same generous care for the quality and price will be given as heretofore. We shall feel the responsibility to see that the man who represents us in your locality will have the right to use "Newberry's" name as he handles the high grade goods put out by our organization; and he will have a right to handle all our goods, including those we manufacture ourselves. So long as he represents us satisfactorily, we will stand behind the quality of the goods, as well as the price.

The idea is to give you an equitable and honest price; a price such as no competitor can or well give you.

The whole object of this proposition

is to bring the consumer upon the average within 20 per cent of the manufacturer and the producer of goods.

While some goods will bear but 10 per cent other goods will bear 30 per cent; but the average will be 20 per cent.

We shall carry manufacturers' brands in every line possible. What goods we manufacture ourselves from day to day, and such others as we are peculiarly responsible for as to quality, like butter and a few other articles, whose quality demands daily attention, we shall carry those under our "Gold Seal Brand," but we shall carry mainly proprietary brands, and the maker, as well as the weight of the goods shall appear upon the package so far as it is possible for us to bring it about in order that the

consumer shall get a square deal. Where manufacturers fail to do this we will give you the absolute weight and the quality of the goods, so far as we can, in the monthly Price List. We shall soon get subscribers to this publication so that we shall know who wants it mailed to them regularly.

We shall require all manufacturers to stand absolutely behind their goods until the consumers have had an opportunity to know their value. Some of the goods will appear to be very low in price to you, but the quality will be there, because we do not expect to distribute any but honest and sound goods, in every one of the 2,800 articles that are carried by us in the grocery line.

How to Cut up Half a Veal Carcass.

By John Hurley.

The weight of the average half carcass of veal is 62 pounds; the whole carcass, 124 pounds. Under the laws of the city no veal carcass must weigh less than 70 pounds. Calves under six weeks old, and in good condition, do not often produce a carcass this small.

No meat offered for sale is more difficult to handle than veal and no meat is more difficult to have right.

There is little or no money in handling veal on account of the shrinkage, a factor that the ordinary butcher either knows nothing about or does not take into consideration. There is a shrinkage of from 7 to 10 per cent in veal, in three days, even if it is carefully kept in cold storage.

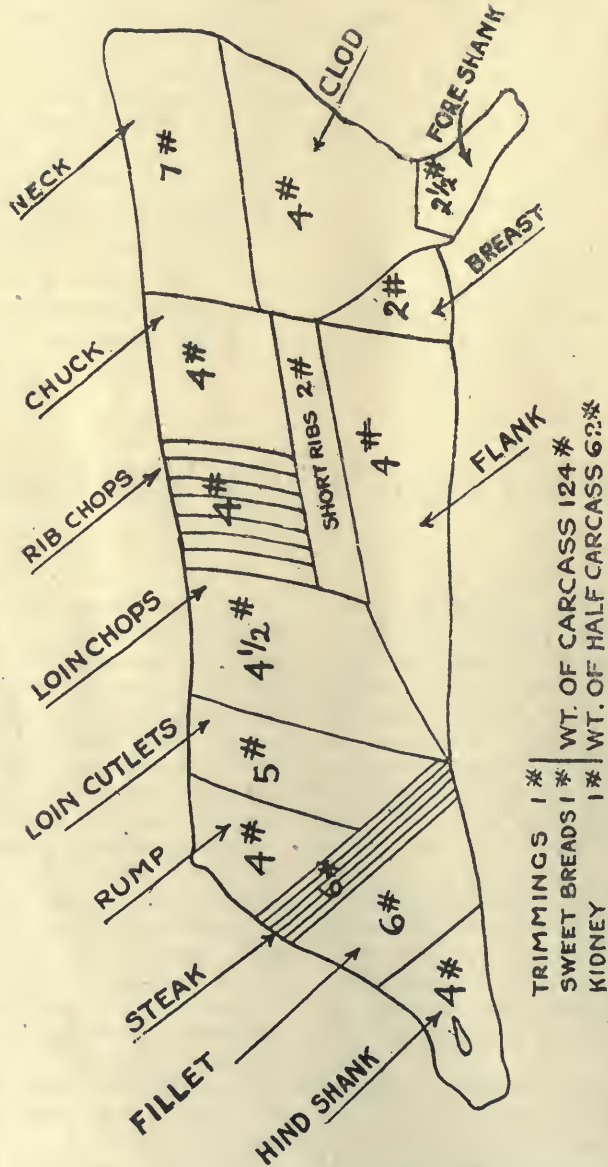
You cannot be too careful in selecting a butcher from whom to buy veal. When you are offered extraordinary low prices for veal, you want to "look out." If there is one thing in the meat shop that you do not want to buy "cheap" it is veal.

By studying the accompanying cut and veal prices you will be able to determine exactly where a butcher comes out financially, at the prices charged. I have

carried out the prices on all of these different pieces, showing what each cut weighs if taken from a half of a veal carcass weighing 62 pounds. By following closely the prices stated in this article and by insisting that the butcher give you what you buy, you will get veal at the right price. But be sure and get it from a reliable butcher.

First class, high grade veal is worth by the carcass 12 cents per pound. Taking these figures as you have them you see that when you figure a 15 per cent expense on which few butchers can do business, there is not much money in veal. So in order to get veal right and at the right price you must buy from concerns that can do a business on a 15 per cent basis, and that not only buy in quantity but have the pick at the packing houses.

You will note that there is but 4 pounds of rib chops and but 4 1-2 pounds of loin chop and but 5 pounds of loin cutlets in the entire 62 pounds of half carcass. All of the balance of the carcass except the steak and rump is either boiling or fricassee goods. The leg and rump for roasting and the



How to Cut Up Half a Veal Carcass.

fillet are nice pieces of goods but the choice bits out of a 62 pound half carcass are relatively small.

So do not wonder why it is necessary ask for the best cuts of veal a much higher price than is paid for the carcass, because much of the carcass is actually sold by the butcher for less than carcass price. The half carcass of veal cuts up as follows:

Half carcass, 62 pounds at 12 cents \$7.44 sold as follows:

	Wt.	price	
	lbs.	lb.	amt.
Trimnings.....	2
Sweetbread.....	1	.60	\$.60
Kidney.....10	.10
Hindshank.....	4	.07	.28
Flank.....	4	.12½	.50

Short Ribs.....	2	.12½	.25
Breast.....	2	.15	.30
Foreshank.....	3	.07	.21
Clod.....	3	.18	.54
Neck.....	7	.12½	.88
Chuck.....	4	.12½	.50
Rib Chops.....	4	.17	.68
Loin.....	4	.22	.88
Cutlets.....	5	.20	1.00
Rump.....	4	.15	.60
Steak.....	6	.25	1.50
Fillet.....	5	.22	1.10

Total.....	\$9.92
Taking cost of doing business 15%.....	2.48

Net Profit to butcher..... 1.00

I know no consumer can or will object to this profit. Only get in weight and quality what you buy.

To Remedy Trade Evils.

By J. R. Newberry.

There has been presented to the American people some great problems in the past, and the people have always solved those problems. While a great many more remain to be solved no one problem is of more vital interest to every person in this country than the present cost of living. We know that comparisons are odious; however, they are sometimes necessary. It is needful that the distance between the producer and the consumer be shortened as much as possible, and above all there should be no preferment; there should be equitable and honest freight rates, no aggregation of capital should have preferred rates upon the railroads as they have today. The watchword should be Economy and not Extravagance.

There are of necessity certain features in the great food developing, manufacturing, transporting and distributing conditions, and these factors should work in absolute harmony. First come the producer and the manufacturer; then follow the transportation company, the wholesaler, the retailer and the consumer. Each has an important position to fill; no one of them should have any preferment whatever, over the other or with the other.

The railroad rate bill has done much to correct many evils; many more are still to be corrected by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The rate of freight should be based upon the value of the commodity transported, as well as its perishableness and its bulkiness. Goods of three or four times the value should not be carried at a less rate than much cheaper goods merely because an organization of capital controls the product, as is the case to-day. This is aggravated preferment, and with preferment there can be no equity.

The distance in price today between the producer and the consumer is absolutely scandalous. We cannot expect to be a great commercial nation until fully 50 per cent of this expense that has been created by preferment and by the machinations of middlemen, is wiped out in this country. The producer does not get his just proportion of what the consumer pays for goods; and the routes along which (through the preferred class) these goods are forced to travel make it very expensive, unreasonable and unjust to the consumer.

As we said before these five factors are absolutely necessary, and especially

is the retailer an indispensable part of this machinery.

The extravagance that the retailer goes to is absolutely uncalled for, unjust and unnecessary. His trade does not depend upon the retailer spending from 10 to 15 per cent in extravagant, unreasonable and unusual expenses, making the consumer pay the bill.

Did it ever occur to you that one of the greatest expenses today upon the consuming public is the great publicity expense. This has been carefully computed, and to-day Southern California is spending, in this limited territory, over \$1,000,000 per month in publicity. Are we not paying an expensive price for our whistle?

The retailer's average expense of doing business is from 18 to 20 per cent—fully double what it ought to be. On the top of this he must make a reasonable profit of from 3 to 5 per cent making his expense fully 25 per cent upon the cost of the goods he sells. How long can the suffering public stand the pressure?

Just as we said before the retailer has an important function, but it should be an economic one, and not an extravagant one.

The jobber has a two fold function. First, it is his duty and privilege to buy in large quantities and in carload lots, bringing into this country the largest possible quantity, at the lowest possible cost of transportation, direct from the manufacturer, at the lowest possible price that quantity will bring merchandise and provisions for this community. His next function is to distribute honestly for the manufacturer at the lowest possible expense, retaining for himself a reasonable compensation, his capital being invested, and for administering his affairs in an honest and equitable manner. If the jobber would perform these two functions well, his position would be absolutely secure in the business world; but does he?

No retailer of any sense dares sell goods at one price to one customer and at a different price to another. The jobber, through his representatives, has just about as many different prices upon his goods as he has customers. He cannot defend his position by saying that the different credit ratings make a difference, as that is taken care of by the cash discount. There is no jobbing house which has losses which aggregate over 1-4 to 1-2 of 1 per cent on the sales, and the average discount is 1 per cent. We have seen many customers of jobbers—shrewd, sharp traders, but whose credits were none too good—buy from 3 to 5 per cent less than an old reliable customer, whose reliability could not be questioned, who always pays his bills when they are due and discounts them as the salesmen call. I have seen this other shrewd, shaky customer take off 1 or 2 per cent extra more when it comes to settling the bill. Every jobber with experience will recognize these conditions to be absolutely true. We claim that this kind of merchandising is demoralizing the grocery trade, and is a great injustice to the retailer and consumer. We know that this kind of

Ben Hur



Baking Powder

*A Home Product
for
Discriminating Buyers*

Ben Hur Baking Powder

is made of cream of tartar and bi-carbonate of soda, with starch filler, according to the best scientific blends. The blending is perfectly done. EQUAL TO ANY BAKING POWDER MADE ANYWHERE.

JOANNES-SPLANE COMPANY,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

merchandising has given the manufacturer more trouble than any other one thing in connection with the sale of his goods. We recognize that the jobber does furnish the capital above mentioned, but at what a fearful cost to the average dealer and a still greater cost to the consumer! The jobber has failed totally as a distributing agent; he has been a sort of auctioneer. He buys his goods at a stated price and sells them for whatever his salesmen say they can get for them. We claim that this is not merchandising.

The jobber having failed in his most important function—that of a distributing agent—and having tried his level best by the use of his private brands to undermine and disorganize all manufacturers and overcharge the retailer, why should he try to dictate to the manufacturer as to whom he shall sell goods? There are many retailers and associations of retailers who buy more goods than the average jobber. These large retailers, for the most part, do business with people who work hard for their money. Moreover they do business for cash; in many cases make no deliveries at all, or if they deliver make a cartage charge for the service. These dealers can afford to sell their goods low, and the manufacturer also can afford to sell them at prices their outlet and constituency justify, regardless of the jobber or any other middleman so long as the jobber does not perform his function nor remains in his jurisdiction as a jobber.

It should be the duty of the railroad companies to make equitable and honest

freight rates, allowing an equitable and honest profit for hauling every article. They have no business to haul one line of goods at a loss and make it up on another, in order to deceive the producer as well as the consumer. This is the obnoxious and dishonest part of the Trusts in America, getting their transportation for less than cost and obliging the railroad companies to make up on other lines of goods the amount lost on these trust-made goods, therefore giving the trusts an undue and preferential advantage. This country is absolutely tired of preferential propositions.

What is true of the railroads is equally true of the jobbers, and of the retailers. There seems to be no equity in what jobbers do. The jobbers are selling the large down-town purchasers at an average profit of 2 1-2 or 3 per cent, while they are obliged to charge the average retailer from 10 to 20 per cent in order to average up the profit. We are speaking from experience, because we know this tends to make the great American people hunters after bargains. They do not know where the bottom is or what is an honest price. Sugar may cost \$5. a hundred weight by the earload; we find some merchants selling it at 22 pounds for \$1.—not to sell sugar, but to deceive the public. Whom is anyone to believe in the merchandising line?

Let us stop, think and consider how can this be rectified. Anyone can criticize, but who can give us a solution? In the first place we believe that the retailer should commence and take the beam out of his eye; he should eliminate all extraneous, unreasonable and dishonest expense; he should allow the

LOG CABIN MAPLE CANDY

Take two cups of Towle's Log Cabin Syrup, two tablespoonfuls of warm water and one of vinegar. Boil until it is crisp when dropped in cold water. Then add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, melted. Allow it to cool, then pull as desired. Or it may be poured into squares after it is partly cold.

Look for another next month.



AT ALL GROCERS

people to save where they can; he should charge for the service that he renders, and if he has customers who wish him to come to their house and solicit, which costs at least 5 or 6 per cent this should be added to the bill. If he delivers the goods the cost of delivery should also be put upon the bill. Let the people know exactly what it costs to be waited upon. Give them an opportunity if they want credit and prefer to pay 2 or 3 per cent a month for it; it is their privilege and their opportunity, and they should have it. This should be placed at the bottom of the bill.

How can this question be brought about satisfactorily to the people?

Here is the proposition that we placed before the people. By strict economy a retail business can be done at an expense of from 12 to 13 per cent—not exceeding that amount. The retailer should be satisfied with 2, $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent at the outside for his net profits. A jobber should be satisfied with not exceeding 3 per cent for his expenses and profits. The delivery charges to the different locations should be 5 per cent. Therefore the jobber should charge above his manufacturer's cost 3% for warehouse delivery, 5 per cent where he delivers the goods, giving the retailer 15 per cent. Consequently, 20 per cent should be the extent of the profit between the manufacturer's cost delivered in Los Angeles and the consumer, on an average.

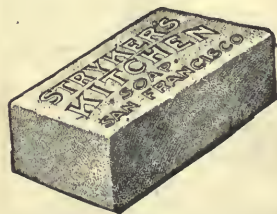
The system has made us deliver the trust-made goods at less than the cost of distribution. Therefore on possibly

40 per cent of the goods, as the system has been run, we could not get to exceed 10 per cent, leaving the 60 per cent of our sales to bear the burden of the loss on this 40 per cent, and the profit necessary to make it up. Therefore 60 per cent of goods should bear possibly 30 per cent margin. This will give but 20 per cent on an average.

There is no question today but that it costs from 40 to 50 per cent to get goods from the manufacturer's cost to the consumer's hands in the city of Los Angeles. You can imagine what an expense would be saved if merchandising were done fairly. This is the solution so far as the retailer is concerned.

All of this trouble, however, does not lie in the retailer's hands. We had an example of this in our office recently. A certain manufacturer was giving a certain jobber 12 1-2 per cent and 2 per cent discount. He was also forced to put these goods through a certain brokerage house, paying them 5 per cent. Therefore from the manufacturer's price to the retail dealer it was costing this manufacturer 19 1-2 per cent. The profit of the retailer was about 30 per cent, showing that there was over 50 per cent on one of the staples used every day upon your table. To force this through the broker's hands was an absolute injustice to the consumer alone, because the brokerage must be added to the price.

This is a common occurrence, and common usage, the regular system of merchandising today in the city of Los Angeles. How can this be remedied? By the consumer being willing to pay a legitimate price on staple articles such as coal oil, packing house products and sugar. If you do not think you are responsible for this look over your bills and see, because you cannot live on those four articles alone. Nearly everything else that you buy from your retailer is paid for at an extortionate and unreasonable and dishonest profit to the retail grocers.



"Cleans like Magic"

Instantly cleans
kitchen pots,
pans, sinkboards
and brass and
metal wares.

*Keeps the
Hands
Soft and
White*

Best toilet soap for mechanics.

BIG CAKE 5c

at Grocers

HOLMES & STOCKARD

351 E. 2d St.

Los Angeles, Cal.

A 6257

Main 3363

“Technical World” Article.

Those who desire to know to what extent the middleman adds to the cost of goods that the consumer buys, will find plenty of room for thought in an article that is published in the June number of the “Technical World.” This magazine is standard all over the United States and is one of the most popular publications devoted to the study of useful things. The magazine asks why the hog raiser receives five or six cents for his pork and why the man who buys hams and bacon is expected to pay such high prices for pork products. It successively considers the wheat and bread and cereal proposition; it dips into the high prices for fruits, it asks why vegetables cost so much when the producer is paid such a small proportion of the whole.

And the conclusion of the magazine reaches is just what “Things to Eat” and the house of J. R. Newberry Company has been contending for and explaining.

Much of the high cost of living is due to middlemen; that much the “Tech-

nical World” makes clear. The farmer and the orchardist and the dairyman are not being over paid; they get only a small proportion of what the consumer pays for his supplies.

The remedy of the “Technical World” is co-operation among producers. It gives several instances in which producers have formed distributing agencies of their own and have reaped large profits by doing so. Among the cases cited are where dairymen have come together, where apple growers have combined to reach the consumer; and where opposition of the fiercest sort has been directed against these efforts, but all in vain.

The new plan of the J. R. Newberry Company to go on a wholesale basis and to reduce the cost of goods to the consumer to a margin of twenty per cent between the manufacturer and the consumer is another mode of reaching what all consumers are hoping will soon be accomplished—the reduction of the present fearfully high prices for foodstuffs.



Moses' Best Flour

Every pound is made from the strongest, sweetest, soundest Genuine Hard Turkey Winter Wheat grown in

KANSAS

MOSES' BEST has no equal. There is no substitute for it:

It is the Best

Newberry's

We sell goods at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES for cash at the counter in our stores.

If delivery service is wanted we furnish it at cost.

For ten cents we deliver goods purchased up to \$2.00, and for 5% of amount purchased above that amount.

We do not think it is right to charge, for delivering, those customers who carry their goods home; do you?

Yet this can not be avoided by any dealer who furnishes what he calls free delivery.

Of course there is no such thing as free delivery.

You know that.

Newberry's



Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
... MANUFACTURERS ...
331-333 E. Third St., Los Angeles

High Grade BILLIARD and POOL TABLES



FOR THE HOME

Have You Investigated Any of the New Style of

GAS WATER HEATER

This is an appliance which is no longer a luxury, but a necessity.

Gas to heat sufficient water for a bath costs less than TWO CENTS, and boiling hot water for any purpose may be had at a second's notice if you have a

GAS WATER HEATER

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

**Los Angeles Gas
and
Electric Corporation**

645 SOUTH HILL STREET

WHY SWELTER IN A TORRID KITCHEN?

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JULY, 1911

Number 2

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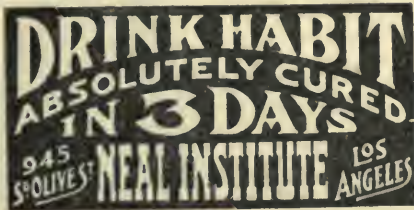
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The original fund was very small. It has grown until it totals now more than \$55,000 and is growing about \$1,000 per month.

The terms under which the Fund must be managed protect the small stockholder first. It must buy first from those who have the smallest holdings, not from those who first offer their stock to the fund. In this way, the smaller the investment the more thoroughly is it protected. During the recent panic, the Fund was given a severe test, but it bought and disposed of all the stock that was offered to it, or \$105,000 worth.

The Fund is perpetual. It cannot be withdrawn. In no other corporation are small stockholders able to dispose of their holdings so easily and so satisfactorily. The stock purchased by the Fund is sold at auction weekly.

The Guarantee Fund is not a promise to try to sell your stock after a certain time. Boiled down to bed-rock facts, it is just this—a standing bid for stock. The money is there waiting. If you have stock and want your money back, ask for it. The Guarantee Fund has purchased to date \$600,000 worth of stock. If you want your money back, bring your certificate or send it to the Globe Savings Bank.

Most of the stock issued by this Company is held in amounts larger than \$500, and is not entitled to protection by the Guarantee Fund. If the Fund had to protect the large ones, it could not do it. The stock coming under its protection is a very small proportion of that issued.

Consider this: Can any possible guarantee be devised whereby an investor can have his money in full returned to him, unless his money in full has gone to the Company to start with? We think not. If an "agent" or an "agency" sells an investor \$100 worth of stock and then deducts \$25 more or less from that amount as "commission," turning over to the company what is left, can that company arrange a plan to give the investor his money back? Can any Company afford to return to an investor more than he actually put in?

The Los Angeles Investment Company does not pay a commission for selling its stock. It never has. The chief reason for this is that the Company wants to make it possible for an investor to withdraw his investment without losing money. Another reason is that an investor who puts \$100 into a company is justly entitled to see all of that \$100 go directly into the Company's treasury, not partly into the pocket of an "agent" or "agency."

The Guarantee Fund of \$50,000 held and managed by the Globe Savings Bank has invariably returned to any investor wishing it, his money in full. This has been possible solely for the reasons outlined above.

Study the Guarantee Fund. It is your protection.

OUT WEST

JULY, 1911

Preserving Historical Data.

By W. S. Broke

Remembering that no city in the United States has had a rate of growth commensurate with that of Los Angeles, the preservation of historical data becomes of pressing importance. Much of the photographic material illustrating the early life of the city has been preserved but as far as can be ascertained little of this is immediately available for all comers.

A few of the older families have photographs that are of value, but it is remarkable to what extent these photographs are duplicates. In early days the fashion of the traveling photographers appears to have been to take a few street scenes for general sale and then photographs of the residences of the "prominent citizens." There does not appear to have been any systematic attempt to preserve photographs of the city prior to the early 80s. The late S. A. Rendall, whose children now reside in Los Angeles, was a photographer who did much toward preserving the appearance of the early Los Angeles—the city of the '60s and '70s. What has become of most of his negatives is not known, although they would be of immense historical value were they now available. Perhaps the best thing that he left behind is a bird's eye view of Los Angeles taken in 1868 from the site of the present court house. This photograph is the property of George W. Hazard, who has it covered by copyright, and who has it on sale. It is a remarkable photograph in every way. Shown in conjunction with a photograph of the present day city, taken from the top of the Hall of Records, it would make a stunning exhibit as to how the city has grown.

Of all of the local collectors who have given time and energy to this fascinating pursuit of collecting old material, Mr. Hazard is far and away the leader. He has gathered thousands of photographs and negatives. With him this is a hobby. The Hazard family, it must be remembered, came to Los Angeles in the '50s and bought as a home site the block bounded by Hill, Fourth, Fifth and Olive streets. This block now carries among other prominent structures the Auditorium, the California Club building, the Wright & Callender building, and it is hopeless for the layman to estimate its present value. It is well into the millions. The Hazards bought



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Temple Street West of Fremont in 1884. Lower photograph shows present buildings on the left side of the upper photograph. A development in a residence district now becoming an apartment house district.





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The upper photograph taken about twenty years ago, shows Hill street between Second and Third. The church to the left stood at Third and Hill streets. The large house on the hill at the left is the Crocker House, now the site of Elk's Hall and Club. The lower photograph is a reproduction, today, of the same location.





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Here are two photographs showing the change in residence sections. The best residence district in Los Angeles, twenty five years ago, was on the hill north of the present center of the city. The upper photograph shows the hill north of Temple and west of Broadway. This was "the best" district, then. Today there are so many fine residence districts that it is impossible to say which is the best. The lower photograph is a glimpse of Harvard Heights section.





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A change at Sixth and Main streets. At the top is a photograph of the old residence that stood at the southwest corner. Below is a photograph of the Central Building; a steel frame structure erected by E. T. Earl at the same corner.



(Continued from page 65.)

this block for about \$13, and the advertising expenses—they bought the block from the city—were a little in excess of that amount. They objected to the amount of the advertising bill, thinking it out of proportion to the total value of the land—and they did not pay more than \$30 in all for the block. They had no neighbors and offered a good sized lot free to any one who would build on the Olive street side, this being an inducement to get a neighbor. No one would build on the free site. It was "too far out of town."

After being in business several years Mr. Hazard lost his health and had to adopt some open air method of life. He owns a comfortable home in the west side and some mining property at Victorville but the pride of his heart is the collection that he has made.

The time has come for some body to undertake the purchase of this collection, if indeed it can be bought, which is by no means certain. It should be catalogued and indexed from one end to another, during Mr. Hazard's life time. No man on earth is as well qualified as he to undertake this work, because no man knows the identity of all the material that he has gathered.

It does seem that some body should secure this collection and Mr. Hazard's services. The material should be stored in a fireproof building, which removes the Chamber of Commerce as a possible custodian. It has been a dream of the writer that some one like Mr. Henry E. Huntington would purchase the collection for some local historical society and that the material would be placed in order, so as to be accessible to the historian and the general writer.

Mr. Hazard has been most energetic and zealous in gathering everything possible relating to the early history of Los Angeles. He has photographs of pioneers, views of buildings, views of historic structures in the interior—everything that has borne on the life of the county has been fish to his net. He himself can turn almost at will to any view illustrating a point that he desires to make, but this facility is possessed by no one else. His collection has been of so great importance that on recent occasions he has been called to the witness stand to testify as to the condition of property at a given time, always with the photographic proof to sustain his evidence.

The collection from which the illustrations accompanying this article were made, are part of a small collection gathered primarily to illustrate the commercial development of the city. This collection which is in the possession of the writer, includes only about 300 negatives and photographs, but it is the result of a most careful winnowing process. While Mr. Hazard has taken everything which he could find, the writer has taken only those things which show a striking development, the object being to get photographs and the history of sites of the present large structures in the city. Some of these have come easily and some have been marvelously difficult to obtain.

Photographs of the present site of the court house are as abundant as are strawberries in June. The reason is that a schoolhouse once stood on that site, and the little ones of Los Angeles of that day climbed the hill to go to school. Photographs without number were made and sold.

One of the most difficult is the photograph of the old two-story building that formerly stood on the corner of Temple and Spring street where the International Bank Building now is. One would suppose that an easy proposition because in the old days a well



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The old Foy home stands at the intersection of Seventh and Figueroa streets. Above is a panorama looking west, taken from the roof of this residence in 1887. Below, is a photograph taken from the same spot about six months ago. The value in this panorama is showing the change in the skyline of the city between these dates. In the lower photograph the large building to the right is the Y. M. C. A. building.



known and patronized drug store occupied that corner. A five year's search, prosecuted intermittently, finally brought a negative to light. The proprietors of that drug store, in the old days, evidently did not believe in photographs of their place of business. If there had been a saloon at that corner, it would have been easy, because of all the photographs to find the easiest are of saloons that once stood where now fine buildings are erected. As an instance of this no photograph is easier to get than that of the Central saloon which stood where the Security building now is.

For six years the corner of Fourth and Spring street, where the Union Trust building now is, has baffled the searcher. Before this skyscraper went up, there was a lot of ramshackle shanties on the site, and these were occupied by a real estate firm and men in other kindred lines of business. No one seems to have taken a photograph of these shanties, or though it worth while to do so. The writer would like to find a photograph. It is needed to complete a collection. With it there can be shown a complete series of photographs showing the past and present of every big improvement in the city.

The pursuit of these old photographs is an interesting thing for any one who has an hour or so to spend each week. They come to light in the most unexpected localities. A baseball expert, in telling how to bat, once said that batting consists in "hitting them where they ain't." It is so with this quest for historical material. People that one would suppose would have such material, the pioneers from whom one expects to find a wealth of hidden photographic treasures, often prove the most barren of all in results. The writer knows one man who has been here since 1856 who hasn't so much as one photograph of the city at any time in its history. Again there are other people who have old photographs of their places of business, stowed away in forgotten corners, and these often prove the most interesting of any.

Shown in the "before and after" fashion of the patent medicine man, nothing is more attractive and interesting to the new-comer and the old timer alike.

If I Were Choosing.

By Elizabeth Vore

*Give me no idler's arm to lean upon,
 Though near the heart—it were a coward's heart;
 For he who shrinks from honest, earnest toil
 In highest noblest deeds can have no part.
 Give me the arm strong for the true and right—
 The hand that knoweth toil and without shame,
 A heart as strong as in the lion's breast,
 A courage dauntless as a deathless flame—
 In such alone a weary soul would rest.
 What worldly fame as indolence of wealth
 Can be compared with steadfast honest worth?
 What foolish, searching after worldly gain
 Can balance simple joys of home and hearth?
 What flaunted colors from the band of greed
 Or brilliant laurels at the throne of fame—
 Or sophisteries or chaff of empty greed
 Can recompense for loss of honored name?*

Combining the Stock Companies.

By Randolph Bartlett

With the formation a few weeks ago of the Morosco-Blackwood company with a capitalization of a million dollars, controlling four of the leading theatrical enterprises of Los Angeles, there has been drawn to the attention of the theatrical world a situation unique in the history of the stage. The combination of two previously successful, competing stock companies, located within two blocks of each other, is an experiment new to theatrical management, but it is a move which is backed by the most successful man in his line in America—Oliver Morosco.

It is twelve years since Oliver Morosco came to Los Angeles from San Francisco and took over the lease of the Burbank theater, in which his stock company is still playing today. In that twelve years he has never had a dark week, nor a losing one. If this does not entitle him to the topmost position mentioned above, then there will have to be a new definition evolved for the word "success." Where is there, in the entire world, another stock house which has kept running consecutively for a like period? Before analyzing the elements which have contributed toward this success, a history of this enterprise is worthy of consideration.

In September, 1899, Mr. Morosco opened the Burbank theater, until then a "hoodoo" of considerable note, with the Frawley Company, headed by T. Daniel Frawley, a clever leading man then at the height of his popularity on the Pacific Coast. The first play was "Madame Sans Gene," and Los Angeles playgoers forgot the "hoodoo" and went to the Burbank in large numbers, because it was a good performance. The company included, besides Mr. Frawley, Harrington Reynolds, Frank Mathieu, Jack Amory, Reginald Travers, Clarence Chase, Mary Hamp on, Mary van Buren, Pearl Landers, Phosa McAllister, Ben Johnson and H. S. Duffield. The "indef-



RICHARD BENNETT
Who Stars at the Burbank Every Summer.

inite engagement" lengthened and became still more indefinite. The Burbank theater, under the management of Oliver Morosco, had "arrived." There was no necromancy about it. The young manager had just decided to give good productions by a good company. Simple, isn't it? But when did such a simple little plan ever fail of success where there was a legitimate opening for a company?

Receipts increased and Manager Morosco became more ambitious. He started a system which he has recently developed to its highest and most expensive point, of bringing well-known stars to the Burbank for special engagements with his stock company. The first experiment was Wilton Lackaye, who opened an engagement of this sort in "The Children of the Ghetto." Again the wisdom of the manager was justified by results. Wilton Lackaye at stock



HARRY MESTAYER

"The Eternal Juvenile" in "Brewster's Millions."

company prices was a bargain counter offering at which Los Angeles leaped.

Then the Burbank settled back again to the Frawley company which played several seasons with unvarying success, and if this word success seems to occur too frequently in this article the blame is to be laid at the door of Mr. Morosco, not the writer.

The next decision reached by Manager Morosco was that a change is a good thing to stimulate interest. Frawley was ambitious to star on the road. James Neill was casting a willing, if not eager, eye toward the Burbank. The switch was made, and the Neill company succeeded the Frawley organization, opening a long run with "A Bachelor's Romance." In this company, besides Mr. Neill, who played the leads, were Edythe Chapman, Julia

Dean, Donald Bowles, Frank MacVicars, Grace Mae Lamkin, Howard Russell, John W. Burton, Emmett Shackelford, Lillian Andrews and others. Neill was as popular as Frawley and the Burbank continued in its course without successful competition of any protracted duration.

Neill then went on the road for a tour, and his company was succeeded by the Oliver-Leslie company, which included William Beach, Anne Sutherland, Beatrice Ingram, Louise Muldener, Leslie Morosco, John Stepling, Frederic Hartley, Helen MacGregor. Joseph Kilgour later succeeded Beach as leading man. Subsequently there were several Neill-Morosco companies for visits of varying duration, and then came the permanent establishment of the famous Oliver Morosco stock company. It was at this time that Mr. Morosco decided that he would take under his personal supervision not merely the business management of the Burbank theater, not merely the general directing of policy, deciding what plays should be produced, etc., but the actual super-



DAVID HARTFORD AND EDGAR SELWYN
in "The Arab."



FLORENCE OBERLE



EDGAR SELWYN
in "The Arab."

vision of the stage itself, the personnel of the company and every other detail of the theater. So he went to New York and returned with contracts for the engagement of Howard Gould, George Woodward, Thomas Oberle, Harry Mestayer, Wilfred Rogers, Frank MacViears, H. J. Ginn, Elsie Esmond, Amelia Gardner, Robert Morris, Phosa McAllister, H. S. Duffield, Frances Slosson and others of equal talent.

It is interesting to note, as indicating the general capability of this company, the subsequent achievements of these players. Howard Gould has just played a season as leading man in Henry W. Savage's production of "Madame X." George Woodward is with "The Music Master." Harry Mestayer has recently made four distinct hits in Chicago in "The Penalty," "Love and Politics," "The Great Name" and "The Fox." Wilfred Rogers, who played bits then, is now a popular leading man. Frank MacViears died in New York during the run of "The Man of the Hour" in which he played the boss. H. J. Ginn, playing bits with the Morosco company then, has just finished a season in New York in the lead of "Sunnybrook Farm."

Elsie Esmond is Nazimova's second woman. Amelia Gardner is one of the most prominent "mature" leading women on the stage. Robert Morris is stage director for William Gillette. Frances Slosson, then playing bits, is now a leading woman. Thomas Oberle, the best actor of eccentric roles in the country, and Phosa McAllister, who played leads with Booth and Barrett, are dead.

Is there any wonder the Burbank became as profitable, as one writer has said, as an exclusive and well-regulated mint? It was this that attracted the attention of outside managers, and at last Belasco & Meyer of San Francisco decided that there was enough money in Los Angeles to split and had the Belasco theater built for a first class stock company with John Blackwood installed as manager. The Belasco of the firm was Frederic, a brother of the famous David, but he has since sold out his interest in the enterprise, although the theater still retains its name.

This invasion took place about six years ago, and the period from then to



FRANK CAMP AND PETER LANG
in "The Fox."

the present day has seen the most strenuous and expensive competition that two stock theaters ever have offered each other. But the proverb that competition stimulates business was well justified. The Burbank's business did not decrease, while that of the Belasco has always been excellent.

In this interim Manager Morosco took several steps to hold his position as the first stock manager in the city. In addition to the obvious necessity of keeping his company up to the top notch of capability, he branched out. He was the first to respond to the demand of club women and other advanced thinkers, for literary matinees of plays which could not expect a sufficient following for an entire week. Harry Mestayer, his juvenile actor, entered into this with unbounded enthusiasm, and being an Ibsen enthusiast, "Ghosts," "A Doll's House," "The Lady from the Sea," "Hedda Gabler" and other kindred pieces were given with great success, "Ghosts" and "A Doll's House" being repeated several times.

Now, also, Mr. Morosco renewed his former plan of bringing prominent stars to the Burbank for short engagements with his company playing in their sup-

port, and summer business was stimulated by the presence of such favorites as Richard Bennett, Edgar Selwyn and Margaret Illington.

The excellence of the Burbank company soon attracted authors who had plays that seemed good for the metropolitan stage, but which they wanted to see in action before they were produced in New York. In this way Edgar Selwyn had "The Country Boy" given its first performance at the Burbank. "The Rose of the Rancho," then known as "Juanita of San Juan," written by Richard Walton Tully, had its premiere at the Burbank. And so with many more, the reason being, as Edgar Selwyn said, "I know of no stock company in America where it is possible to find so many players capable of impersonating unusual types and thus giving the author a clear idea of what his play will look like in its finality." Bearing out this statement, after having produced "The Country Boy" at the Burbank last year, he returned this year with "The Arab" which will be seen at the Hudson theater under the



GRACE TRAVERS
Known as "the Most Adaptable Actress in Stock."



DAVID M. HARTFORD
Burbank Stage Director



A. BYRON BEASLEY

management of Henry B. Harris in September.

Everything being satisfactory at home Mr. Morosco's ambitions began to lead him afield, and last year in New York he secured the rights for a new play, "The Fox," written by Lee Arthur from a story by Harold McGrath. He produced it at the Burbank where it ran five weeks and in the spring produced it in Chicago, where its run was stopped only by the hot wave. "The Fox" will be seen in New York in the fall, and it will bring to the east a new name in stardom—A. Byron Beasley. Mr. Beasley has been the leading man at the Burbank for several years, and was so well adapted to the assignment given him in "The Fox" that Mr. Morosco engaged him for the Chicago production. There he made such a hit that his personal triumph almost equaled that of the play itself.

This brings the history of the Burbank right down to date. The competition between the Burbank and the Belasco, while it had not interfered with both being paying properties, had cut down profits in a multitude of ways. Meanwhile Manager Morosco had secured the

franchise for the independent attractions, both the highest class traveling companies and the so-called "dollar shows." He pooled these and the Burbank stock company with the Belasco company in the Morosco-Blackwood company, of which he is president and general manager.

One of the immediate advantages of this coalition will be a more equal distribution of the best plays on the market. In the past it has been the custom of both the Burbank and Belasco to keep agents in the east for the purpose of tying up all the good plays possible as soon as they are released for stock. Thus one company would get more plays than it possibly could use while the other would be hunting for something fit to produce, and probably falling back on non-royalty pieces or cheap plays. The good plays only will be used now, and there will be a ready market for them fifty-two weeks in the year at each theater—one hundred and four weeks altogether. The consumption of good plays will be more rapid than it ever has been in the past and while the combination will be in a position to resist extortion, there are good days



FRANK CAMP

ahead for authors and play brokers who have what the public wants and will release their wares at market values.

So while the competition which has made two first-class stock companies in Los Angeles possible, has been brought to an end, the same conditions will continue so far as their business-creating factors are concerned. Co-operation will be substituted for competition, and there can be no question as to the result. Los Angeles did not crowd these theaters because they were competing, but because they were forcing each other to maintain such high standards. The management knows this very well, and as general manager of both companies, Mr. Morosco will be in a position to make still greater improvements, having double the resources and hardly three-fourths the expense. Every play of any importance produced by either of these companies runs at least two weeks, varying from that to the historical eleven weeks of "The Dollar Mark." This is because the people of Los Angeles have learned to trust the stock companies for first class productions which they have at times failed

to receive at three times the prices from traveling companies.

In conclusion, here is Manager Morosco's own summary of the important points about a stock company:—

"First of all you must have balance. Small parts should not be turned over to ushers or lithographers, but should be handled by competent players. Anything else is false economy, which will eventually be expensive. A good stock company requires at least twenty-five regular members. The dressing should be the best to be seen anywhere, and this is where the great majority of stock companies fall down, either because the actors take advantage of the manager's ignorance of what good dressing is, or through a lack of appreciation of its importance. There should be perfect team work, and if an actor is a disturbing element he should be summarily removed. A company in which the members are putting in a great part of their time in personal bickering, cannot possibly give a good performance. There should, of course, be competent direction, and the manager of a stock company should be able to step into the post himself. In fact if he would do so occasionally he would find, if he be a capable man, a remarkable gingering up of his people. And, also, he should go over the manuscripts of the plays pro-



H. S. DUFFIELD
Dean of the Los Angeles Theatrical Profession

duced very carefully before they are turned over to the company. He should revise the plays and soften them down or strengthen them up as they require

for his purpose. Many a mediocre play can be made a big success if the manager has the faculty of revision thoroughly developed."



CHARLES RUGGLES AND DAVID LANDAU
in a Scene from "The Fox."

San Juan Capistrano.

By Charlotte Morton

*Around each architrave
Of San Juan Capistrano—
On broken statues there about
And on the hills and llano,
A twilight evening lies
And ebon air wafts near
With indrawn sighs.
The sands of many years have dimmed
The beat n road,
The storm, the earthquake here
Have found abode;
All through the sunlit-ether days
The padres lie
Waiting for the march of Time
To pass by.
The drowsy shepherd calls no more
His wandering sheep;
The old dons, too, have long since
Gone to sleep;
Mission bells are rung no more
By willing hands—
For silence falls and sleeps on
Mission lands.
Through the withered hours
Of years now past—
In all the days to come,
The padres' work will last—
And in the long, last ecstasy
Of land and sea
Will be found their
Immortality.*

The Call of the Mesa.

Ada Cora Park

*Has the call of the Mesas come to you—to you?
 Have you seen out over the high, mud walls at last?
 Do the crags and clefts above you, high and vast,
 And yet so close, no longer hide the blue,
 But lead your eye to the mount above, strong cast,
 Green-black; but even above that crest, a view
 Of ocean-wide skies that blueness and whiteness contrast?
 Have you seen in the canyon above you at half past noon
 A sudden dark breath empurple the billows of white,
 Then quickly the growing mist shut the purple from sight,
 And the flash and crash and splash break all too soon?
 Have you thought of the cliff that was smote with the flame
 of light,
 And its shoulder crashed like an army in its might
 To the deep Ravine of the Snail-like Monster's Bones?
 Have you gazed from your casement, recalling with fright
 the tale
 Of the boulder that leapt from the height to the dwelling
 hard by
 As you watched the street that a moment before had been
 dry
 Become a wild river on which the foam-flecks sail
 And seen in another breath the flood gone by,
 And through all the wide wet streets but a trickle trail?
 Have you mounted Sierra de la Celosa's height?
 Have you gazed over table and valley and ford and field?
 Have you felt to the spell of that vastness your senses yield?
 Your heart forgets to throb in that shimmer of light!
 You vow the Acropolis lies before your sight!
 Sierra Negra you call the Sphinx to-night!
 And you vow Pichacho Blanco a camel kneeled!
 Have you lifted your eyes at dawn with langorous ease
 To the glorified Morning Mesa, one flame of gold?
 Have you gazed on that flat topped village, ages old,
 With patches of squared deep green, and streamlet cold;
 With adobe ovens of gently curving mould?
 Do the Spring and the Image, at Los Portales, please?
 Has the startling peal of the bell in the tiny church
 Awakened a throb of pity for those who mourn,
 As their compadres, in other plazas, torn,
 Hearing it, hasten within their low-stepped porch
 To ring their bell, responding to hearts forlorn?
 Have you followed, when slowly the bier is quaintly borne,
 And songs without an instrument lead the march?
 Or have you on holiday gay, up the mighty cleft
 Scrambled, and panted, and laughed, till you reached a
 view
 That commands Sintinela afar; and gazed thru' the blue
 And quivering lilac and topaz, where off to the left
 Are the mighty San Dias. Ladrones of sapphire hue
 Cleave through the pearl, the distance of measure bereft,
 Has the call of the Mesas come to you?—to you?*

EDITORIAL.

One after another the principal trust magnates of the United States are declaring for control of the large industries of the country by the government.

There is a reason for this; the trust magnates realize that before long will come the deluge, unless steps are taken now to avert it.

E. P. Ripley and James J. Hill, the railroad presidents, were probably first among the "higher ups" to discern this trend of the times. Following in their wake, most of the great railway men of the United States have declared for strict regulation, as a means of preventing ultimate absorption by the federal government. It was not until this year, however, that this willingness to surrender to the government the final control of the properties of corporations, extended publicly to industrial corporations.

Most notable of the trusts which have declared for governmental control, is the steel trust, of which E. H. Gary is president and spokesman. Mr. Gary sees in governmental regulation of the price of steel the only solution of trouble in the future and the only device for the standardization of steel prices. The sugar trust is ready to come to terms, and no doubt the Standard Oil company and the American Tobacco Company would be more than willing, considering the recent decision of the Supreme court. The decision in the Standard Oil case, while technically a victory for the government left the status of the corporation in such condition that the people will demand and will obtain new legislation on the subject of trusts and probably of such a character that the trusts will be placed in far worse condition than they now are.

Last of all the trust magnates to join the procession is O. C. Barber, head of the Match trust. Mr. Barber openly advocates the outright government ownership of the railroads and the supervision of all trusts. He announces himself in favor of the confiscation by the govern-

ment of all trust profits in excess of ten per cent.

Ten per cent on what?

Ten per cent on the physical valuation or ten per cent above dividends and interest on the stock and bond valuation?

That is the crucial point.

The whole controversy of the future will hinge right there.

Mr. Barber, who ought to know, says that in ten years the railroad manipulators have stolen more money than all the thieves sentenced to the penitentiary in the United States in the last fifty years.

Of course the stealings to which Mr. Barber refers are largely accountable in the form of watered stock and similar "securities."

Is it to be understood that ten per cent profits are to be allowed above the face value of these "securities?"

If so, Mr. Barber will find that his plan will not be acceptable to the vast majority of people, however it might be approved by the few who have been on the inside of the deals in the period of which Mr. Barber speaks.

In "A Tramp Abroad" Mark Twain in his musings before the famous statue, the "Lion of Lucerne" refers to the life and character of Louis XVI. That unfortunate monarch, who lost his head, should have been a locksmith, his tastes running in that channel. The chief trouble with him, according to Mr. Clemens, was that he was always a train or two behind hand, and Mr. Clemens compares him with a surgeon treating a case of gangrene of the toe. When everybody else saw that the toe of the body politic was gone, Louis resorted to poulticing whereas amputation was required. When mortification had reached the knee, Louis amputated at the toe. When the disease had reached the hip, Louis amputated at the knee.

The question, sooner or later, will enter the minds of the trust magnates as to whether they have not learned too late that their water is valueless.

Whoever thought of the plan to have physicians lecture to the people in the

Extending the session of the American Medical Association, had a happy inspiration, indeed. The Protestant church, if it is to fulfill its purpose, must be a sociological center as well as a place for worship one day in seven. If the people in the churches had the energy and the will to keep the church properties open seven days in every week, it would be so much for the betterment of the community to which the church owes its existence.

It is not necessary in this, that the church edifice itself be always open, except for religious observances as is the case with the Catholic churches. But on the church properties there should be amusement halls and reading rooms and recreation rooms and libraries and gymnasiums and billiard rooms and everything that will attract the average man and the average woman. No church fulfills its true function which does not provide for its people every day of the 365 in a year.

Jesus of Nazareth, when on this earth set the example. Jesus of Nazareth healed the sick; Jesus of Nazareth never frowned on innocent amusement; Jesus of Nazareth proposed that the church should be the center of human interest and human development.

And so the Protestant churches did wisely in asking the visiting doctors to address the congregations on the vital subjects of public health and how to prevent disease. Thirty thousand people in Los Angeles heard the discussion of these subjects. The only regret is that twice that number did not hear.

In this connection it is recommended that every church member who reads these lines buy a recent number of "Collier's" and read what one earnest and God-fearing man has done in the Copper River country in Alaska. His church is a church but one day in a week. The place is under charge of the Episcopalians. Six days in a week the place is a library, a reading room, a billiard room, a gymnasium and a music room. On the seventh day the place is converted into an auditorium.

The altar is lowered from the ceiling, where it has reposed much after the fashion of a disappearing bed in a modern apartment house, and the edifice becomes a church.

The objectors to this line of thought will say that it conflicts with the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. Not at all, although it is like it. The objection to the Y. M. C. A. is that there is not enough of it, and that the Association—at least in Los Angeles—has not extended its endeavors to the tens of thousands who are at the bottom of the financial scale, and who have no place to go and nothing to amuse them.

Finally, there is complaint from most of the churches that the people "do not go to church." There is a way to make them. The modern Protestant church, as a rule does not appeal. If preaching at the people does not reach them, there are other channels that can be used until the hour for preaching arrives.

Not so very long ago—less than six months in fact—*Out West* received a most pungent letter *Mr. Roosevelt's* criticising an editorial *Political Decease*, in which Mr. Roosevelt's position as regards the American people, was, as we believe, correctly stated. It is sometimes refreshing to look back, and in the light of later events to notice how far right and how far wrong one has been when handling the current topics of the day. This article was written just about the time that Mr. Roosevelt was making his swing around the circle, immediately after his return from Africa. Now read:

A bold citizen of the northwest, asked Mr. Roosevelt point blank "Who is paying for this journey of yours?"

And Mr. Roosevelt replied after a flush and a hesitation, "The 'Outlook' people."

"You're a liar," said the man; "the American people are paying for this tour."

And the man was right.

How troubled old P. T. Barnum must feel as he cocks an eye downward from the porch of his houseboat on the Styx, and sees Mr. Roosevelt discounting all of the old time humbug, and bunco practices of publicity.

The entire country is "The 'Outlook' People" when it is a question of expense account of Mr. Roosevelt's tour.

An ex-and-a-hope-to-be-again president, is

whooping up subscribers to a five cent magazine and well worth the nickel cost!

But can you blame poor old Barnum? He never thought of putting a former ruler of the most notable nation of the world on his staff, making him play one night stands around the country doing a monologue of the Ten Commandments and "I."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt has descended to the level of a well intentioned fakir.

He is a sort of Episcopus of the Holy Rollers of politics.

He is a ringtailed Roarer of the Common-place and the original Gyasticus of the Spot Light.

He was picturesque at first. He was theatrically effective for a time. He personified the glory of slaughter for a briefer time and now, let us hope for a still shorter period, he is a noisy banality.

It is possible that the "Outlook" people, as well as the inlook people, will soon discover Mr. Roosevelt and when they do, his capering and grimacing will not be cashable.

To be candid, is it believable that not less than half a million sane and sensible Americans, who would have said six months ago that this article did Mr. Roosevelt an injustice, are now convinced to the contrary?

History has seldom told of a more rapid decline, politically and influentially than that of Mr. Roosevelt in the past six months.

In all seriousness we would suggest that it would be good policy on the part of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles and similar bodies all over Southern California, to invite the directors and sponsors in general of the California Development Board, to spend some time in this section of the state as the guests of the Southern bodies. In no other way, it appears, will any general knowledge permeate San Francisco that there is such a district in the west as Southern California.

We are driven to say this by the fact that the "California Development Board" has just issued a pamphlet entitled "California Resources and Possibilities" and the manner in which Southern California is studiously given the boot is both trying and amusing.

No end of space is devoted to the exploitation of the so-called "Metropolitan District," a term that has come greatly into favor since San Francisco

is soon to lose its position as the premier city in population in the state. Approximately ten times the space is given to the clearings of minor cities like Oakland and Stockton and Sacramento than to Los Angeles. The 14,000 odd cars of fresh fruit shipped from "north of Tehachipi" is given in great detail but the 33,000 odd carloads of citrus fruit get only a mention. Care is taken not to emphasize where the citrus fruit come from. The olive business is passed over as "not very remunerative," although what with olives bringing from \$110 to \$120 per ton from the packers, it is hard to say on what the statement is based. Not a word is vouchsafed as to where the nut and bean districts are to be found—the board puts the details in such shape as to lead one to believe that close to San Francisco is the favored location. Judging by the board's publication there is no poultry industry and no dairy industry in Southern California.

Considering the amount and tenor of the criticism that has been directed at Joseph Scott since the announcement was made that he had become identified with the defense of the McNamara brothers, accused of the "Times" dynamiting, it is fair to Mr. Scott and to the community that the issues in this matter, soon to become a celebrated case all over the United States, should be clearly stated once more—and in fact as many times as it is necessary for the public to bear certain things in mind.

Out West's position is that if these men are guilty they should be hanged; if innocent, they should be acquitted. Whether they are innocent or guilty we do not know. It is not our function, nor that of any publication, friendly or unfriendly to them, to say. They will be tried in the courts, and not in the newspapers. Any attempt on the part of the newspapers friendly to them or by the newspapers unfriendly to them to influence this trial should receive prompt attention from the court. Such impromptu trials by newspapers are frowned upon in England, where the

administration of criminal law is twenty times as effective as in the United States; and we wish that a similar procedure would hold here.

The charge is murder; these men are not on trial for being union men, which is no offense in the eyes of the law.

Now the law presumes every person accused of crime to be innocent until guilt is established by proper judicial procedure. Every man accused of crime has the right to counsel. Even Czolgosz, who assassinated McKinley, was defended at the request of the bar of Buffalo, by two of the best attorneys in that city. They made for him the only defense that could be offered—insanity—and their efforts failed. But it could never be said in truth that Czolgosz was deprived for one moment of all the rights to which he was entitled under the law.

The McNamaras have the right to have their defense presented to the court and jury by the best counsel they can obtain. To deny them this right, or to criticise an attorney because he has the bravery to undertake what seems to many an unpopular and unjust cause, is subversive of justice as far as the men are concerned, and an unwarrantable intrusion on the sworn duties of an attorney.

Personally, we are glad that Joseph Scott has become identified with the defense. It is a favorite claim of the McNamara adherents that a fair trial cannot be obtained in Los Angeles. This statement has been flaunted all over the United States, and if a change of venue is asked, it will be on this ground. We think that the retaining of Mr. Scott, a former president of the Chamber of Commerce and president of the School Board, shows the contrary. When a man of his standing can afford to undertake the defense of these men, it shows that the plea that a fair trial is impossible, is questionable.

Most of the criticism which we have heard comes from the body of women who indulge in the suffrage propaganda and the various local forms of "the uplift." They should have some instruction in the intent and meaning of the law before they criticise.

To what extent Southern California loses by not being in close connection with the University of California, and to what extent the youth of

*Deprived of
University Privileges*

this section of the state is deprived by distance of the advantages of a higher education, is evidenced by every report and pamphlet which the University sends out. One of the latest circulars concerns the University Farm School at Davis, a tract of land of 780 acres in the Sacramento Valley. There the University conducts a model farm, and there the aspiring young agriculturist and horticulturist can receive practical instruction at the expense of the state, and always of the kind of instruction advantageous to the agriculturist and horticulturist of Northern California. It must always be borne in mind that Southern California pays forty per cent of the bills.

There were 81 students in the last season at the University farm, of whom seven were from Southern California. That is to say between eight and nine per cent of the students came from this end of California. And do not forget that Southern California paid forty per cent of the bills.

Los Angeles county which pays twenty per cent of the state taxes, had five students. Riverside county had one student and Ventura county had one student.

It is circumstances like these which impel every friend of higher education in California to demand that there be established in the south a new educational institution as well endowed and as well equipped as the State University. True, the proposition was held off last year through the unfair energy of the alumni of the University now resident in the north, aided by the sectarian educational institutions of the south and the influence which these institutions exerted on Mr. Meyer Lissner. But the campaign has only started. It will be resumed again at the next session of the legislature and at every session until justice is done to the youth of Southern California.

It is not often that either a pedagogue or a pedagogue's journal will rise in protest against some of the many undesirable changes made in the past twenty years, in the courses of study in the public schools. Teachers and journals are too prone to accept and approve every innovation fostered by dreamers, faddists and cranks. Occasionally, a voice is raised in the wilderness, but usually it is not of sufficient volume and importance to be heard. Meanwhile the public schools go merrily ahead sending forth each year hundreds of thousands of children who know nothing really well, and who have a smattering of more things than ninety nine in a hundred men and women will find useful to them in the telling, trying business of life. Just about all of the instruction imparted in the public schools of the day is encyclopaedic and all of it is half baked, badly digested and not in fit condition for use. *Out West* has several times asserted that the average child leaving the grammar school, to-day, has little real working knowledge of arithmetic. Spelling is more or less of a lost art, geography and history not thoroughly taught. But we have sloyd and cooking and sewing and drawing and music and other non-essentials and the real foundation of an elementary education crumbles before these.

Not one child in twenty should be taught to draw; not one child in fifty and not one teacher in ten should tamper with "music" as it is taught. Sewing and cooking belong to the home and sloyd is wasted time and energy for a lad whose natural instincts do not prompt him to drive a nail. The best criticism on the teaching of English grammar came from a miss of 17 summers who said not long ago: "I never understood English grammar until I studied Latin grammar." Personally, we are acquainted with a writer in Los Angeles whose school-boy "marks" in English grammar were dreadfully low and whose standing in rhetoric in college days, was accounted shameful. Yet that man has earned a fair living for more than several years by writing plain, blunt and occasionally effective English—but

not the English of the pedagogue and the pedant.

Out West directs attention to the following extract from the June number of "Education," written by Oliver Van Wagnen:

"In the present day we have lost the power of reading. We have only the cheapest mechanical imitation taught in the public schools. There is but one good reader among a hundred children and if by any manner of means he has become a good reader, he has learned from his grandmother or his uncle. Children in grammar schools stumble, palpitate and finally lie prostrate before the simplest page of print. If by any device they are in danger of becoming good readers when they are rushed into the high school, there they are too busy studying political economy, the elements of the earth and the waters under the earth, to take the time to read aloud. In college they are laughed at for even attempting to read aloud, where the Mede and Persian Lecture System prevails. The next generation is being reared to silently peruse and devour but never to read."

Not many pedagogues will care to deny that; and what is true of reading, we take it, is true of about everything else in which it pleases the public schools to dabble.

What's in a name?

A good deal.

So much, in fact, that *Pocket Billiards*, billiard table manufacturers the country over have determined to rid their business of the name of "pool".

It is to be "pool" no more; "pocket billiards" is the correct designation. Pocket billiards is more appropriate and certainly is more explanatory. There never was any sense in any event in calling the game "pool."

This change has been found advisable because a certain, numerous and occasionally influential element in the United States wages warfare on billiard rooms having pool—pocket billiard—tables, confusing them with the pool-rooms of racing days and bucket shop gambling.

"Pool room" means to most people a large and roomy place, with a black

board, where in days gone by, were written the names of horses entered in races at various tracks and the odds at which bets would be accepted. There was a cashier's office and other gambling paraphernalia. The public was separated from its financial possessions with address and expedition in these places. These were "pool rooms"—real pool rooms.

Because the game of pool was played in billiard rooms, people began to call them "pool rooms." No doubt of it at all, much of the adverse legislation directed at billiard rooms has been due to this word.

Enter on the scene the Illinois State Billiard Association with the announcement:

"The word 'pool' is ambiguous, meaningless and suggests gambling and is obnoxious to the public. We have therefore discontinued it, and hereafter will, as a substitute, make use of the words 'pocket billiards.'"

Not many readers of daily newspapers comprehend to what extent the newspapers are operated from *Bribing the business office. That Newspapers.* the dailies are controlled by the advertisers, almost without exception, is not understating the case. Any large advertiser in the city of Los Angeles for instance, can do about as he pleases with all of the Los Angeles dailies. The patent medicine men of the United States who have been hard hit by "Collier's" and the "Ladies Home Journal" are so sure of their standing with the daily papers that they have had the assurance that, comes with ownership of policy to send out the following letter from Lock Box, 2124 New York.

For cool presumption and downright impertinence and as an example of how the press of the United States is coerced this letter from Frederick W. Hooper whose office is Lock Box 2124, New York has no superior.

New York City, May 25, 1911.
Dear Mr. Editor:—

During the past five years, the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, has made a number of very

vicious and uncalled for assaults on foods, beverages and drugs, greatly to their injury, as well as damaging to the Press which has been carrying the advertising contracts in these lines. Many publications have, no doubt, felt the effect of these assaults by a reduction in amount of advertising patronage from the manufacturers of foods, beverages and patent medicines. We are, therefore, presenting the following facts, to show why the earning power of your publication has been, or will be, diminished in these lines, unless these attacks are stopped.

We recognize that there are some adulterated foods and beverages, and some bad proprietary medicines, as there are also bad doctors and bad lawyers, yet as a whole, the manufacturers of foods and drugs are as honest as those in any other lines of business. The manufacture of valuable remedies in a form to provide inexpensive medicines for the people, is a most commendable business. As is well known, every such medicine is the outcome of some Doctor's successful prescription. While the Doctor used it and charged his fee for the prescription, it was a great remedy, but when it was placed upon the market, so that the people could get it without paying the Doctor his fee, it suddenly became, in the minds of the Department of Agriculture, "a horrible concoction," against which the public must be warned!

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who never treated a patient in his life, and who, on the witness stand (in the Harper case,) could not qualify as an expert, either as a chemist or a physician, thinks he has become, by virtue of his office, the arbiter of the people in the matters of food, drink and medicines. He has spent millions of dollars of the people's money to circulate erroneous and untruthful reports regarding matters on which his opinion has been overruled by those higher in authority; notably the Benzoate of Soda, Whisky, and Coca-Cola cases. In all these cases Dr. Wiley first squandered the people's money to prove that he was right, and when the matters were presented to experts on these subjects he was proven to be wrong. Why should a man who is not an expert, be permitted to spend the people's money

to enforce his views, before the opinion of experts is first obtained, or the matter determined on its merits in the courts? Why shall Dr. Wiley be permitted to do everything possible to ruin a business, before that business has been held by the Courts to be an unlawful business? The Bureau of Chemistry as at present conducted, is a standing menace to every man's business! Let Dr. Wiley conceive the opinion that any man's product is injurious, he first destroys the business by attacking it through the newspapers and by "Bulletins" issued from his Department, at public expense, and after everything possible has been done to ruin the business, he then proceeds to prove his case in the Courts. No doubt he hopes to create opinion favorable to his contention before trying the case, but the important cases so far tried, prove that in this he has failed, though he has not failed to do inestimable damage to the business interests so unjustly attacked.

It has often been asked: "What was Wiley's motive in attacking these industries?" And the answer is usually found in looking for the beneficiaries. In the Whisky case, the Kentucky distillers "could a tale unfold." In the Benzoate of Soda matter, Heinze's "57 Varieties" led the fight. In the matter of Coca-Cola the manufacturers of "Caffeinless Coffee" were seen hovering in the distance, and in the fight on Proprietary Medicines, the American Medical Association, better known as the "Doctor's Trust," furnishes the sinews of war.

If this condition of affairs is not changed, it will result in greatly cutting down the support you receive from the manufacturers of almost numberless Foods, Beverages and Proprietary or Patent Medicines, and the question presents itself: Will you and your influential paper stand for such a condition? We think not!

The first thing for you to do is to write to the Secretary of Agriculture, and to your Congressmen and Senators, telling them that you believe it contrary to the spirit of true Americanism to give one man the power to ruin any business, including your own, without due process of law, and that the assaults before

trial, on legitimate industries must cease. Second: Take the matter up in the editorial columns of your paper and show the people how their money is being squandered to advance the interests of Dr. Wiley and his particular friends, ostensibly for the benefit of the "dear people."

Again, in justice to the business interests of the country, would it not be advisable for Editors, before publishing the "stuff" sent out by Dr. Wiley over the wires of the Associated Press, to consider whether or not the matter is truthful, or whether it is so surcharged with his personal motives, as to be virtually false?

Last and not least: Remember that we are American citizens and not Russians and that Bureau-made law and one-man power are contrary to the spirit of our American citizenship. Let your Senators and your Congressmen know your attitude in this matter, and you will be rewarded, not alone by an improvement in your business, but by the feeling that you are standing up for your rights as well as ours!

Yours respectfully,

ADVERTISERS PROTECTIVE AGENCY

Fred W. Hooper

Secretary

This Association is composed of manufacturers of foods, beverages and drugs, representing an investment of \$400,000,000.00, whose advertising expenses are annually over \$100,000,000.00. Its objects are mutual protection against unjust, unwarranted and malicious assaults by Legislatures, Executive Officers and Government Bureaus. The legitimate enforcement of the Food and Drug Act meets with our approval, but we are opposed to judgment being rendered in the newspapers and by the Dep't. of Agriculture's unauthorized "Farmer's Bulletins," before a fair trial in the Courts.

Frederick W. Hooper

Secretary.

Out West holds no brief for Dr. Wiley. He can defend himself.

The reference to the whisky case is typical. Certain Cincinnati and Illinois spirit distilling concerns desired that "rectified" whisky be called whisky.

Rectified is a misnomer. Rectified whisky may be good—but it is much more apt to be of the forty rod variety.

If the consumer desires pure whisky without rectification—heaven save the mark—buy bottled in bond goods.

Of course, benzoate of soda is defended by this precious crew.

White news paper probably costs more in Los Angeles than in any considerable city in the United States. It is worth about 2 3-4 cents per pound, cash, on

the tracks. There are two sources of supply, Oregon and Wisconsin. Nearly all of the newspapers in this part of California are using Oregon paper. The Scripps papers use Wisconsin paper, and what is known as the "cream paper" which the "Times" uses in its magazine section, come from Wisconsin, or did at latest accounts.

There is no chance whatever that there will be any reduction in the cost of paper. To show how the paper cost figures in the expenses of the modern newspaper it may be said that a twelve page newspaper, of the usual size, represents a white paper cost of about half a cent.

With these premises fully understood, an article in a recent issue of "American Forestry," the June number, becomes of vital interest not only to newspaper publishers, but to those of us who are looking for the establishment of new industries. Southern California badly needs more diversification of industries, and it may be that "American Forestry" has pointed the way to something new and profitable.

The article is written by Harry Vincent. It is entitled "Bamboo Pulp as the Paper Material of the Future." Inasmuch as bamboo grows luxuriantly all over Southern California, wherever it has been planted, and inasmuch as the Imperial valley and the delta of the Colorado will produce immense crops, the article of Mr. Vincent is worth considering. In part it reads:

"That bamboo pulp is the one material that is likely to come to the front as a main source of paper stock supply, is the opinion of the "World's Paper Trade Review" of London (February 24, 1911.)

"The difficulty heretofore has been in the bleaching, as the coloring matter could not be eliminated except by the expensive caustic soda process. This has now been obviated. The great advantage that bamboo has over other pulp material is in the growing. A piece of land once established in bamboo can be cut over annually for an indefinite period, as given a favorably watered situation and preferably a gravelly soil, the bamboo in the tropics grows to an altitude of thirty feet or more yearly. As it requires but a three-year period to establish a field, it is perfectly plain that neither wood nor any other material can compete with it. As the United States has control over large territories in Porto Rico and the Panama Zone most suitable for bamboo cultivation (which is extremely simple) there should be no difficulty in getting a permanent future supply up to millions of tons a year.

"The advantages of bamboo as a pulp maker are: (1) It has a good, strong vegetable fiber; (2) it is in general easily accessible for water transport; (3) it is cheap and easily collected; (4) it is available in large quantities and abundant within a given area; (5) it is available for a regular and constant supply, and not subject to violent fluctuations either in quality or price; (6) it admits of simple and ready treatment, mechanical, chemical or both, for easy and inexpensive conversion into bleached pulp; (7) land established in bamboo, which will take three years from first planting to reach a height of thirty to forty feet, can then be reaped annually for an indefinite period.

"Ordinarily, thick-walled bamboo, which when given suitable soil and climate, grows with amazing rapidity and yields annually at least forty tons to the acre, contains fifty per cent of a very strong, yet fine and flexible, fibre, easily digested by the ordinary bi-sulphite process, and by a new method simply and inexpensively bleached, yielding when properly treated an excellent pulp, felting readily, and producing a paper, pliant, resistant and opaque, of enduring color, thicker than other paper of the same weight, and forming one of the very

finest of materials for writing and printing, and of exceptional value for engraving.

"The oldest bamboo is thoroughly and completely digested, knots and all, by the ordinary bi-sulphite process; but care must be taken in the cooking, as there is no reason to suppose that all bamboos are alike. Pine, spruce and poplar are treated quite differently in cooking, and nearly every factory has its own formula and different strengths and temperatures are used. Direct steam should never be used with bamboo, but always steam coils with not more than forty pounds pressure until the last two hours, after first liberating the gases derived from bamboo which are different from those of wood. The mechanical portion which is absolutely essential to this process is a preparation of the bamboo for cooking as well as for bleaching. After being selected and assorted the bamboo has to be crushed in exactly the same manner as sugar cane, when it will appear after removal of the sap somewhat similar to mograss, almost pulverized and a slightly damp, spongy mass. In this form the bamboo is extremely permeable by the cooking solution, which can be used comparatively weak and without any necessity for a high pressure of steam. In all cases a solution to be used with bamboo should be as nearly neutral as possible. It may be slightly alkaline or slightly acid, but excess in either direction will waste a large amount of the fine fibres, and acts adversely on the chemical constituents of bamboo. These fine fibres are, according to Wildridge and Ekman, of great value in forming a close, opaque sheet of paper. They represent about a third of the cellulose, and unless the necessary precautions are adopted, they will be lost in the strainers and washers. So, obviously no part of the preparatory treatment can be carried out away from the place of growth of the bamboo.

"The bleaching process is entirely new and differs from any other used for making pulps. It consists in an intermediate process the object of which is to prepare the pulp for bleaching, by steeping the bamboo after it has been cooked for a few hours in a solution

made from electrolysed sea-water salt and diluted sulphuric acid, then after drawing off the solution (which can be used over and over again), giving the pulp a further bath in a very weak alkali and thoroughly washing it, when the whole coloring matter comes away, and a clean, fine and strong, light-colored pulp is left, which is now more easily bleached than any other pulp now in use. No other ingredients are necessary than those specified, which are of the cheapest possible description, and only a light electric current is required. The whole expense of the intermediate process will not add, including the bleaching, more than \$4 per ton to the cost of the pulp. Both the process and the apparatus for producing the solution (which makes use of a novel process in electrolysis) are patented, and there is no other known means of fully bleaching matured bamboo, except the antediluvian Chinese method of "retting."

"Under intelligent administration of tropical labor, especially under the farming system, which is so successful a feature of the sugar-cane industry in some of the West Indian islands, the raw material should not cost more than \$2 per long cord (approximately a ton), delivered at the mill, and the total cost per ton of pulp at a factory turning out 1,000 tons per month should not exceed \$30 for a high-grade bleached pulp.

"To epitomize, the bamboo is the cheapest of all materials; the bi-sulphite is the cheapest of all chemical processes, and the new method of bleaching is much cheaper than any other method in present use."

The United States Department of Agriculture has just issued a pamphlet on "The Use of Underground Water for Irrigation in the Pomona Valley," a work that will be found indispensable in the library of every man interested in irrigation in the southwest. Most of the water used in Pomona is raised by pumping and naturally much attention is given to the operations of the various pumping companies, particularly those that are co-operative. This work may be had by addressing the Department designating the bulletin "Office of Experiment Stations, No. 236."

Mormons and Mormonism.

Editor *Out West*
Sir:—

Your editorial about the Mormons in the March number is wonderfully close to the truth. You seem to be more tolerant than most editors. I send you an article about the Mormons written *before* the articles in "Everybody's," "McClure's" or the "Cosmopolitan" were published and my article is the result of actual residence among the people.

I am a descendant of Roger Williams and for two hundred and seventy-five years our family has been trained in *religious toleration*. I was willing to see all the polygamy I could see; the fact is, it would make good copy, but I am not capable of lying about a people. I met members of the Ministerial Association and found that the campaigns against the Mormons are engineered by the Ministerial Association the members of which are as deep in politics as they claim the Mormon church is. The present "American Party" was organized while I was in Salt Lake City by the Ministerial Association and the friends of ex-Senator Thomas Kearns. These are the men who worked up the Smoot investigation. The John L. Leilich, mentioned by Frank Cannon as signing the second protest and charging that Smoot was a polygamist is a *Methodist minister* and at that time was at the head of the Methodist mission work in Utah. Frank Cannon very discreetly does not mention this fact.

The present articles in "McClure's" and "Cosmopolitan" are directly inspired by the Ministerial Association. We soon learn the style of a writer after we have read several of his books. The peculiarly wild and woolly articles in these magazines could have but one origin. Really to find out what the Mormons are is a very difficult matter. A writer with the best intentions in the

world—a non-Mormon comes to Salt Lake City. Naturally he seeks non-Mormons, and the 'Mormon fighters' seem to know so much and it is so easy to write down what they say. One can thus write out a very sensational series in a short time. The only right way is to go among the Mormons and associate freely with them. If *they* tell you of a case of polygamy or new plural marriage one may be sure it is true. I was told of one case of new plural marriage said to have been performed in Mexico; the person who spoke to me seemed to think "Nellie has ruined her life."

Some Mormons frankly tell you they believe in polygamy and one high state official told me that *if it were not against the law he would take a plural wife* but as long as polygamy was unlawful *he expected to obey the law*. As to most Mormons—even if polygamy was lawful, they might not object to those practicing it who desired, but they would not wish to practice it themselves. Other Mormons I know hate polygamy as heartily as it is possible to hate it. I do not think it would be possible for polygamy ever to become common in Utah no matter what influence the Mormon church might try to use. The great reason is this: it takes money to provide for several families. In the early days, when people lived very plainly it did not require nearly the amount of money it would take to-day. The Mormons who love luxury, good living and good dressing as well as any class of Americans can not afford polygamy. As a people, the Mormons are poor. Millionaires are very, very few and with the present high prices and high style of living only the rich would practice polygamy if it were lawful; and most of the attempts at polygamy have been made among the prosperous. Besides, the Mormon girls as a rule are as self-respecting as any other class of girls

and when it comes to a plural marriage against the law, most of them object to it.

Very respectfully,
Ethel Cranston Nelson

(Miss Nelson's article follows—Editor *Out West*.)

AMONG THE MORMONS

Ethel Cranston Nelson

The Mormons are the most misunderstood people in the United States. The reason for it is gossip; there is a small class of non-Mormons in Utah who really know nothing about the Mormon people because they have never associated with the Mormons in a social way and they have never attended the Mormon church meetings. They were prejudiced against the Mormons before they came to Utah and have believed every bit of gossip since they came. This gossip is sent out by this class over the country, as the truth about the Mormons.

A Salt Lake non-Mormon speaking to my father about polygamy some time after we moved to the city, said: "There isn't much polygamy here but in southern Utah it is as bad as it ever was; new plural marriages are taking place there nearly every day."

"You are mistaken," said father. "I have lived in southern Utah for two years and have associated freely with the Mormons. I do not know of one plural marriage that has taken place there since the manifesto. All the men I used to know, who had been polygamists, were separated from the plural wife or else she was dead." We will suppose each of these men equally sincere and truthful. One was retailing gossip and the other was telling what he really knew.

Let me use a little arithmetic to illustrate the "prevalence" of polygamy. I give the figures used at the Smoot investigation. There are 300,000 members of the Latter Day Saints church. It is estimated that there is an average of five persons to a family which would make 60,000 Mormon families. Joseph Smith testified that there were 897 cases of polygamy, which makes one and one-half per cent, nearly. Out of 1,000

Mormon families, fifteen of the husbands have more than one wife. As these cases of polygamy are scattered over Canada, Mexico and the states of Arizona, Nevada, Utah and Idaho my statement that I never was acquainted with a plural wife, actually living in polygamy, until I had lived three years in the state of Utah and came to live in Salt Lake City, ought not to seem strange.

At St. George, I remained for a short time with Mrs. W. the widow of a polygamist. She was the first wife but *she* never mentioned the second wife to me. She came with her father and mother in the handcart company. It was a terrible journey for they walked the whole distance and pushed the handcarts that contained their only supply of food. One of her brothers was buried on the plains.

She was in Salt Lake City when Albert Sidney Johnston's army was camped outside. The people were terrified, for they expected to be massacred and that their city would be burned. With the other females she fled to a settlement south of the city.

After she was married, Brigham Young sent her husband to St. George to start the manufacture of cotton cloth. The factory that he built was still weaving a coarse cotton cloth.

After my return from camping in the mountains, I spent the remainder of the next summer in the village of Gunlock. My father had come to Utah and he rented a log cabin, the only vacant house in the village. We had two cots and a sheet iron cook stove. An old writing desk, a broken rocker, and another broken chair were found in the back yard and turned into a dining table and two whole rockers by my father.

As I sang and played the violin, it was not long before the cabin became the nightly meeting place for all the young people in the village. Besides my violin, we had George B's violin and Nancy H's guitar for our concerts. All sang the popular songs of the day while Nancy and I sang the solos.

After our two chairs had been taken, our guests sat on dry good boxes and the two cots. The Gunlock peaches were fine and many of the girls from the neighboring settlements and ranches were

living with their Gunlock relatives while they bottled (canned) and dried peaches. All these girls came to our concerts.

Father was an ardent Republican and, as it was campaign year, he began talking politics. The place had been strongly Democratic ever since Utah voted for Free Silver. Father converted Mr. B. to his political faith. Mr. B. was related to most of the villagers, by blood or by marriage, and, as he had a great deal of influence, he converted everybody except the bishop and his family to Republicanism.

There was not even a respectable corpse of polygamy in the village.

Aunt Eliza L., one of my nearest neighbors, was old and childish. For her age, she was a good looking woman. Except the fruit, the food at Gunlock was not to my liking; neither was it to hers. Her relatives supplied her with the dry salt bacon and vegetables upon which they lived but Aunt Eliza refused to eat the bacon. Once a week I made a chicken pie and then I would take some to her. Perhaps it was that and the other dainties that I took her that won heart.

Her early history was connected with the life of Joseph Smith, the Prophet. Unfortunately, Aunt Eliza's memory failed her at interesting places or I should have had a history of the wanderings of the Mormons and their exodus from Illinois; but I learned that there were political as well as religious reasons for persecuting the Mormons—Joseph Smith was one of the hated Abolitionists. Whatever else Aunt Eliza forgot, she remembered and never tired of telling, about the great kindness of the "Prophet Joseph" to her.

Born a slave-holding aristocrat, in Washington, D. C., she remembered taking piano lessons and being waited upon by numerous slaves. Her parents died and the "wicked uncle" succeeded in getting all of her property. She seemed to have forgotten how she came into the hands of Joseph Smith but she remembered that she was in rags at the time and that the first thing the "Prophet" did for her was to buy her a new dress. After that she seems to have been his adopted child.

Before he went to the Carthage (Ill-

nois) jail, where he was killed by a mob, Joseph Smith gave her his blessing and told her that God would take care of her and hers—that her enemies should be punished and those of her children should be punished. She recited incident after incident to show that his prophecy had been fulfilled. The offenses were unpleasant and the punishments were the kind that selfishment often meets when we say of an offender, "He got what he deserved."

She seemed to exaggerate my favors and she told me that I ought to be a Mormon; but she said she was sure that God would save me anyhow because I had been good to her. Then she called upon Joseph Smith to bless me and she prophesied that I should be blessed in many ways—that my enemies, though they might be successful for a time, should perish and I should be triumphant.

Isolated ranches are rare in Utah. The farmers live in villages and farm the land on the outskirts. Even in the few cases where the farm is several miles away, the family generally lives in the village while the men go to their work in the morning and return home at night. Those who have isolated ranches live on them during the summer and return to town for the winter to send the children to school. P. is a farm village and I went there my second summer in Utah.

Unless furniture is very expensive, most persons in the West consider that it is cheaper to throw it away than to move it far. My employment had been of such a nature that I might be transferred at any time, so I had bought only the furniture absolutely necessary. That little I had moved to P. which I expected to leave as soon as I had finished teaching the winter term of school.

Mrs. H. offered me all the rag carpet I needed to carpet my sitting room for a dollar. She said she thought lace curtains looked so homelike and asked me if I had any. When I told her I had not she asked, "You won't be offended will you?." "No," I replied. "We have some lace curtains that we are not using now," she said, "and you are welcome to the use of them as long as you are here." I was pleased to use the

curtains and also some chairs which she lent me.

After school began, I went home at noon to a cold lunch. At such a time the sight of Mrs. H. holding a dish covered with a napkin, was a welcome one for it meant something good; as hot pudding, pie or fruit. Before producing it she always said: "You won't be offended will you?" The whole family were very kind to me in many ways. I was often favored over their Mormon friends and I have reason to believe that the family were strongly attached to me.

If I wished to know what any church believes I should go to that church and Sunday school to find out. I should not go to history; for no church is, to-day, what it was centuries ago nor what it was even fifty years ago. Most churches have outlived parts of their creeds.

In the last fifty years the Mormons have changed more than most people. The leading pioneers were Yankees with the Yankee passion for education. They established schools and sent their men to foreign countries to convert the people. These missionaries brought back a wealth of information to their people; the two thousand missionaries who are in all parts of the world to-day are continuing this work of education. Utah students are at the professional schools in the East; pupils are studying music and are in the East and in the music and art centers of Europe. Many foreigners have joined the Mormon church but they are, mainly, from Teutonic countries, where education is compulsory.

At P. I attended church and Sunday school in order to find out what the Mormons of to-day believe. In a short article it is impossible to give all of the Mormon theology; I can only touch a few important points. They are Christians for they believe in Christ. One Mormon told me that the church contains the best beliefs of all the other churches. It certainly takes in the Baptist and Campbellite belief that baptism means immersion but the Mormons also insist that the "laying on of hands" should follow and quote Acts VIII, verses 12, 14, 16, 17 and 38 as their authority. They are Unitarians

also because they do not believe in the Trinity—though one in agreement, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are three distinct personalities.

The Church of Latter Day Saints advocates total abstinence as strongly as the W. C. T. U. The Sacrament is taken every Sunday in Sunday school and water is always used instead of wine. In addition to intoxicating liquors, the "Word of Wisdom" advises against the use of tea, coffee and tobacco.

The Mormons believe in a previous, as well as a future, state of existence. The only hope of heaven for the unborn souls which they believe exist as disembodied spirits, is through an existence first, in this world. This is the reason that the Mormon attaches so much importance to marriage. To-day, the devout Mormon believes that he or she who dies unmarried will never reach the "highest exaltation" but must forever be a "ministering angel."

Dr. Talmage's Articles of Faith is used for the adult class in Sunday school, but there were not always enough for the class and then we would have a lesson from the Acts of the Apostles or Corinthians. Many of the important Mormon doctrines are literal applications of parts of the New Testament. There are no paid preachers—"the apostle received no money for preaching; Paul earned his living as a tent maker." For the same reason that there are no paid preachers, the missionaries receive no salaries. They accept the hospitality of the people to whom they preach—Peter and Paul did so. Why does the Mormon church have twelve Apostles? Christ had twelve Apostles.

One woman explained her reason for paying tithing in this way: "My son said he thought it was a shame to collect a tenth of her income from a poor dress-maker like me. I replied, 'When I am old and unable to work, the church will take care of me.' 'But I will take care of you, mother,' he said. 'You are always welcome to come and live with me.' 'That would not suit me,' I said. 'You have a large family of children—they are used to doing as they please and they are very noisy. An old woman wants quiet; I can not have it at your home and you can not afford to support

me unless I live with you. If I pay my tithing as long as I am able, I shall not regard it as charity, but my due, if the church takes care of me when I am helpless.' "

There were many parties and entertainments at P. the winter I was there and I was invited to all of them. As we were non-Mormons and might not wish to go to church socials and entertainments unless invited, the "committee" of three would come and give us a special invitation. Of course we went and we enjoyed ourselves; for the games and amusements were not those of uncouth rustics but of intelligent, cultured and traveled people. I never was allowed to be a wallflower and I always forgot that we were of different churches, on such occasions.

There were the remains of polygamy, here, in the bachelor girl who had been engaged to marry Anthony Ivens, now a bishop in Mexico; the church refused to marry them after the Manifesto. Evidently Utah plural marriages are not countenanced by the church or Miss K. would have been married.

There were two ex plural wives, and the former polygamous husband of one of them, living in the village.

"You women think that women had all the troubles of polygamy—the men did not have an easy time of it; I pity the men," said father. We were discussing the romantic story of some intimate friends. Allen T. and Alice Lee met and became lovers when their parents crossed the plains. There was a quarrel, they parted and, after a few years Allen married a very sweet, lovable girl. She was a beautiful old lady when I knew her—refined and gentle.

Though Salt Lake City was two hundred miles away the pioneers often went there. On one of his visits to the city, several years after his marriage, Allen and Alice met again and all the old love returned. Catherine, the first wife, gave her consent to her husband's marriage to Alice and Allen were married.

Both women loved Allen passionately and each tried to be first in his affections. Then each mother loved her own children devotedly and in the frequent quarrels between the two sets of children, each mother tried to get her husband to

settle the disputes in favor of her children. It was impossible for both families to live in the same house or even in the same village and Catherine, with her family, moved to a ranch eight miles away. Still there was trouble, and Allen solved his difficulties by separating from Alice. Half of his property, he deeded to her for the support of herself and her children. The other half he kept himself. This was several years before the Crusade. Alice grieved bitterly over her separation from Allen and for many years the two wives never met—not until the day of Allen's funeral. Father had been Allen's friend and he attended the funeral, which was held at the house. As the mourners were taking their places in the carriages to ride to the cemetery, father noticed that the chief mourners were Catherine and Alice who were seated side by side—death had reconciled them.

The night before we felt P., a "Farewell Party" was given in our honor at the home of Mr. K. and we both felt that we had never been treated better than in this Mormon village.

At Winter Quarters, the people were less intelligent for, though Mormons, they were English and Welsh of the lower class—coal miners. But we teachers were well treated. Though the three of us were non-Mormons, the people were enthusiastic over our work and we were all asked to return. I received presents at Christmas and at the close of school. The morning I left, one little girl and her brother walked a mile to the train to bring me a bouquet and to say good-bye.

The women of Utah have always voted except for a short time during the Crusade, and at Gunlock I had the satisfaction of voting for President of the United States as well as United States Representative and all the state and local officials. I attended two primaries and voted at two elections in Salt Lake City. In the city a carriage came to take me to the polls where conditions were as decent and orderly as at a church.

The Mormons are "just like other people;" they are not peculiar in dress nor in family life. To the stranger who is not quarrelsome nor meddlesome they are as good friends as he can find

anywhere. They will never quarrel with a non-Mormon on account of a difference in religion unless the non-Mormon forces

the quarrel. "Every man has a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience," they say.

"California Under Spain and Mexico."

Irving Berdine Richman in "California Under Spain and Mexico," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has added a noteworthy volume to the literature of the west coast. For the student this book will be found invaluable; as a book of reference it has no peer. Its only defect is in style. Mr. Richman has little vibrancy in this work and he is writing of a vibrant era.

Nevertheless he has added to the wealth of material bearing on the early history of the state and has made available much that hitherto has been accessible only in manuscripts. He has made exhaustive researches in the original manuscripts that are to be found only among the archives of Spain at Madrid and Seville, and the archives at Mexico City.

The narrative begins with a sketch of California physiography; then gives an account of the galleon trade on the Pacific Ocean, with its vicissitudes of peril from tempests and from war with the Dutch and English. Chapter 3 outlines the rise of the institution of the mission. Chapter 4 tells of explorations by the distinguished Jesuit, Eusebio Francisco Kino. Chapter 5 presents from an entirely different view-point the expedition

of Jose de Galvez in 1769, known as the Portola Expedition. Chapter 6 deals with the great expeditions of Juan Bautista de Anza in 1774 and 1775-76, which resulted in the founding of San Francisco.

Later chapters unfold events in the Mexican regime, and finally there is given a concise account of the whole western movement for the occupation of California from the United States, with new light upon the career and motives of John C. Fremont.

Among special topics considered are "The Origin and Application of the Name California;" "The Probability of a Discovery of Monterey Bay antedating that of Sebastian Vizcaino in 1602;" and "The Significance of Such Spanish Institutions as the Custodia and Intendencia." "Secularization" (1822-1847) is presented in tabulated form rendering the movement more intelligible.

The book contains many maps—some of them never before published. One of the most interesting (an original compilation) shows 22 important Spanish and American trails which affected California from the years 1694 to 1849.

With maps, charts and plans. 8 vo. \$4.00 net. Postpaid, \$4.30.



The Spook That Was n't.

By Maud Lalita Johnson

I was just about to lock my desk after an unusually busy day when a telegram was handed me. I tore open the envelope and read:—"Tom Moore died two-thirty this A. M." 'It was signed by my brother, Harold.

I had expected it—at any rate I was not surprised. Tom and I had been close companions in the old days long ago. Having gone through the marble and hoop and top age together we had graduated into regulation base-ball, but there Tom had to stop. When it came to track work and football, he had to stay behind. He was never very strong and when I left home a year after school life was over, I doubted that I would ever see him again in this life. As to the world beyond, my opinions were somewhat unsettled. Tom had two brothers, Tim and Bob, both husky fellows and many a wrestling match and boxing bout we had had together, but in spite of enjoying with them these sports that Tom had to forego, there was still a companionship between me and Tom that I never felt for the other boys.

I had to come west and landed in California of which we had all heard such enticing tales and after a few months of travel over its broad expanse, I settled down to make my fortune. Some ten years had gone by. Letters from home had become less frequent. My old mother had passed into the great beyond a few years previously and my brother, Harold, who now sent me this telegram had married even as I had done, and we each being absorbed in our respective duties had ceased to correspond, except in case of great importance or interest. Now came this message from the long ago. The telegram dropped from my hand and I sat for a half hour or more lost in the memories of past days. I thought of the old school house, the dusty lane, the willows by the brook

where we used to go wading, the green meadow where so many happy play hours were spent, then of the later years spent in college, the little love affairs and romance mingled in with the hard studies and vigorous sports, then of the year at home with mother, and finally of the good-bye. I remembered how Tom had stood on the station platform and had waved a last farewell. He was somewhat weary and weak then, yet always cheery. But I imagined his blue eyes were a trifle moist as he clasped my hand for the last time. "Well, Tom, old boy," I mused, "it is all over now—but," I added, a little surprised at myself, "is it all over, is there nothing beyond?"

I did not give myself time to answer, for thought along those lines always annoyed me. "What is the use of worrying about that; plenty to keep me busy here and now." With that I picked up the telegram, thrust it into the waste basket, locked my desk and walked out into the cool, evening air. I boarded a car and in half an hour was seated at dinner in my cozy home, my wife smiling and bright opposite me and our two children on either side, talkative and entertaining as ever. Amidst these surroundings I soon forgot the telegram, not even mentioning it to my wife as she had never been in my old home and knew none of my former friends. That night we went to the theater and the next morning when I returned to work the waste basket had been emptied and the past with its memories was forgotten in the rush and hurry of the present.

A few more years of life's battles were successfully fought—as the world counts success—a few more dollars were added to the pile and in the meantime I was imbued with the ways of the west, the happy, healthy, out-of-door life enjoyed by the Southern Californian and incidentally had run up against some of

the many "isms" talked, preached and discussed by the various societies, clubs and organizations in Los Angeles. Now, I never took stock in all these theories. I was busy piling up the shining shekels by dint of hard, steady work and I left these more airy things for those who I though had nothing more substantial to occupy their minds. Nevertheless, I could not help seeing placards, notices and advertisements conspicuously displayed, neither could I altogether escape the importunities of friends who were always wanting me to investigate this, that and the other. One man was insistent that I should in his company attend a spiritualistic circle and promised me a good time. More to please him than with the idea of finding anything entertaining for myself, I finally agreed to go. The sitting took place as usual in a darkened room, containing the ever evident cabinet. The things that occurred impressed me as being the work of a trickster and I was becoming somewhat bored when suddenly the medium startled me with the words; "Tom Moore is here and says he has a friend in the circle." I made no move and she continued: "Says he used to know him in Indiana in a town—I can't quite make it out—begins with Logan-Logans—"

"Logansport." I finished for her, unable to restrain myself any longer.

"Yes," she went on, "that is it, Logansport. He wants to say that he is very happy where he is and that he has not forgotten the old days." Then she went on to tell me some things that she could not possibly have known and some things, in fact, that as far as I knew, were known only to myself and Tom. The meeting over, my friend and I started home. I was not in a talkative mood and my companion evidently thought I had something to think about for he said nothing until we were about to part when he took my hand and teasingly remarked: "Well, what have you to say to that, Dick?"

I laughed. "I confess, old man, I'm mixed," I replied. "I'll have to think it over." And I did think it over. The pesky thing wouldn't let me forget it. I sought for explanations this way and that, but how could that woman tell me things that she did not know unless

Tom Moore had actually been there to tell her? My natural dislike for such things kept me from investigating further, but try as I would I could not get the incident out of my mind. Later, while on a business visit to San Francisco I happened to see the sign:—"Madame Y—Medium." I followed the impulse of the moment and went in. The medium greeted me quietly and invited me to sit down at a small table. The room was slightly darkened and all was still. After some little time rappings were heard and then the medium began to talk. She told me a few generalities that might have been mere guess work and then abruptly stated that Tom Moore was there and wished to speak to me. I was rather expecting this and yet it annoyed me. Here were two mediums who in all probability had never seen nor heard of each other and yet this one started in on the same stories the other had told; the same incidents, the same confidences that Tom and I had enjoyed together. The sitting ended with Tom's message, for with his disappearance the medium could get nothing more for me and I rose and left.

When I returned home I was careful not to speak of this incident to the friend who had enticed me on the former occasion. The matter was getting serious with me. I could not quite make up my mind to believe and yet—how could these mediums know the things that I thought were known only to myself and Tom?

Some four years later, being called to Chicago on business I decided to take advantage of this journey and visit the old home that I hadn't seen for almost twenty years. Of course, I knew there would be changes. Mother was gone and Tom—it would not seem like the old place, but brother Harold would be there and it would be nice to have a little chat with him and Tom's folks who lived near by, before starting back westward. At the appointed hour I arrived and Harold met me at the train. Same Harold only grown somewhat stouter and a little grey, but same jolly boy as always. His wife I had known in younger days and it was a real treat to be in the family circle and talk over the past. Many friends of course had

died, some were married, and many had moved away, but a few still remained in the old town. I assured Harold that I could stay only a day or two and cared to call on none unless it was our old neighbors, the Moores.

"Sure," agreed Harold, "you must go there, the old folks would never forgive you if you didn't."

And so the conversation made the time pass merrily till it was late in the night. The next morning Harold was off early to business and I to amuse myself strolled over to Moore's, but with a somewhat saddened heart to think that I would not see Tom. Old Mr. Moore was sitting on the porch taking advantage of the warm spring sunshine and arose slowly and somewhat stiffly as I approached. I walked briskly up the path and extended my hand.

"Howdy, Mr. Moore, guess you don't know me. I'm Dick Kennedy just come back from California."

"So it be, so it be," cried the old man, grasping my hand as heartily as his feeble and shaking clasp would allow. "Come right in, Dickie, the old woman will be glad to see you. My sakes! how you have grown—not so much this way as that way," he added, indicating an increase in girth rather than added height.

"A man of forty is apt to differ in build from a youth of twenty," I suggested.

"Ah, ah, the years go," he mumbled, and shuffled off to call the old woman. The old woman was comparatively spry and straight and young and greeted me with all the tenderness that my mother might have shown had she been alive and there to greet me. The salutations over, we settled down to the discussion of family affairs. I wanted and yet dreaded to mention Tom, but that was spared me for the old man burst out with: "Oh, yes, you must see Tom. He is married and lives on a farm four miles east of here."

I gasped for breath and opened mouth and eyes wide. "Tom," I cried, "what did you say?"

"Tom," repeated the old man, "has married and is living four miles east."

"Tom married," I stammered.

"Yes," replied the old man wonderingly, "why shouldn't he be?"

"But Tom is dead," I almost yelled, unable to control my self longer.

"Not that I know of," smiled the father, "though maybe some men might think that being married and living on an Indiana farm was the same thing."

I smiled at this and then explained to them how my brother had some eight or ten years ago sent me a telegram stating that Tom had died.

"Ah," said the mother, "that was Tim. Tim died, but Tom is now well and strong and doing well and Bob is still unmarried and lives with us. He has taken over his father's business."

"I don't understand," I said. "I received the telegram one evening just as I was leaving the office and after reading it threw it in the waste basket and never saw it again, but I am sure it said Tom."

"To change an I to an O is easy and Tom is a more common name," suggested the father.

"True," I said, "that explains it and Tom was always so delicate—" I hesitated, "But Tim," I added, "was such a husky boy."

"'Twasn't sickness," the mother interrupted, "it was an accident. A railroad accident."

And then she told me all about it. I did not hear it all for my mind was muddled. It was hard to think of Tom as being alive and besides I was thinking of those mediums.

"I always knew it was a fake," I mused; still I could not forget that the matter had kept me thinking and after all, "if Tom did not tell the mediums our secrets, who did?"

I took abrupt leave of my friends promising them to go out to see Tom, but before starting on the visit to the friend of my boyhood, I wrote to my friend of later years in California, the one who had introduced me to Spiritualism. I told him at length of my experience in San Francisco how it had corroborated in every detail the former message and ended by telling him that I had found Tom alive and hearty and asked in closing:—"Well, old man, and what have you got to say to that?"

The Land of the Burning Silence.

A LEGEND OF DEATH VALLEY

By Al H. Martin

Grim, pitiless, unfathomable, it rolls its blighting course—a land of silence, desolation and death. The mirage lures to destruction and the mocking winds beckon the unwary to the deadly embrace of the sands, that once holding never bids farewell. White men call it Death Valley, but to the Pah-Utes 'tis but the Land of Burning Silence.

Long, long ago, when the world laughed in its youth and the foot of the white man vexed not the face of the hills, the valley had been a vale of beauty. Murmuring water flowed from the hills and verdure carpeted the plains in mantles of perennial green. Flowers nodded their bright heads to the heavens and mocked the evening clouds in their radiant array. In the valley all was contentment, and the Pah-Utes flourished and were a great people. Living together in the valley of plenty and delight were two brothers, Silent Lightning and Golden Cloud. Mighty was the arm and brain of Silent Lightning and much great medicine he made for the welfare of his people. In his brain slumbered the wisdom of the ages and in the battle ever was he foremost among the warriors.

Not so with Golden Cloud, for to him Life was but a dream of delight, with song and dance for his portion. Little cared he for the glory of battle or the chase, but deep amid the inviting forest he wandered, and the winds whispered songs that moved the hearts of men. And the tribe grew to love the careless, loving singer, even as it feared the might of Silent Lightning.

One day while roaming beside the river, Golden Cloud beheld Sun-on-the-Water, the beautiful daughter of the grim Red Eagle, and straightway he lived for her alone. Beautiful was the maiden as the summer sky at the twilight hour, or as the waters when the sun breaks through the sheltering screen of rushes and fans the waves with a thousand gleams of celestial fire. Graceful was she as the deer in the flush of its youth; the grass hardly seemed to bend under her dancing feet. And as the days passed the love of the maiden and the singer grew and ripened till the world seemed for them alone. And the river sang new songs of peace, and the winds whispered mystic music.

But Silent Lightning also had seen and loved the maiden, and in his heart he was resolved she should grace his lodge. Much great medicine he made, but the songs of Golden Cloud were too strong, and the spirits of whispers brushed aside the magic spells wove by the cunning brain of Silent Lightning. And the great chief lost all interest in the chase, nor was his voice longer heard when the tribe struck the war path. And he sat in his lodge and made new medicine.

Then came Coyote to the brooding chief with words of evil. For of all animals Coyote is the favorite of the Evil One. Into the willing ears of the chief he cunningly whispered many words, till Silent Lightning forgot that his mother had also bore Golden Cloud.

But his magic still proved vain, for the spirits of whispers were too strong. Then one night, while the thunder spirits held carnival in the hills, and the fire gods threatened the trembling Pah-Utes, Coyote came to the chief.

"Give me this valley, and I will rid the maiden of Golden Cloud," he said after many whispers of evil.

"But the valley is the tribe's, 'tis not mine to give," the chief made answer.

"Great is thy wisdom, oh Silent Lightning, and many secrets are known to thee," replied the crafty one. "Lay but the fear of the place upon the souls of the people and the valley is mine."

And Silent Lightning, bowing his head, promised.

Twilight had girdled the world in its rosy net and the veil of the Night unclosed from the hills. The river murmured of rest and the winds sighed the soft refrains of the shadows. Then came Golden Cloud to seek his love. His heart sang in chorus with the water and the winds, and the whisper spirits played at his feet.

Then Coyote appeared and taking the form of Sun-on-the-Water, fled lightly before him. Golden Cloud with outstretched arms followed. Into the deeper shadows the cunning animal led the singer. And then—while Golden Cloud's arms were closing around the one he supposed was his love—Coyote recovered his own hateful form and springing at the singer's throat bore him to the ground.

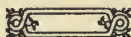
Sun-on-the-Water, seeking for her lover, heard his groans and came upon the scene as Coyote fled. But in vain did she strive to hold the life that was fast fleeing. And as he breathed his life out on her lips, he told of the promise of Silent Lightning to the Coyote. For the spirits of whispers had heard, but too late.

With her dead love in her arms, Sun-on-the-Water gazed across the valley—and her eyes were veiled by tears.

"Cursed Coyote," and the words swept like a silver torrent from her trembling lips of red, "may the Great Spirit hear and take vengeance for the blood of Golden Cloud. May the river cease to run and the verdure dry like a burned blanket. May the winds change to destroyers and the mantled hills to naked crags. And may death, ruin and horror hold sway. And may the Valley of content, and happiness and life be a land of Burning Silence and desolation. Thus may the Great Spirit reward thee for thy crimes."

And the Great Spirit heard and answered. The waters fled into the earth and the spirits of the field and flora hid their heads. And where had been the valley of beauty and delight now stretched a horrible waste of deadly sands and blistering winds.

And so it has been. The winds roar and beckon and the mirage invites to the castle of the Burning Death. And when the moon sheaths the desert in its silver folds Coyote appears and roams the wastes in sadness. And his cry sounds high in the night for the valley he has lost.



Charley and Shorty.

BEING REMINISCENCES IN THE CAREER OF A MAN AND A BUCKSKIN BRONC

By G. Thornton Doelle

No one who visits the White Mountain country, close to the California-Nevada line, with its fascinating wildernesses, ever quite forgets its charms. Yosemite or the mysterious realms of Mount Whitney alone can vie with its beautiful, everchanging pageants. The very wilderness of its bewitching silences inspire your soul with an inspiration from which you never become immune. Surrounding the snow-capped peak on all sides are numberless grassy valleys, which, during eight months out of the year, are kept in fertility by a continuous flow of crystal-tinted rivulets. Many of these are unapproachable so carefully hidden are their courses. During its eight months of peaceful days and solemn nights the White Mountain district presents a spectacle as near a Paradise as God ever constructed on Earth. The remaining four months, in which the valleys are first bitten by frost and then turned suddenly into endless sheets of soft white, are indeed hard to appreciate. For then these snowy realms become intensely cold and blinding snow-drifts rush madly in a game of tag around the summit and down into the foothills. 'Tis only the strong of heart and body that remain at White Mountain through the winter. Those that do remain, however, find additional inspiration amongst the great white gardens.

Away up and far back amidst the enchantments of which simple Paradise, imagine as the birthplace of a wild horse, a buckskin mustang, full-blooded.

His mother belonged to the first White Mountain herds to be trailed and diminished by man. She was a beautiful animal, wearing a coat of deep sorrel with a tiny patch of white on her forehead. Her weight was close to nine hundred.

His father was a pioneer of the Round Valley herds, which blazed the first narrow hoof trails over those perennial silences, many of which, even today, are rarely investigated by man. He was one among the three pure-blooded buckskin mustangs in the herd, glassy eyed, full of fire, notable for unusual acuteness and capable of great undertakings. From his early days he had shown a wonderful mastery over prevailing circumstances and thus the herd had quickly come to follow him as a leader.

It was from the father, then, that Shorty—Fate later decreed him the name—inherited his powers of leadership. He was a true "son of his father."

Not long after the little buckskin was born the father drifted back to the old stamping grounds on the other side of the range. Shorty at once began to develop characteristics of his own and a personal sense of command.

The first two years of his young life were a continual succession of misfortunes and misgivings. Only two of these misfortunes, however, served to mar his life and being.

It was one day in the fall of his second year, while Shorty was

following the herd on its daily jaunts through one of the mysterious neighboring canyons, that his mother was neatly trapped from in front of his very eyes and started for the foothills below. Shorty, himself, twice cheated the same lariat that had fallen over his mother's ears, by but a hair's breadth. For Charley McGuire was no bungler with a rope. It was just through the little buckskin's wilderness luck that he had missed the coil or else he might have been imported to Independence that very fall, close beside his mother. The event brought upon Shorty his first misgivings of a human foe, his first distrust, which he never quite forgot. Furthermore it served to mould his young senses into old knowledge and his muscles into more responsive activity. From that day on he was ever on the alert for the loathsome enemy and at a distant approach would start the herd on a mild rampage up the canyons, often to safety.

It was an unusually hard winter and the herd sought the lower meadow country early. But even in the lowlands it had become intensely cold and many of the younger and less hardy of the herd succumbed to the pangs of ravaging blizzards. It was during this time that Shorty's ears were frozen off to within an inch of his head. This is why, on his capture the following year, Charley McGuire, his captor, dubbed him Shorty.

Shorty "found civilization" in about the same manner as his mother had the year before, only he didn't take to it with quite so unromantic a gentleness.

It was a beautiful Spring morning. The golden sun was just entering the peaceful valley when Charley entered into the charms of White Mountain. With him rode Gill, Hunter and Dutch Fritz, all famous (or infamous) characters of Independence, up in Inyo County. They had camped just below the snow-line all night and had rested well. Having passed above the lower hill country, they were riding along the high trails. No one had spoken a word, for silence is golden, especially when following a herd of wild brones. Suddenly Charley's keen vision shifted to a canyon in the lowlands ahead of them and to the left of their course.

While this particular canyon was almost devoid of standing timber, it was abundant in grassy patches, watered by a number of natural little irrigating ditches. It was an ideal spot for a feeding grounds and not hard country to descend upon.

Charley was the first to break the long silence in remarking that the herd was the largest one he had seen in years. Gill merely shifted his "cig" in affirmation and Hunter and Dutch whispered "yep." It was no hour for commendation. Charley took in the situation at a glance and planned the order of attack. The herd was still unaware of their approach.

Once a wild horse trap is set it must be sprung as soon as possible. Therefore Charley wasted no words in giving his orders. "Here you, Dutch, you and Gill take the upper trail and swing in from behind so's to start them down. Hunter, you cut 'cross canyon back by that scrub oak and watch the other side. I'll tend to this end myself. Let all strays slip unless they're extra good stock. Follow the herd close and round up all pot-shot bunches. Fours are small enough. Let anything smaller go and don't split the herd unless you have to. All ready—be careful now on the start. They'll see us soon enough."

In an instant the men had spread like a dragnet and in less than thirty minutes from the time of the orders the unsuspecting

herd was enclosed in a human trap. Dutch and Gill had done their work well and capture for a score at least, seemed inevitable.

Shorty, of course had been the first to sense the approaching danger. Dutch and Gill had been moving cautiously, reining their animals to short, uncertain advances, when suddenly the little buckskin sensed danger and his stubby ears went straight towards the Heavens. One defiant snort of warning and the whole herd was bolting down the canyon side, Shorty in the lead with Dutch and Gill following close behind. Half way down the canyon Hunter cut in from his station and a moment later the trio was re-inforced by Charley. Not until the mouth of the draw was reached did anything serious happen. At this juncture a split occurred in the drive. Shorty suddenly cut out of the run through one of the trap's open jaws and headed north on the flat with fifteen head. A graceful pinto took just the opposite course with the balance of the herd. Indefinite directions now flew thick and fast. Few were understood and fewer still were heeded for the roar of a half-thousand flying hoofs striking with accurate precision on the hard bare rocks was sufficient to deaden the report of a Spanish mauser. In reality, the run resembled a stampede more than anything only it was far more intense, even though it were the less terrifying. Charley and Dutch both lost their favorite sombreros in the mad rush and Hunter lost his "Durham." Ordinarily they would have stopped but not at this time.

Charley and Gill were following Shorty to the north, for the little mustang with "his hear-tanks minus" had been Charley's center of attraction from first sight. Dutch and Hunter were making a strenuous attempt to follow the pinto, incidentally rounding up a few of the most likely stragglers. It was a short battle but a royal one and when the bars of the corral were finally closed upon the captured herd, thirty-two head were counted. And you may well believe they were the cream of that season's catch at White Mountain. The McGuire outfit contained no half-way men.

Shorty was the central figure of the herd, more so, in that he stood apart, cool and defiant. His neck and shoulders were bleeding badly from contact with boulders and flying rocks in his mad rush for liberty. He must have realized that the time had come when surrender was inevitable. Aside from Shorty the herd was not in the least aggressive. Where Shorty was defiant, the others were fearful and stood huddled close together.

Charley soon came to understand that the defiant little buckskin with the frozen "hear-tanks" was the leader of the herd. It had always been the custom of the McGuire outfit to tame a leader to start with. Shorty must then be the first to feel the touch of leather and the guidance of human hands. During a hurried repast the situation was thoroughly discussed and it was finally decided that, Charley, being chief of the outfit should be given the honor of taming the monarch.

Now Charley, mind you, had felt the touch of saddle leather beneath his chaps ever since he was eight years old, when first his father had taken him on prospecting trips into the Valley of Death, fifteen years before. His prowess as a rider came second only to Hunter's, who, at that time was the recognized champion of Owen's Valley, having twice won the title in tournaments at Bishop, in free-for-alls.

But when Charley came to "sizing up the meat," he felt just the bit of a tiny shiver running along the course of his backbone.

For those glassy pink eyes were not to be jested with. But he was game—game to the core, and an hour later when his time came to “fan the fat,” he entered into the preliminary preparations with a precision worthy of Dick Stanley on that eventful day when he tamed the famous outlaw, Steamboat. For the moment the corral bars were let down until five attempts had been engaged in to capture the fiery little mustang—the last attempt proved Shorty’s undoing—Charley showed a master hand in outwitting horseflesh. The four throws he missed would ordinarily have landed “safe” on any hide less than Shorty’s.

The little mustang was first thrown flat on his side, a necessary procedure, at the end of which exhibition excitement on all sides had become fully rife. Charley worked rapidly. Dutch’s favorite range saddle was dropped, unceremoniously, on the defiant one’s back and cinched tight. Charley slid carefully into the saddle, his left foot in the stirrup, his right ready for the rise. At a word the lariat was loosened. Shorty was in the air like a flash as though he had fairly been shot from a gun, his mane lying close to his glossy neck. When he landed on terra firma again, his all-fours came to a very decided center, his body forming the third line to a most regular triangle. Charley made a graceful fall and came back with his mouth and cheeks well transformed in the aspect of a kindergarten slate. But he was none the less aggressive on his second attempt, which proved, if anything, more unsuccessful than the first. Charley was strong for a three-trial series and in this particular case “last was the best of all the game” for Charley won. It was a short and wonderful exhibition. Bev, himself, swore it was well worth twenty of any tenderfoot’s money.

Neither Charley nor Shorty, however, could have much enjoyed the contest, for when, at the finish, the little demon of the herds acknowledged defeat, the blood trickling down from his shoulders dyed the blue Army flannel to a deep vermilion and he shook like an autumn leaf.

Charley, too, was well shaken and his countenance was one uneven dirty gray mass. A tiny stream of red running from his nostrils to his deep-tanned neck, showed more plainly than words that the exertion of the battle had not been to Shorty’s discomfiture alone. Yet a smile as broad as an axe lit his grimy features. For it was indeed satisfying to conquer a monarch of White Mountain. Also he knew that in Shorty’s surrender he had won a friend to the end.

For nearly six months following Shorty’s capture, he and Charley were inseparable companions. Together, all day long they followed the cattle or pleasure trails for Charley was a great hunter as well as a great fighter. The stories of Shorty’s deeds and conquests during these six months would overflow an extensive volume, and as the days sped by the love between man and beast became stronger and stronger.

It was on the day following the night of July 4th, the same year, that there came to both man and horse an unfitting climax to a short, eventful career.

Charley, in the eyes of men, had only one great fault and this was his persistent craving for drink. For when he became drunk he likewise became unbearable. And it was always whiskey, the red-eye variety, that has more than once changed a “man with the bark on” to a raving maniac.

This night Charley fell to the ravaging thirst like a madman to mirages and there seemed no end to the craving.

The greater part of the day he had spent in Keeler, on the border of Soda Lake and Keeler in those days was no town for mummies. Neither is it today. Charley drank heavily and later took a turn at the roulette, a venture ordinarily foreign to his nature. Towards midnight the burning thirst had gained complete control over him and he did not attempt to extinguish it. He ordered drinks as fast as he could down them. He became boisterous and challenging. His eyes became blood-shot and his mien defiant. The men standing about him suddenly came to fear him. It is human nature to fear the things that have no fear. Suddenly in a fit of stupor, Charley lounged heavily against the end of the bar and as he did so his sombrero fell to the floor. He made no effort to replace it and no one offered to recover it for him. The glint of blued steel that shown at his hip had long since come to be respected.

Meanwhile Shorty was waiting stolidly outside the door, snubbed to the watering trough. He could not understand his master's long absence and more than once shook his head in impatience.

It was midnight when Charley offered his first big challenge across the bar, defying any man in Keeler or Inyo county in general to show an abler animal than the little buckskin out by the watering trough. It was some time before the challenge was taken up for Shorty's reputation was no less than his master's. Finally, Dick Adams, a burly sort of ruffian from up Big Pine way, called the bet, two hundred dollars in gold, even money, that the idolized and defective little buckskin couldn't start 2,800 pounds on level ground and walk away with it. Instantly a hush fell upon the mottled mob. The idea seemed incredible for Shorty weighed little more than nine hundred himself. Stakes were placed into the custody of Humpy O'Neil, at that time one of the most aggressive gamblers in the county. The test was to take place the following day at Lone Pine Ranch. The understanding was mutual. The argument was closed and given no further thought. Drinking began again and it was not long ere Charley lost his senses from the stuff.

Of a sudden the door opened and Bert Buchannon, the son of the sheriff came sauntering in for his habitual glass of red-eye.

Charley had never been a particular friend of the sheriff's and his hatred for Bert was total. Charley had a good memory. He had never forgotten the night he had played at poker with Bert and caught him cheating. Men had wondered at the time, then several years past, how Bert had ever dared the trick and lived to laugh over it. But Charley had been sober on that night and had strained himself to hold his peace. For well he had realized what the outcome of such a turn as killing the sheriff's son must mean.

Tonight, however, all presence of mind had left him. He was a man apart from his better self and restraint under the circumstances was impossible. The first glance at his old enemy showed plainer than words that there was going to be trouble and the more cautious of the mob sidled off to one side of the room to await the moment that was bound to come. They didn't have to wait long, for no sooner had Bert closed the door behind him than Charley began to rain upon his head the most insulting accusations possible. He ended in one great fit of rage, remarking, "And by the way you cradle-rocking darling of the sheep herds, I've got a 'six' here that's won a reputation in a week that your's couldn't win in ten moons even with your dad's help."

Now Bert, while being a far less free-and-easy sort than his father, was no coward at heart and this last insult cut him to the marrow. Deliberately, he sidled up to the bar opposite his enemy and in a voice as soft and clear as a woman's answered "I'll call you my friend, and—". But before he had finished the sentence or could show a glint of steel, a whirring message of Death cut a clean path through the thick gray tobacco smoke, lodging close to the heart, and Bert pitched forward on the bar, then slid quietly to the floor beside the roulette wheel in the corner. In an instant the room was in a mad confusion. The tumult was deafening. Charley took advantage of the moment and bolted for the door. The shot had sobered him in an instant, yet he still staggered from weakness. Opening the door he disappeared in the direction of the watering trough where the little horse was just finishing a midnight repast.

"Come old hoss, it's us for the border 'cause I've killed the thieving skunk at last. Whatever you do old boy, don't fail me this time. Seventy miles of sand between us and safety but if you turn the trick it's good for a new bridle when we get on the other side."

As he spoke, his numb fingers were tugging at the halter rope as under a spell. Finally it was unloosened and grabbing a well filled water bag from the hitching post, Charley swung gingerly into the saddle. Glancing over his shoulder he saw the sheriff draw rein in front of the saloon and dismount. He did not wait to see him enter, but put spurs deep into Shorty's side. Two minutes later he was dodging "bounty bullets" over the Valley of Death—well named. And it was not hard to follow him for the moon was in all its glory and the stars seemed more numerous than ever. Another quick glance behind and it was evident that a few of the sheriff's drunken friends were lending their efforts to the chase. Charley could distinctly count seven following him. But luckily he had gained a half-mile start.

Shorty had been standing under saddle all day and though he put to shame the flight of the wind, Charley could feel that a part of the usual nimbleness was lacking. As he urged the little horse on, great beads of sweat came out on his forehead. He realized that he was fleeing from a Death, quick and certain, should he be overtaken. While he had no fear of Death the mere thought of being taken tantalized him. He made up his mind that if the hands of the Great Unknown did enclose upon him they would have to drag him from the saddle and not without a fight.

How many miles could they do by sun-up? Could Shorty stand the strain? Once across the sand and all would be well.

Gray morning came and the pursuers fell farther and farther behind. And well it were so, for Shorty was growing weary and sore. Only the wild in him had kept him going thus far. Perhaps he would make it easily, Charley thought.

When the sun surged well above the brows of the Panamints, Charley and Shorty rode the Death trail alone. Their pursuers had either dropped far behind or given up the chase altogether. Nothing lay behind them now but a rise of dust; nothing before them but the open desert.

Charley suddenly drew up to a dead halt. The twenty mile stretch that he knew lay ahead of them he loathed the most. The temperature had long since reached the baking point. Yet they paused just long enough to drain half the water supply between them and moved on again.

At the end of the next four miles the test began to tell on Charley.

He felt himself sitting the saddle lazily and his thoughts drifted to subjects entirely foreign to his present surroundings. Also he felt the animal beneath him swaying in a struggle to keep his feet. His lips had baked dry and he labored again for the water bag at the side of the saddle, drawing rein at the same time. In doing so he nearly fell to the ground from exhaustion. Tearing the bag open he held the cool water close to Shorty's nose. But Shorty would not drink but lowering his head drew away. Charley well understood why and putting the bag to his own lips drained it to the last drop. Then burying the little buckskin's nose in the cool canvas for a minute he threw the sack away. The sound of it falling to the earth sent a chill up his back. Dizzily he grappled for the saddle horn and after two fatal attempts slid awkwardly astride.

The sun had long since burned his hands and face to deepest tan and the air seemed dry as powder. During his temporary revival from the refreshing draught he came to a realization of the predicament he and the horse were in. And the realization maddened him. But he would not give up. No, he would keep on and on until he reached the—. Suddenly the thought entered his fevered brain that they were not going to reach the border after all. At the thought his features grew stern with agony. He had just enough sense left to realize that the sheriff after all was going to get him, was going to beat him at his own game. This is what maddened him and not the mere thought of Crossing the Divide. In a fit of hysteria he leaned forward in the saddle to stroke Shorty lightly on the neck, then laughed aloud. There was no echo and Shorty did not lift his head to acknowledge the caress.

Shorty's hoof beats came farther and farther apart and at length he stopped utterly. It was the moment of reckoning. He had come to the end of the trail—his trail. In a great effort, he started the load again, advanced scarcely a yard and stopped for the last time. All the wild red blood in his veins seemed to turn suddenly into water, and sinking slowly to earth, his head tucked between his forelegs, he lay quite still.

His master did not understand. In his crazed mind he imagined himself falling a great distance and he could not seem to catch himself. He rolled from the saddle like a log then reached out to grapple with the burning sands that lay before him everywhere. Unconsciously he groped for that something that wasn't there. By the will of his soul he at length came back to the side of his faithful horse and made a faint effort to stroke the animal's dry mane, then fell face forward to Shorty's neck. He did not try to move again.

And 'twas thus they crossed the border, Charley, a man, and Shorty, a buckskin mustang with cropped ears.

* * *

The moonlight came and two dark living objects skulked down from the upper shadows to bay at it then sneaked with soft feet across the open to the side of two other dark objects that did not live.

* * *

Two days later the sheriff and his posse buried what remained of the man and his horse, sixty-seven miles out on the Valley of Death. The few of you who have dared to brave the lures of this fascinating parlor of mysteries have no doubt at some time or other passed a strange looking drift of sand you imagined was a dune. But had you cared to linger long on the spot you would have come to understand why it was that this particular dune never changed.

A Hazard Through the Sea.

By Arthur J. Messier

Her eyes sought his for confirmation of what he had spoken. She hesitated; then, in an effort to speak, she burst into tears.

For some reason, unaccountable to her, she had felt that Riford's attentions were more or less of the flirtatious calibre, but this proposal caused the realization that, after all, she *was* loved.

Riford drew her yielding form into his arms as she folded her hands over his bosom, and then he brought her closer to him.

"My answer," he persisted.

"It could not be otherwise, I've loved you so long—I can't remember just when I commenced. Riford, we *will* be happy," she murmured in scarcely audible tones as she cleaved to him.

Tenderly he kissed her.

For some minutes she stood near him; for they were both engrossed in thoughts of their future happiness. Suddenly she gripped his arm in a frightened manner and pointed to a form across the street, slinking near acacias.

"What is it?" he asked as he noted her alarm.

"That Javanese," said she, pointing across the street. "He's been standing there for hours. This very afternoon he followed me about the stores and persisted in his annoyance until I reached home. He's peculiar—he . . . , he frightens me."

"Don't you fear," Riford said reassuringly. "I'll follow him and send the police to his lair. I'll see he doesn't annoy you again—"

"There he goes!" she interrupted.

"Good night, dearest," said he as he kissed her and was gone.

From a safe distance Riford followed the Javanese until they reached the water front. After a short walk along the docks, the Javanese clambered over the gangboard of a junk, and walked along the deck to what seemed the captain's cabin. Here he stopped, placed his left ear flat against the pane in a listening attitude and tapped lightly with the fingertips of his right hand. As if receiving a reply from within, he smiled, then advanced toward the door which slid open as he approached.

Riford meditated over the strange way of entering a vessel and was on the point of following when a policeman told him to "move on!"

His belief was firm in that this Javanese was merely the tool of an unknown culprit; moreover, he felt the meddler was not a part of the junk that had swallowed him so mysteriously, so he turned to a restaurant close by, where a cup of coffee would serve as an excuse to wait until his man appeared.

As he entered, he noted the queer appearance of the place, particularly that of the trio which occupied the only table "reserved for ladies," as the placard on the wall of the restaurant indicated. Having taken a seat at the lunch-counter, his gaze wandered to the floor, covered with sawdust, conspicuously littered with bits of cigars and partly burnt matches, all of which bespoke the character of the patrons.

The trio, consisting of a Russian, a Chinese and a darkskinned

man of doubtful origin, all of whom had looked up suspiciously as Riford entered, apparently eased from their first fears, reengaged in earnest conversation. Through the corner of their eyes they watched Riford with critical intent, as if regarding the subject of a barter—a plot-germ formulating in their brains.

Directly Riford moved to leave, the Russian, apparently the leader, rose and walked to the waiter, who served as cook as well. The two at the table suddenly became riotous and seemed on the verge of blows, and Riford, entranced by their strange behavior and queer jibberish, sank into his seat, watching what seemed the beginning of a fistic contest. He had noted the redoubled brawl as he turned to pay his bill and that the trouble seemed to quell as soon as his gaze returned to them. Thus his interest became twofold, and, for a time longer, he lingered, keeping watch over the junk, visible through the partly-opened swing doors.

The cool wind from the bay chilled him and he called for another cup of coffee, that he might have excuse to loiter. As he gave the order, he noted the quieting effect the Russian's return had on the others, and he smiled as the uncouth power of the bully was revealed to him.

Grinning affably, the waiter placed the concoction before Riford who drained the cup at a gulp. The contents of the cup consumed, Riford's hand stood poised in mid air holding the empty cup; for the trio had risen and were watching with strained excitement. Riford seemed unable to move his hand; his feet refused to bear his weight; locomotion was impossible. His eyelids were heavy; he became drowsy; he had even lost power of speech. The table before him turned in a spiral eddy, as a cyclone tearing closer and closer, the three grinning ruffians standing near it ready to pounce upon him. He heard them laugh uproariously; he noted the ring of victory in their unrestrained joy, then it seemed a kaleidoscopic array of colors flaunted before his eyes and he closed them to shut the vision—he remembered no more.

* * *

For what seemed an age to Riford he was chained to immovable boxes in the hold. He did not remember how many days out they were, nor did he know where he was. Thoughts of Alice occupied his mind most of the time and it seemed that despair itself would soon rob him even of thoughts of her. Again, his meditations reverted to Alice, to the happiness that had seemed in store for them, and he wondered if she knew he had been shanghaied, or whether she had become obsessed with thoughts of desertion. As the promised bliss recurred to his mind, he gave a vicious jerk at the manacles, but it elicited only the mocking laugh of a Chinaman who sat in the dark beyond a pile of ropes and boxes.

"Hounds!" cried Riford, as he made another effort to free himself.

"No kill self," said the deriding Chinaman. "Bimeby you like all clew. Nice peoples. Makem money. Melican heap buy coral; sellem fine. You sabe business, make plenty money; livem land alletime."

"Stop your chattering, you idiot!" he blurted out. "I know I'm shanghaied. I know you're waiting until you get into what you call 'your grounds' before you turn me to work; but mark my word, you devils! I'll throw every one of you into the sea!"

"Heap temper—make me laugh. Meet allesame before," said

the Chinaman with a sneer, as he scampered up the dingy hatchway. "Melican, heap fine work," he added as he reached the deck.

The sea had become calm. The lurch of the ship had stopped; the vessel seemed to be gliding over a sea of glass. Riford's thoughts were again of Alice. He wondered if she would wait for him—if she would understand. He reasoned over his plight and resolved that he had best do as bidden; then, he would at least be allowed to see the horizon. Some day, perhaps, over this same horizon there would appear a fleck; this fleck would develop into a cloud of smoke that would soon show a funnel; then his gaze would probably rest on a steamer which would grow larger and larger as the minutes glided. Then, rapidly, the ship would be close enough to heed his signal, and he would jump into the sea and swim to the oncoming vessel which would pursue and capture the malefactors.

He heard the abrupt commands of the Russian, the incessant patter of bare feet on the deck above. He heard the jib-boom come down with a shock, then more unintelligible commands. It seemed as though the pattering were incessant. Quickly a sharp command of the hellish-voiced Russian and all was quiet.

The present calm of the sea, the quick commands, the clapping of bare feet, the present stillness, all, were now clear in his mind, and Riford understood there was an impending storm and that this quiet was that which he had heard about—"The quiet before the storm." Would the craft weather the tempest or be destroyed, he thought. Would he be given a chance to liberate himself, or would the scoundrels flee leaving him tied to the immovable cargo in their rush to save their miserable lives, or would the sea engulf *all* in its claim for toll? The distant din of increasing wind was now perceptible; he could hear the impendent fury. Without further warning, something seemed to pick the junk from the sea and carry it off, then it stopped an instant and was thrown back against the billows. He felt the vessel rise and sink with the turbulence that raged without. The ship tossed to one side, then to another. It shifted forward and backward and assumed a rolling motion that sickened Riford. The wind increased in its velocity and the junk lurched in its mad drift. It sank and rose from billow to billow, then pitched, then it scarcely pitched, it rolled.

The Chinaman came running down the hatchway and approaching Riford, loosed the manacles and pressed a cylindrical object to Riford's side. "You tly funnywork, me kill him, sabee?" whispered the Chinaman as he led Riford to the hatchway.

Riford understood he was needed to fight the sea as a common enemy and saw the futility of refusing to help, and he was glad to escape from the dangers of a shifting cargo, so he promised to help weather the tempest.

Directly he gained the deck, the squall seemed to double its fury, and the Russian, who was clinging to the wheel, Riford saw tossed into the sea, wheel and all, and washed away as so much cork. Although the man was repulsive to him, Riford tried, and saw the folly of his effort, to save him, for the life preserver failed to reach the Russian who had disappeared by a cable's length.

Riford was ignorant of their whereabouts and could scarcely see a ship's length from them. Their danger seemed hopeless; shipwreck inevitable. A fury of wind, more fierce than its predecessors, shook the ship first, then tore down the mast as so much pulp. As it came down, the bow of the vessel was half hidden in an oncoming sea and the tip of the mast struck the wave and was carried

to one side. Riford saw the Chinaman dart forward, over the mast, and the next instant he felt himself brushed off by the force of the mighty waves against the mast and both were lost in the turmoil. He glanced back, from the top of a swell, and saw the schooner receding rapidly.

Free from his captors, but within the power of the sea, he wondered in which there was the most security. The beating rain and the splashing billows made breathing difficult; the wind suffocated him and he seemed about to give up, but he toiled on and swam desperately; for, at least, while he swam there was life. Then, too, was there not Alice?

With almost the same suddenness the squall had come, it ceased, and only what now seemed a faint ripple agitated the sea. All became comparatively quiet and Riford saw he was surrounded by wreckage and the junk was nowhere to be seen.

The clouds dispersed as the day wore on; appeared the funnel of a steamer smoking against the horizon, and Riford gazed hungrily at the approaching vessel that meant succor. As he looked on, treading water, he became aware of a circle around him made by the dorsal fin of sharks. The circle grew smaller and smaller and he became the center of it. Could it be that he was their prey? No! A steamer was approaching, it meant deliverance; he would not let a shark make way with him, and, though his spine chilled and he was almost exhausted, the fear of the new danger impelled him with renewed life and he swam vigorously. Suddenly there was a commotion, more fins rent the water, as in contest, then with a prolonged receding rip through the water, the school was gone.

The episode had been of short duration, yet the steamer was so close Riford could distinguish men on board. He signaled, but elicited no response and he waited; for the steamer bore directly toward him and although his signals were not heeded, emancipation seemed imminent.

As the steamer neared he gained a better view of the men on board—all were black. Among them was a woman, a white woman; she was struggling. She freed herself and made for the rail, but was caught and borne to the cabin. Her captor was the Javanese Riford had followed in port. The woman, he did not know, although her features corresponded closely with those of Alice.

The steamer veered its course and turned from Riford. Fears for this woman, whom reverberating thoughts linked with his own Alice, intermingled with his own peril, made him sick, powerless, limp and the prey of the merciless sea. The steamer had come and gone; with it had come flickering hope, but as it receded, hope flew with it and, automatically, he paddled insipidly.

Something rough touched his feet; he recoiled. He made a faint struggle for he felt the death circle had returned and that this time it meant his extermination. Again the rough at his feet. He turned quickly and smiled. All fear left him; for what he had touched was sand and the beach lay behind him. Already he was crossing the line of breakers; with their rise and fall life increased within him, but when he reached the beach he was exhausted. By a superhuman effort he dragged himself above the water-line, then he fell, face downward, into the sand, apparently lifeless.

* * *

Shimmered the heat from the sun's rays on the tropic sands as the sea wind gently wafted the palms, now straight against the

azure sky, then bent by the wind in successive oscillations that greeted Riford as he awoke.

He rose to his feet quickly; for he heard the measured beat of tomtoms, and, when the wind ceased momentarily, he caught the sound of singing voices. He looked about cautiously, and advanced in the direction of the wind, wondering what manner of people the inhabitants of this island were.

As he advanced, the singing and beating grew louder, and, in a clearing a hundred yards before him, dancing to the rythm of their weird instruments, he could now see a dozen half-naked natives. In their midst, he saw a throne-like elevation covered with fresh palm-fronds and wild flowers on which laid a form apparently unconscious. He looked on from his point of vantage, wondering at the queer music of the blacks and the meaning of their chant.

One of them, blacker, more powerful, and wearing a larger string of coral than the others, detached himself from the circle and collected multicolored garlands of flowers from each of the dancers and placed them on the crouching form on the elevation.

The weirdness of the music; the queer dancing and the smiling countenance of the people held him spellbound, and, for a time, in amazement, he forgot his possible danger.

The music ceased; the dance stopped; the natives looked at one another in silent approval of the festivities, then a piercing cry rent the air. With sudden alarm all looked around—Riford had been discovered.

Grinning, the rabble formed a circle around him and resumed their chant. It was Riford's first intention to bolt, but run where? He knew that he was on an island in the South Pacific, but which one? Perhaps the smallest, one that contained but a few natives, and, for the most, they seemed kindly disposed and he awaited developments.

The chief, attired in elaborate coral decorations, wearing bracelets and anklets varying in shade from pale pink to deep salmon, came to Riford and addressed him in unintelligible jibberish. He smiled as he noted Riford's discomfort, made motions and talked again, but again failure. So he led Riford to the altar and placed him beside the crouching figure, and the dancing and chanting and beating of tomtoms commenced again. For some moments he watched them, then he became attracted by a hand at his feet. It was a white hand—a woman's hand. He looked about suspiciously, first at the hand, then at the people assembled around him, and again at the hand; then he spoke for the first time.

At the sound of his voice the form at his feet started, begged for mercy and wailed piteously.

"I will not hurt you madam," he assured the frightened woman.

His voice had seemed peculiarly familiar and she looked up quickly.

"It's you! You! Riford!" she cried as she rose and reeled into his arms.

The tomtoms beat louder, the chanting and dancing accelerated and the natives circled around Alice and Riford, throwing flowers at their feet. Riford, holding Alice closely into his arms, made an effort to speak, but the sound of his voice was drowned in the din of festivities as two huge coral crowns were placed on the heads of the new rulers of Laubula.

THINGS TO EAT

July, 1911

Conducted by J. R. Newberry

Problem of Living Cost.

STANDARDIZATION AND WHAT IT MEANS TO THE CONSUMER AS WELL
AS TO THE PRODUCER.

By J. R. Newberry

In construction, standardization means the taking up of a lost motion. It means the elimination of waste in material by having everything done by machinery, where machinery can do the work of ten men in building. Standardizing in banking has practically eliminated the all-purpose man from the banks. Standardization with the individual is a concentration of one's ability, mental and physical, on one thing, and doing that one thing and an immense amount of that one thing. In the counting rooms of a business house one employee knows little or nothing of the work of his next neighbor—each employee has his own hands full doing one thing and doing it well. The great department stores have shown marvelous efficiency in standardizing their affairs.

An attempt to standardize the food lines for the benefit of the producer and the consumer, has not been made in a general way. The policy of the jobbers and the brokers has been in another direction. The retail grocery business of the United States is a hard proposition where standardization is considered. Here we have a business in which men of every vocation of life have entered, from the cobbler to the graduate

of Yale or Harvard. The nation now has over 350,000 retail grocers. We have in Los Angeles over 1200 grocers. There is a grocery store to about every 250 to 300 people in it.

Is it any wonder that only THREE per cent of these are really making any money, and that only about twenty per cent of them make a bare living, and that seventy-seven per cent of them will ultimately make failures? Is it any wonder that this seventy seven per cent will either leave the business in disgust, after losing part of their money, or that the others will lose all and sell out to the best advantage they can, or else go through bankruptcy? Practically twenty five per cent of the men now in the grocery business in Los Angeles today will not be in the business in a year from today.

All of this is founded on history, and in making these statements I am laying the foundation for the reason why I believe that the prices of food products should be standardized.

The manufacturer and the producer must have a reasonable compensation for their labor. Then come the

transportation companies and the brokers and the jobbers and the retailers all looking for a share.

Right here we must necessarily tread upon the toes of some of the expenses that are today forced upon the producer and the consumer, in order that we may come before the public right.

Do you realize that publicity costs Southern California every year the enormous sum of over \$15,000,000? This is an enormous expense upon the producer and the consumer. We middlemen do not stand any of that expense whatever. We simply add it to the cost of the goods and make our profit upon it.

Just the same with the brokerage. Imagine a city of 360,000 people having seventy five different brokerage concerns and these practically all in the food line; they selling the goods to and for the so-called jobber. The broker's expense the consumer must pay. These brokerage schemes are an invention of the jobber to make his work easier. He can get a profit without expense. The jobbers shirk their responsibility, encourage manufacturers to go to enormous expense, which is added to the goods, and the jobber's 10 or 15 per cent may be not only upon the freight but upon the brokerage and the publicity amounts as well.

The average consumer does not realize that it costs on an average over 70 per cent of middlemen's profit to get goods from the producer to the consumer. The middlemen's profit includes transportation, which is about 10 per cent,

Our idea in standardizing food products would be to bring the whole proposition (excluding the transportation charge) to the cost of the goods laid down in Los Angeles so as to give you the prices at which goods should be sold, allowing 20 per cent from the jobber's cost, first-hand, into the consumer's possession. This, I say, must be an average of 20 per cent. You must understand that there are certain trust-made articles, such as sugar, flour, packing house products and coal oil that are called staples. Designing middle men use these staples in order to further their ideas of competition, and therefore it is impossible for you to buy all your

goods at a uniform, standardized percentage above cost, because competition, so-called, has annihilated the consciences and decency of men until they use these staple products and trust-made goods, and sell them to the consumer at practically jobber's cost—that is, never allowing themselves the cost of distribution on cost-known articles. This is done in order to impress the public that they are the leaders, and own their goods for less money than the ordinary channels of trade will admit. Therefore, it will be necessary to put these trust-made goods on a 10 per cent basis.

Another class of goods will bear an average of 20 per cent; then lines of goods must be selected whose values are not known by the public, for a higher percentage of profit, such as teas, coffees, spices, canned goods, bakery goods and hundreds of articles.

You must understand that 40 per cent of a consumer's entire purchase are in trust-made lines—sugar, flour, packing house products and coal oil, which are on the 10 per cent basis. Therefore there must be another 40 per cent of purchases that must bear a profit of 30 per cent or better in order to equalize that which is lost on these great sellers. So you can see that at present an equal standardized percentage would be impossible and yet satisfy the present consumer's idea of how he should buy goods.

Just an instance. The producer of beets in this country gets \$5 per ton for 5 per cent sugar-bearing beets. Allowing the sugar trust a reasonable compensation, for the manufacturing and interest upon their investment, this sugar cannot cost more than \$2.70 per hundred weight, at the factory ready to deliver to the wholesale trade. The trust is getting \$4.70 per hundred weight for this product showing that the trust is making \$2.00 per hundred weight or nearly doubling its money. This sugar gets to the jobber who makes a bare pittance of 10 or 15 cents per hundred weight on an average, and the retailer sells it at 5 cents a pound. But you consumers are not benefited at all when you buy one article for 10 or 15 per cent less than it costs the dealer to handle them.

If you could live solely upon sugar and coal oil and flour you would be all

right, but you have to have 60 per cent of other goods to mix with this, and there is where the middleman tries to get even.

Therefore in the standardizing of prices you ought to become thoroughly conversant with the fact that the duty of \$1.68 a hundred weight upon refined sugar into this country does not protect the laboring man; does not protect the producer—it only costs you that much more. The producer is not a beneficiary in any way, and the laboring man has to pay the bill. Consequently, the sugar tariff as it exists today is iniquitous and a trust accumulator of great wealth. According to newspaper advices the trust is not satisfied with that; but must underweigh the goods and take every advantage possible.

The transportation companies have no more right to give the great sugar aggregations half rates upon sugar than they have to issue passes. The discrimination in favor of these great aggregations of wealth is disastrous.

It matters not if a man gets \$5 a day for his labor if it costs him \$6 a day to live. He had better have \$2.50 a day for his wages and have it cost him \$1.50 a day to live, but under the present status he is running behind. Who are the beneficiaries? Surely not the producer and not the consumer. The slogan "back to the farm" is a very nice thing, but we middlemen are not going back to the farm so long as we have as profitable a field to work in as the present conditions afford. Somebody must make a start. I am satisfied that the great consuming public will some day demand its rights and get them.

To be sure the Supreme Court has given the Standard Oil company a few months in which to arrange its matters; the Tobacco Trust has gotten a sort of probation, but those probationary times run out very soon, and if I think rightly, the temper of the people is now aroused so much that they will not stand a continuous postponement; there must come a day of reckoning. While I agree with Judge Harlan in everything he has said on this proposition, still we must not upset the business workings of this country at once because of

sins that have been and are today committed. Custom and the system have allowed these. The people have not known the conditions and therefore have suffered. It is sufficient for us to know that within the next twelve months the Standard Oil Co., the tobacco trust and many other trusts must conform their business methods to respect to the laws existing in this country. Any change will be heralded by the producer and the consumer with entire satisfaction. During this change there will be a reasonable expose by the honest press of the country of the methods and the system under which those aggregations have been working, and at the end of their probationary time the Supreme court will absolutely take heed of the demands of the people.

The railroads of this country thoroughly understand that their rates must be published and that any rebate is an infraction of the law, and any extra concessions that have been allowed that have been winked at by the great powers that do control this country will no longer be tolerated by the courts of this country. Therefore the average American has wonderful things to be thankful for.

Business methods of this country need reformation just as much, if not more, than politics or religion. Men's consciences get seared with this system, and if this system had been changed by quickly getting the machinery going in the opposite direction, it would set the most of the business men afoot on the desert. It is well that the courts have given them an opportunity, as well as ourselves, to look well into our business relations and ease down so that things do not come down with a crash.

There is no man in business but should take cognizance of the fact that his present methods are not in accordance with the very best interests of the entire people. We surely are to blame when we continue in a system that is prejudicial to all interests except our own, and that a selfish one.

It will be necessary in standardizing all prices to give the absolute cost; that is what the goods cost the jobber in his hands, in order that you can realize

just why the three percentages are made.

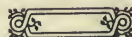
To start with our standardized prices we will name those goods upon which the low percentage or the loss, is made. Then the goods that will stand an average of 20 per cent. The way we have figured out this proposition in order to arrive at a 20 per cent average middleman's profit we have divided 3 per cent to the jobber, 2 per cent for delivery charges in the city and outside, and 15 per cent to the retailer. This will necessitate the retailer keeping his expense below 10 per cent on his sales. This will give him 5 per cent for his services and the cost of his interest upon his investment together with the depreciation of his fixtures. The average retailer's expense today is from 17 to 20 per cent where he goes to the unnecessary expense of soliciting and delivering without charge, while the standardizing of these prices of ours will not admit of—"free" delivery or "free" solicitation. Those who demand solicitation and delivery ought to pay for them. Less than 10 per cent of the people of Los Angeles demand solicitation and free delivery; the other 90 per cent want to save the cost of solicitation and the cost of delivery, and will do so if given an opportunity and know they are saving.

The uncertainty of standardization lies right there. It becomes necessary for the retailer in order to be successful to put his business upon an intelligent and paying basis, and let him figure his rental, his lights and his telephones, together with his hired help, and do not allow that to exceed 10 per cent of his sales. When that is done, and he lives within his 5 per cent including the in-

terest that he pays and the amount he has invested, together with the loss and his own expenses, he will then have accomplished a proposition that will meet the requirements of the average of 20 per cent above jobber's cost.

These are great problems, and look almost like impossibilities. We do not know that we shall succeed in this proposition, but we shall attempt it, and when it is proved that it cannot be done, then we shall put it upon such a basis that it can be done. We know that the public will accept any reasonable proposition that reasonable men can put up to them. They are willing and anxious to allow a reasonable profit between the producer and the consumer, but up to this time they have never been given an opportunity to know what it might be. An innovation of this kind will be heralded by 95 per cent of the people in both the producing and consuming class. As we said before, there are possibly 5 per cent who will resent this, and will make more noise about this and distort it more than the 95 per cent of the other people who accept the situation without saying a word. However it is the old story that one coyote can make more noise than 14 bands of wolves. So let them howl, but so long as we attempt to give the people a square deal that is satisfactory to us.

Our new standardized prices will be out on the fifteenth day of July, and we will then have some facts that will be interesting to all consumers, producers, and middlemen alike. We intend to treat the whole people squarely.

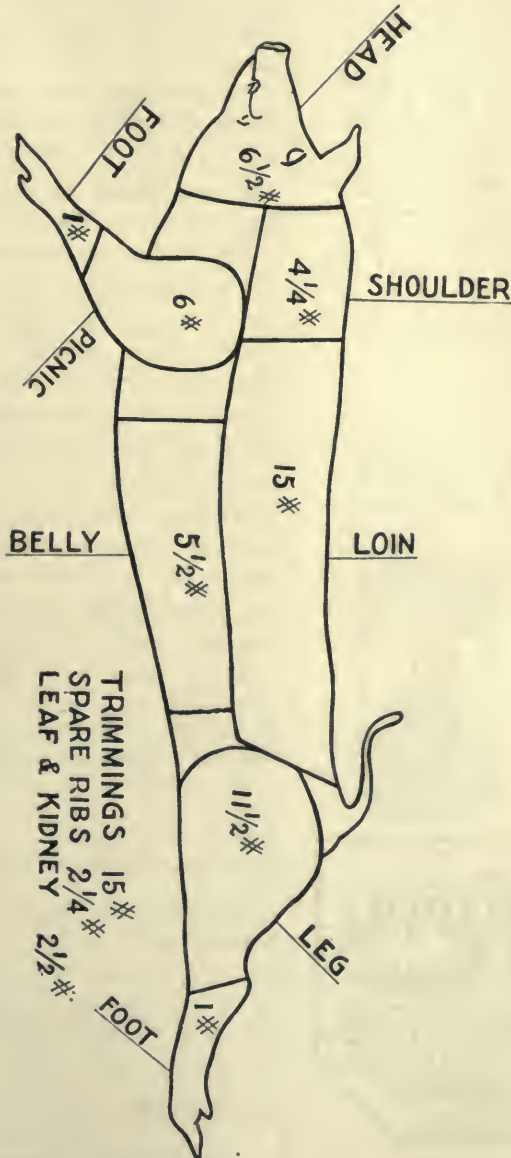


Pork.

By John Hurley

More eastern pork products and pork are sold in Southern California, than California pork and products. Probably eighty per cent of the total is of eastern

origin and the percentage may be more. Most of the high grade ham and bacon, the kind sold under a brand, is the eastern cure. That is a guarantee



How to Cut Up Half a Hog.

that the best eastern products are the best there is.

Eastern pork is what it is because it is grain fed pork. Some agricultural writer once said that hogs are "corn on the hoof" and that is practically what eastern hogs amount to—just another form of grain.

Most California hogs are alfalfa hogs, with a few weeks on grain before they are sent to market. Alfalfa pork, without grain hardening, is clean enough, but at best it is poor stuff. It is watery and shrinks amazingly when being cooked. Pork hardened on Kaffir corn is apt to be oily. Barley-hardened pork is good but barley costs too much to be used in this manner; milk fed pork is good, but again the element of cost is too great for general adoption. Skim milk from the creameries is worked over into various products—or may be.

Even if we in California could feed barley for hardening, while the pork would be good, the lard would not be strictly first class. Barley-fed lard is not equal to corn-fed lard.

Garbage-fed pork is unfit for use. About 5 per cent of the pork consumed locally is garbage fed. It is sold largely among the Chinese trade. Garbage-fed hogs do not develop in the hams and shoulders as well as grain or alfalfa hogs, and the bodies are swelled or puffed up. I am teetotally and utterly against the garbage-fed hog as an article of diet. The commercial value of any slop-fed hog is not over sixty per cent of the value of a grain fed hog.

During the winter months much fresh pork is brought to Southern California from the east; brought in refrigerator

cars. Most of this pork consists of loins which are a drug on the market in the east during the heavy slaughtering periods. These loins—used for chops and roasts—are usually kept in storage on an average ten or fifteen days after arrival. They are strictly first-class. At that season of the year they usually sell at about a cent a pound lower than ordinarily.

The average retail butcher usually buys parts of hogs instead of the whole carcass.

Nevertheless, the accompanying cut which shows the best and most economical method of cutting up a half of a hog will explain to the reader why certain prices are charged for certain cuts.

This weight of 70 1-2 pounds is about the average for a half carcass. Packers like to slaughter hogs when weighing about 200 pounds or thereabouts. Every particle of the carcass is used, giving rise to the famous statement of the elder Armour that they used "everything about a hog but the squeal."

Suppose the retail butcher buys a half carcass at 11 cents a pound. This will make the half carcass cost \$7.76. He should then cut out as follows at the right price.

	lbs.	per lb.	total
Head.....	6½	.08	.52
Shoulder.....	4½	.15	.64
Piepie.....	6	.14	.84
Loins.....	15	.17	2.55
Belly.....	5½	.15	.83
Leg.....	11½	.16	1.84
Feet.....	2	.06	.12
Leaf.....	2½	.14	.35
Spare Ribs.....	2½	.14	.32
Trimmings.....	15	.12	1.80

70½ . \$9.81

Allow 15% for doing business..... 1.47

\$8.34

Deduct cost..... 7.76

Net profit..... .58



AT ALL GROCERS

Pickles.

Use the best cider vinegar and if very sharp dilute it with one-third water, or it will eat up the pickles. Alum helps to make the pickles crisp, and horseradish and nasturtium seeds prevent the vinegar from becoming mouldy. Pickles should be well salted in strong brine, or they will be tasteless and insipid. Better too much than too little salt as they can be freshened in weak vinegar. All kinds of pickles, chow-chow, piccalilli, etc., will keep with much less care if put into small glass jars, or wide-mouthed bottles, and securely sealed. If obliged to keep them in stone jars, invert a small plate over them to keep them under the vinegar.

Mustard Pickles—1 quart of large cucumbers chopped, 1 quart of small ones left whole, 1 quart of large onions chopped, 1 quart of small ones whole, 1 large cauliflower pulled apart, 3 strong peppers chopped fine, 3 small ones left whole. Put all in separate dishes and cover with hot brine; cover closely to keep steam in; let stand over night; in the morning drain them and put all together, adding 3 cups of sugar, 1-2 gallon vinegar, 1-2 pound white mustard, 1-4 oz. celery seed; put all in kettle and scald them. Make a paste of 2-3 cup of flour, 3 oz. yellow mustard, 1-2 oz. turmeric powder mixed with a little vinegar; turn this in slowly, stir briskly and let it boil up; then bottle.

Chow-Chow No. 1—12 large cucumbers, 4 large or 8 medium onions, 2 heads cauliflower, 1-2 peck green tomatoes cut in small pieces, 1 quart of string beans (white wax beans are best)—string as for cooking and break once; 3 large red peppers cut in strips, 50 small cucumbers about 2 inches long used whole, 2 quarts small silver onions, peeled and used whole. Pack all down in salt over night. In the morning wash off the salt, and drain well in a colander. Then boil 1 1-2 gals. of good cider vinegar, adding 1 pound of brown sugar, 2 ozs. white mustard, 1 oz. celery seed, whole. Into 1 pint of cold vinegar thoroughly mix 1 small box yellow ground mustard, 4 tablespoons

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LOG CABIN ICING WITH GELATINE

Soften 1 tablespoonful of gelatine in 1-4 cup of cold water. When dissolved pour 1 1-2 cups of Towle's Log Cabin Syrup heated, on the above. Reheat in a pan of boiling water. When clear set aside and beat until cold. Place between layers before it has set but not to overflow the cake.

Look for another next month.

ground black pepper, 1 horseradish root grated and 2 ozs. turmeric; add to boiling liquid; and boil all together from 2 1-2 to 3 hours. Put into glass or stone jars while still warm.

Chow-Chow No. 2—One large head of red cabbage, 1 large cauliflower, 2 quarts each of very small string beans, green tomatoes, cucumbers, and silver skin onions. Cut the cabbage into quarters, remove the core, then shave in very thin slices; break the cauliflower into flowerets, but leave all the others whole. Mix all together thoroughly, and add one pint of fine salt. Let them stand over night. In the morning rinse well with cold water and drain. Then add 1 oz. of white mustard seed, 1 oz. of celery seed, and 1 small box of ground mustard. Cover well with vinegar and boil 20 minutes. While cooling, mix a quarter of a pound of granulated sugar and 1 tablespoon of turmeric, and stir it thoroughly into the pickles.

Chow-Chow No. 3—1 peck green tomatoes and 1 doz. green cucumbers, sliced and sprinkled with about 2 cups of salt; let them stand over night; in the morning wash thoroughly and cook until tender in equal parts of vinegar and water; when tender drain and throw away the liquid. Slice 1 doz. large, dry onions and 1 doz. bell peppers and put them to cook in 3 quarts of vinegar; when tender drain off the vinegar and return to the stove for the sauce. To the vinegar add 1-2 cup of ground mustard, 2 tablespoons of black pepper, 1 cup of flour wet in a little of the vinegar, 4 cups of brown sugar, 1 tablespoon

celery seed. Cook all till the sauce thickens and pour it over the chow-chow. Put in the jars while hot and seal. In this way it keeps for years. Delicious.

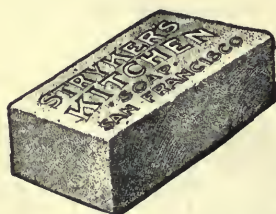
Piccalilli—1 peck green tomatoes, 8 large onions chopped fine, 1 cup salt well stirred in. Let it stand over night and in the morning drain off all the liquor, add 2 quarts of water and 1 quart of vinegar; boil all together 20 minutes. Drain all through a sieve or colander, put it back into the kettle again, turn over it 2 quarts of vinegar, 1 pound of sugar, 1-2 pint of white mustard seed, 2 tablespoons of ground pepper, 2 of cinnamon, 1 of cloves, 2 of ginger, and 1 of allspice, and 1-2 teaspoon of cayenne pepper. Boil all together 15 minutes or until tender. Stir it often to prevent scorching. Seal in glass jars. A good relish with meat or fish.

Chili Sauce—8 large tomatoes, 4 large Chili peppers, 4 red peppers, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 of ginger, 1 of cloves, 1 of allspice, 1 of salt, 2 cups of vinegar. Boil down to half the quantity.

Chili Sauce No. 2—12 large ripe tomatoes pared, 2 large onions, 4 bell peppers, 1 Chili, 1 tablespoon salt, 4 tablespoons sugar, and 2 teacups vinegar; chop the onions and peppers fine, put all together in a kettle, and let them simmer about two hours when it should be quite thick. If one likes a hotter sauce, use more Chilis.

Chili Sauce No. 3—12 large ripe tomatoes pared, 2 large onions, 4 bell peppers, 1 Chili, 1 tablespoon salt, 4 tablespoons sugar, and 2 teacups vinegar; chop the onions and peppers fine, put all together in a kettle, and let them simmer about two hours when it should be quite thick. If one likes a hotter sauce, use more Chilis.

Pickled Eggs—3 dozen eggs boiled hard; drop in cold water, remove the shells, and pack them when entirely cold in a wide mouthed jar large enough to let them in or out without breaking. Take as much vinegar as will cover them entirely, and boil it in white pepper, all-spice, and a little root ginger; pour this over the eggs in the jar, occasionally putting in a tablespoon of white and black mustard seed mixed, a small piece of root ginger—a garlic if liked, horse-



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radish ungrated, whole cloves, and a very little allspice. Slice 2 or 3 green peppers and add in very small quantities. They will be fit for use in 8 or 10 days.

Tomato Catsup—2 quarts of tomatoes skinned and chopped, 1 1-2 pints vinegar, 1-2 pound of brown sugar, 2-3 pint New Orleans molasses, 1 teaspoon red pepper, 2 tablespoons salt, 2 onions (2 inches in diameter) chopped fine, 3 tablespoons winter squash steamed and mashed. Mix all together and boil down to 1-2 the original quantity. Excellent. Makes about 3 quarts.

Tomato Catsup No. 2—Scald and strain tomatoes through a sieve to remove seeds and skins; then add to each gallon of juice 3 tablespoons of salt, 4 of ground mustard, 3 of black pepper, 2 of allspice, 2 of cinnamon, 1 of cloves, 1 teaspoon of cayenne pepper, 1 pint of white wine vinegar; simmer slowly for 4 hours; bottle and cork tight.

Apple Catsup—Stew apples in as little water as possible, and to 7 cups of pulp add 1 1-2 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger and 2 medium sized onions chopped very fine. Beat well together and then add 1 teaspoon salt and 1 cup of vinegar. Stir well until all the ingredients are blended, then boil 1 hour and bottle while hot. Fill top of jar with vinegar to exclude the air and prevent mould.

Chutney Sauce—12 green sour apples, 2 green peppers, 6 green tomatoes, 4 small onions, 1 cup raisins, 1 quart of vinegar, 2 tablespoons mustard seed, 2 of salt, 1 of powdered sugar, 2 cups brown sugar. Remove the seeds from the raisins and peppers, then add the tomatoes and onions and chop very fine. Put the vinegar, sugar and spices on to boil, add the chopped mixture and simmer 1 hour. Then add the apples, pared and cored, and cook slowly until soft. Keep in small bottles, well sealed.

Cucumber Pickles—Put 2 gallons of small cucumbers in salt and water for 3 days; then wash thoroughly and put in a jar. Boil 2 quarts of vinegar with a teacup of whole mustard, a handful each of cloves, allspice and black pepper, and a teacup of broken cinnamon all tied in a thin bag; to this add 1 pound of brown sugar. With the pickles put

a few pods of red pepper and roots of horseradish; pour the vinegar over the pickles, and if it does not cover them add more vinegar and let the bag of spices remain in the jar. Scald the vinegar every day for five days; then pour 1 coffee cup of molasses over the top and let it settle down.

Green Tomato Pickle—4 quarts green tomatoes after having been chopped; 2 roots horseradish, 1 small teacup salt, 1 teacup black mustard seed, 2 tablespoons black pepper, 2 red peppers, without seeds, 2 or 3 celery stalks, 1 cup onions or same of nasturtiums, 1 teaspoon each of cloves, mace and cinnamon, 2 cups of brown sugar, 3 pints of strong vinegar. Chop the tomatoes, sprinkle with salt called for in the recipe, and drain for 12 hours; if onions are used let them drain with tomatoes. Boil for 1 hour; add the horseradish and celery later so that they only boil 1-2 hour. Before closing the jars fill to the brim with hot vinegar.

SWEET PICKLES

Pickled Peaches—Use free-stone peaches peeled. 1-2 peck of peaches requires a syrup of 2 lbs. brown sugar, 1 ounce of stick cinnamon and 1 pint of vinegar. Boil sugar and vinegar together 20 minutes, add cinnamon. Stick each peach with four cloves, drop in hot syrup and cook until just tender. Seal in jars. If preferred, the peaches may be put down in crocks, and covered with the syrup. Boil the syrup a few times to insure its keeping.

Pickled Apricots—Apricots require more sugar than peaches. Make a syrup of 4 lbs. of sugar to 1 pint of vinegar and 1 ounce of stick cinnamon. Let syrup come to a boil. Peel apricots and stick each one with only 1 clove. Drop in hot syrup and cook until just tender. Boil syrup 20 minutes after taking out fruit. This syrup being so much heavier than the syrup for pickled peaches would be apt to candy if boiled too long at first. Put in jars or crocks as desired.

Sweet Pickles—3 1-2 lbs. of brown sugar, 1 quart of vinegar, 2 tablespoons each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon in small bags. Boil the syrup and spices; when boiling hot pour it over 7 lbs. of

fruit; let stand 24 hours; pour off, boil again and scald again as many times as necessary, according to size of fruit; for peaches about 4 times is sufficient; for smaller fruits such as grapes and plums, 2 or 3 times will answer.

Stuffed Peaches—Remove pits from firm peaches, breaking as little as possible. Chop equal parts of raisins, dates and nuts, mix thoroughly. Stuff peaches, tie well and simmer in syrup like any sweet pickle. Seal in jars. Delicious.

Brandy Peaches—Use Morris whites if possible. Peel carefully and throw into cold water to keep them white. To 6 lbs. of prepared fruit, allow same weight of sugar. Make a syrup of 2 lbs. of the sugar and cook peaches in this very slowly until tender. Lay peaches on a platter to cool. Add remainder of sugar to syrup to make a rich syrup and remove from fire; when a little cool add 1 cup of white brandy to 2 cups of syrup. Put peaches in jar and pour syrup over them.

Cantaloupe Pickle—For 5 gals. of pickles use 12 canteloupes. Cut in strips about the size used at table and

peel carefully and place in stone jar and pour over them sufficient boiling cider vinegar to cover them. Scald vinegar every other day for 9 days and let stand 3 days; on the fourth make a syrup of 3 lbs. of cane sugar and 1 quart of vinegar to every 7 pieces of melon. Boil syrup 1-2 hour and add four sticks of cinnamon broken in 2 in. pieces, 6 roots of ginger, 1 pinch of whole mace, 1 tablespoon whole cloves. Drain melon and throw away any pieces that are soft, then boil slowly 1-2 hour in syrup. Put melon in jar and boil syrup 1-2 hour and pour over fruit. Unless you at once put in Mason jars the syrup must be scalded alternate days for 9 days. Do not use for 2 weeks. Use only cider vinegar, cane sugar and firm, ripe melons.

Spiced Currants—5 pounds picked currants, 4 pounds sugar, 1 pint vinegar, 1-2 tablespoon ground cloves, 1-2 tablespoon allspice, 1-2 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 dozen whole cloves. Put all together and boil 3-4 of an hour.

Spiced Grape—8 pounds of grapes mashed and cooked enough to strain out the seeds and skins. Rub all the pulp through a sieve. Then add 4 pounds of sugar, 1 quart of vinegar, 1 tablespoon each of cinnamon and allspice, and 2 teaspoons of cloves. Simmer three hours.

GERMAIN'S FAVORITE SALAD

When the late Eugene Germain died, he was the head of one of the most successful seed houses in the west. Mr. Germain was a Swiss, and in his early life was a chef. He habitually lunched at Levy's Cafe in Los Angeles and was famous at that restaurant for his salads. Just prior to the time that he died, he gave "Things to Eat" the recipe for a combination salad, which housewives are recommended to try. It is as follows:

Combination Salad—Lettuce and green peppers, 1 crewet of oil, tablespoon full of vinegar; salt and pepper. Take a small piece of French bread, the end is better, and rub a little garlic into it well and mix it into the salad. The principal part of the salad is the mixing so that there will be no oil standing in the bottom of the dish when it is ready to serve.



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Parfait—Easily made and fit for the most fastidious taste. Boil a cup of sugar and half a cup of water until it spins a thread; pour it gradually into the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, continuing the beating until the mixture is almost cool. When quite cold fold in carefully two cups of rich cream, beaten until stiff and dry. Flavor to taste. Turn into the freezer can or other vessel with tight lid, pack in ice or salt (equal parts); let stand for about four hours. Delicious. Fine served with strawberries or raspberries.


General Directions for Ice Cream—For 1 gal. of ice cream, use 1 quart double cream or 3 pints ordinary cream. If pineapple is required add 1 pint can grated pineapple to the cream. Yellows of 4 to 6 eggs, about half a cup of sugar

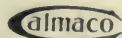
and lastly the beaten whites and sufficient milk to fill freezer within about 3 in. of the top. For strawberry cream use 1 1-2 cups sugar, 1-2 drawer of strawberries. If some whole berries are liked stir them in after you remove the dasher. For peach cream use about 1 qbuart of prepared peaches. Coffee cream, put 1 pint milk in double boiler and when hot add 1-2 cup ground coffee, let stand long enough to be well drawn, strain and cool. Use 1 cup of sugar and the other ingredients. Some may prefer more sugar in all these recipes.

Ice Cream—1 quart milk, 1-3 box gelatine, 1 coffee cup sugar, 1 pint cream, flavor to taste. Put the gelatine and milk in a double boiler, and let it dissolve; add sugar and flavoring and freeze.

A New Way to Cook

Macaroni for Lunch

First a layer of  Macaroni, then a layer of butter and grated cheese, then a layer of meat, fish, crabs or lobster repeat to edge of dish. Brown in oven.

Always insist on  ---the clean Macaroni made in the clean factory that's always open to visitors.

All Grocers.

CALIFORNIA MACARONI CO.

Los Angeles and Commercial Streets

Chocolate Ice Cream—3 pints best cream, 12 ounces pulverized sugar, 4 whole eggs, 1 tablespoon vanilla extract, 1 pint rich cream, whipped, 6 ounces chocolate. Dissolve chocolate in small quantity of milk to smooth paste. Now mix it with cream, sugar, eggs and extract. Place all on fire, stir until it begins to thicken. Strain through a hair sieve. Place in freezer; when nearly frozen, stir in lightly the whipped cream, and 1 tablespoon of vanilla extract, and finish.

Italian Orange Ice Cream—1 1-2 pints best cream, 12 ounces granulated sugar, juice of six oranges, 2 teaspoons extract of orange, yolks of 8 eggs and pinch of salt. Mix these ingredients in a porcelain lined basin, stir over the fire until it begins to thicken. Rub and pass the cream through a sieve and put in freezer and freeze.

White Velvet Ice Cream—1 cup water, 3 cups sugar, whites of 6 eggs, vanilla to flavor, 1-2 gallon of rich cream. Boil sugar and water until it threads as for boiled icing. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff on a large flat platter. Pour the boiling sugar slowly over the eggs, beating until well blended. Whip into this the cream and beat until cold. Freeze immediately. This makes one gallon. A sauce of hot chocolate or crushed fruit can be served with this cream, but it is delicious without sauce.

Biscuit Glace—1 1-2 pints of cream, 12 ounces of sugar, yolks of 8 eggs, and 1 tablespoon of extract of vanilla. Take 6 ounces of crisp macaroons, pound in mortar to dust. Mix cream, sugar, eggs and extract. Place on fire, and stir composition until it begins to thicken. Strain and rub through hair sieve into basin. Put into freezer; when nearly frozen mix in macaroon dust. Another tablespoon of vanilla and finish freezing.

Frozen Pudding—1 pint cream, 1 1-2 dozen macaroons, 3 tablespoons powdered sugar, 2 tablespoons ground chocolate. Whip the cream, add the sugar and divide into three parts. To one portion add the chocolate that has been moistened with a very little water and stir until smooth. Add enough pink coloring to second portion to give a delicate pink. Flavor third portion with 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Roll macaroons, not too fine,

and divide into three parts; take a small lard can, put in first the pink cream, over this lay one portion of the macaroons, next the white, on which spread second portion of macaroons, then add the chocolate cream. Cover can and pack with ice and salt as for ice cream. In four hours turn out, cover with third portion of macaroons and serve at once.

Mousse—Whip 1 quart rich cream and add to the whites of 6 eggs beaten very stiff. Sweeten and flavor with vanilla to taste; put in mold and pack in ice and salt for 5 or 6 hours. If the cream is not rich enough to whip thick, whip it to a froth and keep skimming off the froth and put into a colander set in a bowl. Whip also that which drains into the bowl. When all is foamy, sweeten and flavor, and pack as above, omitting the eggs.

Golden Mousse—1 pint of cream before it is beaten; 5 eggs, yolks only, beaten stiff; 6 tablespoons of powdered sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix eggs, sugar and vanilla together; add all to the cream; put into a can packed with ice and salt, and let stand three hours.

Maple Mousse—1 cup maple syrup. Bring to a boil, take from the fire and add the beaten yolks of 2 eggs; when cold add beaten whites and 1 pint of cream whipped. Pack well in freezer with ice and salt as for ice cream. Let stand 3 hours.

Nesselrode Pudding—1 pint cream, 2 cups of milk, 1 cup of sugar, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon vanilla, a pinch of salt, 6 stale macaroons rolled fine, 12 candied cherries cut in quarters and soaked in 1-2 cup of sherry, 1-2 cup of nut meats (English walnuts, pecans or hickory nuts), and a little citron. Scald the milk and cream, add the beaten yolks of the eggs with sugar and salt. Let cool and flavor. Freeze and when nearly frozen, add the beaten whites of the eggs, fruit and chopped nuts.

Roman Punch—Juice of 1-2 dozen lemons or 1 dozen limes; juice of 1 can of grated pineapple; 1 cup of cold water; white of 1 egg beaten slightly; a wine glass of Jamaica rum; 1 1-2 cups white sugar. If not sweet enough to suit, add more sugar and freeze rapidly to make it creamy. To be served before the game course.

Pineapple Sherbet—1 pint can grated pineapple, 2 cups sugar; 3 1-2 pints of water; 2 tablespoons of gelatine or 1 of arrowroot; juice of 2 lemons; whites of 3 eggs. Boil water and sugar together 10 minutes, add 2 tablespoons of gelatine or 1 of arrowroot dissolved in cold water to boiling syrup, juice of 2 lemons and strain. When cold put in freezer and when half frozen add the whites of three eggs beaten stiff.

Orange Sherbert—Soak 1 heaping tablespoon of Knox's gelatine in 1-2 cup of cold water 10 minutes; add 1-2 cup of boiling water; when dissolved, add 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of cold water and 1 pint of orange juice; when sugar is dissolved, strain and freeze.

Lemon Milk Sherbert—Squeeze the juice of 3 large lemons over 2 cups of granulated sugar; let stand two hours

and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Put a quart of rich milk in freezer and let it become chilled, then add lemon and sugar and freeze quickly.

Angel Parfait—In a saucepan put 1-2 cup of granulated sugar and 5 tablespoons of boiling water; stir until sugar is dissolved, remove spoon, and boil slowly and steadily until the syrup will spin a thread at least 1-2 inch long. Have ready the whites of 3 eggs whipped to a stiff, dry froth. Pour the syrup slowly over the whites, beating all the while until the mixture is cold, then 1 teaspoon of vanilla and 1 pint of thick cream whipped. Mix carefully but thoroughly; turn into mold with tightly fitting cover over parafine paper. Bind the edges with strips of muslin dipped in fat, bury in ice and salt for fully 4 hours before serving.

Tact in the Home.

Tact in the home, is that subtle and irresistible grace which is, at once, as potent and invisible as electricity. It is a sixth sense, a determining factor, perceived only by its results. If it is not strictly a heroic virtue, it is, at all events, the one without which all others fail of their true effect. It is the gift that combines with every other, like the cipher in numbers. Emerson alludes to tact under the name of Address, in his epigrammatic rhyme:—

*The only credential,
Passport to success,
Opens castle and parlor,
Address, man, address.*

Tact is courtesy carried to its fullest expression and courtesy itself, in its ideal sense, is love. Tact is flexible and sympathetic, and it is swift to recognize the point at which it is wisdom to concede. Firmness of purpose is all very well, but there are considerations that may well outweigh the carrying of a point. A human being is not a machine. Fixed hours and definite engagements are all very well as the framework of

living, but they are by no means to be mistaken for life itself. Work and affairs are for people, but people are not constructed exclusively for affairs and work. There are other claims.

It is the defects of qualities that often make themselves jarring notes in the home. The persistence that degenerates into insistence and annoys rather than sustains; the abrupt question that breaks in rudely on a moment of dream and vision; the intense partisanship that relegates every member of the family to the vigilant espousal of one side or the other, of any object of discussion; the lack of consideration in little things—all these are the breakers, which a failure in tact creates, on which the family happiness is too often shipwrecked. There is no reason why the same scrupulous courtesy, which is the unwritten law, in social intercourse, should not equally prevail in the family. Love should include courtesy as one of its manifestations. In the degree in which one is swiftly responsive and constantly in touch with love and generosity

and sympathetic perception, does he command the potencies of life.

The most scrupulous respect for the individuality of each member of the household, is the open door to the most perfect interchange of confidence. The delicacy that never intrudes, even in the habitual intimacy of family life, is the key to confidence and sympathy. When the mail comes, for instance, the practice of putting letters of each member of the family, in the room of the person to whom they belong, is one form of tactful courtesy. Let any sharing of the contents, be voluntary and never enforced, and then will it be mutually sweet and full of interest and affection. When the boy comes in from school and remembers to put his books in the proper place, but throws his cap on the floor, tact will commend the former and perhaps ignore or else gently refer to the latter, rather than ignore the thing well done and rebuke the defect. Tact conciliates, while the lack of tact, re-

proaches and thus irritates the one rebuked.

Sometimes a confidence is given which turns out to be the initial chapter of a story, which enters into an individual life with transforming force. Once told—there may follow a train of circumstances and experiences, which the one into whose life they have entered, prefers not to further relate. They have become sacred and personal, or other reasons arise which constrain to silence. The lack of tact which will question regarding this initial confidence and keep up a perpetual reiteration of a desire to know what is not voluntarily given, is one of the most flagrant violations of that courtesy and fine consideration which we are seeking to discuss. This persistence is well named "nagging," and it is one of the most intolerable of the sins of familiarity. To recognize the right moment to let a given subject drop, is to have achieved a signal success in tact.

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The relative virtues of public and private living have been too often contrasted, rather than seen as mutually inclusive. Is it the life of society—of formal and ceremonial meeting, of incidental and accidental contact—that demands the finest qualities to the evasion, or ignoring of them in the enforced intimacy of the family? Rather is it true, that no form of life so absolutely requires complete and harmonious purpose as that of the home. The woman whose mind has been disciplined by university study and enriched by classical culture, by travel, and by social experiences—the woman who has garnered the best that the world can offer, will yet find herself taxed by the demands of home and family life. All fine threads she holds in her hands—the ordering of all the daily resources, the giving to each and all sympathy, comprehension and companionship; the hospitality—not merely in entertaining, but that even truer hospitality of thought and the keeping the sweetness of spirit that thinketh no evil. The most potent force is that of unconscious influence, and the woman who makes her home the center from which all that is uplifting and invigorating radiates, is contributing the best possible aid to social progress. To keep the living coal on the domestic

altar, is to live a life that is not remote from the angelic and the divine. Charin is the result—the influence, so to speak—of a combination of all beautiful qualities. Dr. Holmes well said: "It is a woman's business to please. I don't say it is not her business to vote, but it is essentially her business to please, and there must be something about her, that makes you glad to have her come near." The highest development of tact is mirrored in these words.

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Carl Leonardt of Los Angeles has obtained the contract for building a \$21,000 addition to the works of the American Beet Sugar Company at Chino.

Esther Norton contributes a splendid article in the April "Overland Monthly," on the vineyards of the San Joaquin valley. She calls them the "dry" vineyards as contrasted with the irrigated vineyards. The article is worth reading.



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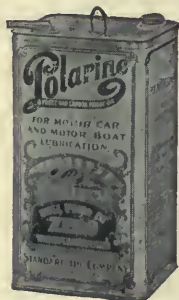
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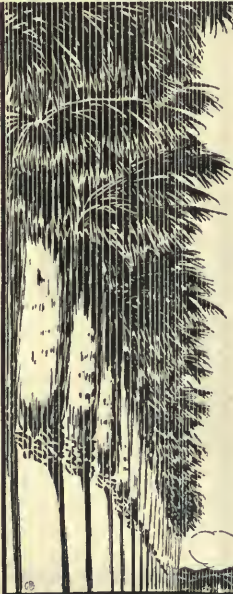
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OUT WEST

AUGUST, 1911

A Denver Idea for Elysian Park.

By Frances Lynne

Nothing has taken such hold of the people of this country as civic improvement. Even the smallest towns in all sections of the country are bending every effort to improve out-of-door conditions and beautify unsightly spots for the pleasure and welfare of the public. Millions of dollars are spent annually by "City Fathers" for public improvements of every description, and the people have come to feel that no money is spent to better purpose.

Each city has its own dominant idea of civic improvement—its own well-defined, original plan of laying out parks, boulevards, play-grounds, etc. Each city has some one particular point of interest and beauty to which every loyal citizen points with pride and which becomes the chief attraction for all visitors and sight-seers.

The finest and most unique feature of this kind has been completed recently in Denver. It is known as "Inspiration Point." No better name could have been found for it. This point, covering twenty-five acres, was nothing more than a natural hill about 238 feet above the mile high mark, and situated on the outskirts of one of Denver's beautiful parks. The view it commanded, however, was so magnificent that it was looked upon with great favor as a remarkably fine site for a park and natural observatory. So it was decided to improve the place and "dedicate it to the cause of the people to forever remain their property and their most glorious scenic attraction."

The idea of purchasing the property was advanced by the Mayor and his associates in this branch of the work, and at their suggestion the land was bought by the city about five years ago for a very small sum. Since the improvements have been made the property has greatly increased in value, and will ever stand as a priceless civic asset, the pride of every public spirited citizen.

Work was begun about a year ago. A retaining wall of concrete, costing \$5,000, was built around the point on three sides, not only as a matter of protection but also to enhance the attractiveness. The summit was then graded and leveled, and a double roadway of gravel, leading to the extreme end of the point was constructed.

The cost of these improvements was nominal as it was not necessary to fill in or cut away any of the hill. The sides of the hill are still covered with the natural brush, stones, etc., but it is the purpose



Panorama View from Inspiration Point. The rich farming lands of Clear Creek Valley plainly in view.

of the Mayor and Park Commissioners next year to beautify the slopes by planting grass, and to place shrubs and flowers along the roadsides.

While this novel park is about five miles from the din and noise, the smoke and dust of the city, it is readily accessible to vehicles of every description and to pedestrians as well. The driveway at its widest point admits 200 vehicles. One of the greatest pleasures of the automobilist is to motor out to get a view of the surrounding country. Nowhere can such a diversity of scenery be taken in at a glance. To the north lies the thriving city of Denver with its steeples, lakes, parks, towering buildings plainly seen in the distance while beyond for miles and miles extend the rolling plains. The view to the west beggars description. In all the world nothing could be more wonderfully imposing and inspiring. The atmosphere is always clear—so clear, in fact, that one gets an unobstructed view of the Rocky Mountain Range with the fertile, picturesque Clear Creek valley dotted here and there with lakes and orchards and prosperous farming towns in the foreground. The lovely little city of Golden may be seen at the mouth of the canyon while up in the foot hills winds the famous Moffat road with its many tunnels and marvelous curves. To the north, just back of the mountains nestles the beautiful city of Boulder of which one catches but a glimpse. Vast plains stretch to the east and to the south loom up the Spanish Peaks, near Trinidad, 150 miles away.

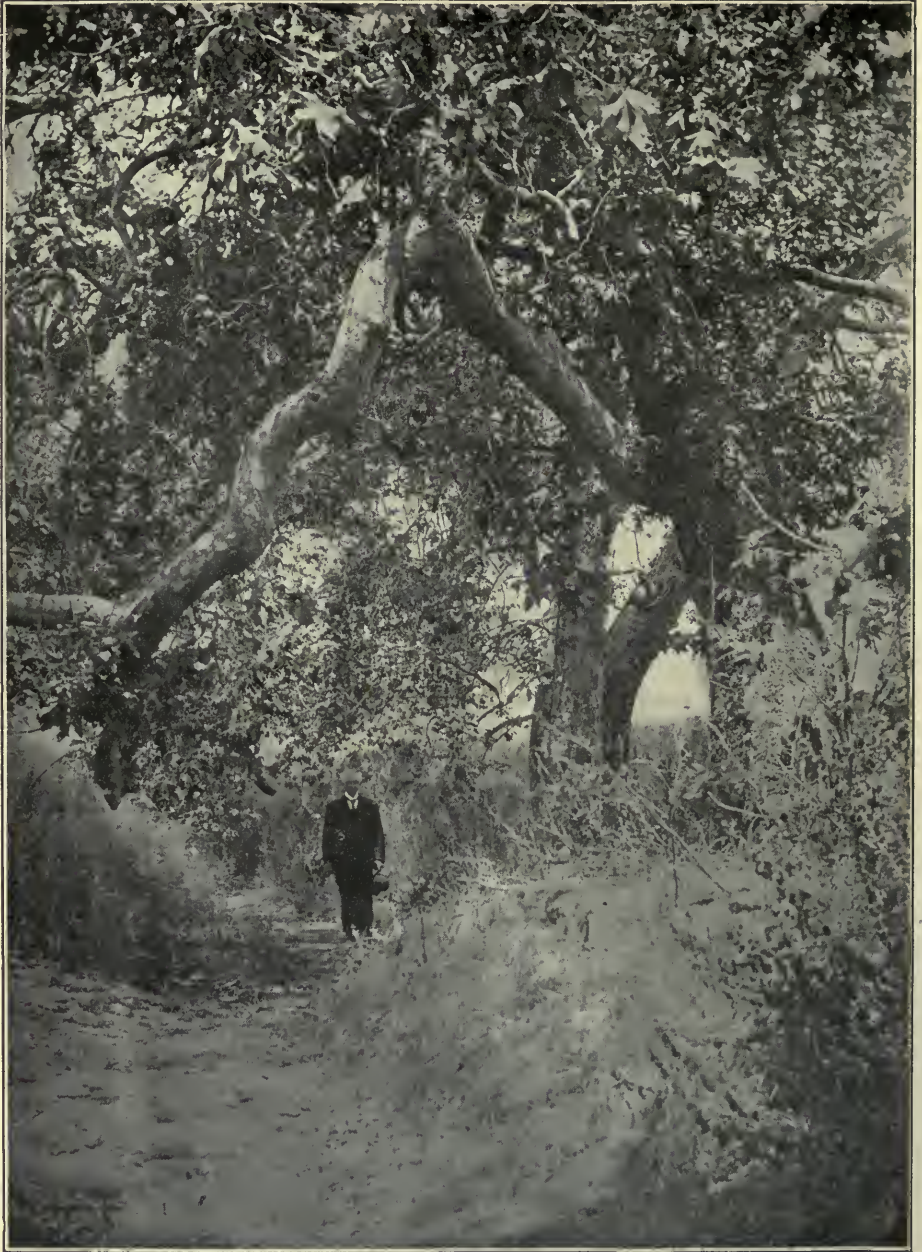


The summit of Inspiration Point with the double gravel roadway.

All the peaks of the Colorado Rockies, "old in story" are brought prominently into view from Pike's Peak on the south to Long's Peak on the north. These peaks, sharply outlined against the azure sky, are rugged and lofty. They are tipped with everlasting snow and stand as grim sentinels to safe-guard the valleys stretching for miles below them. They are ever-changing. Some days they seem garbed in the richest green as the sun's rays illumine the forest of pine and fir trees that cover the slopes; again they seem purple-headed, sombre-shadowed as the sun sinks to rest behind their lofty heads.

The mountains are so "infinite in their vastness;" their grandeur and ever-changing beauty are so wonderful as to excite a feeling of awe mingled with reverence and inspiration.

As I stood at the edge of the wall at "Inspiration Point" when the afternoon was fading into the night, I was lulled into silent reverie. As the sun set behind the mountains, the whole world seemed golden-hued and crimson. Clear Creek was curving through the beautiful valley which bears its name, its pure, sparkling waters sporting over the pebbles; the deep blue sky was above me, "the wonderful air was over me," and Mother Nature in all her beneficence and glory was around me. A solemn stillness filled the air. As I stood in this Paradise, I wished I might linger on forever and ever, throw aside conventions, forget the maddening crowd, "and live in close touch with so sweet and pure and beautiful a mother to guard over and protect me." "It was God without Mankind."



"In the Columned Vault of Sycamores—." Bayard Taylor.

Underneath California Sycamores.

By Edwin A. Popenoe

Survivors of a type which came in with the earliest of flowering plants, dating back in geological origin to the cretaceous period, the planes or sycamores remain a narrowly circumscribed natural group of trees, represented at the present day by a few species, all belonging to the same genus, which again is the sole genus of its family. The first recognized species are undoubtedly referable to the same botanical genus as those of to-day, and the planes may thus well claim ancient lineage and a pure pedigree. Leaving to the geologist the interesting speculation as to the causes of the present restricted distribution and poverty of species in this family in past ages rich and varied in specific forms and represented over geographical areas now climatically impossible to the growth of any plane tree, it may be accepted that the group is a marked one among those broad-leaved and majestic tree-types, suggestively semi-tropical in appearance, which, once the dominant forms in the rich northern forests, stand now as expiring remnants of that profuse arboreal vegetation—a striking commentary upon the instability of mundane conditions.



"Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers
Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping,"—Lowell.



"In ramous wrestlings interlaced
A forest Laocoon."—Hood.

In the world-flora of to-day, the planes are represented by but six or seven species, two or three of which occur in the old world about the eastern Mediterranean region, the remainder being natives of North America, chiefly in the southwest. All are of majestic size among deciduous trees, and, indeed, in amplitude compare not unfavorably with all but the largest of the conifers. Through an unfortunate confusion the plane trees are commonly called sycamores, though the latter designation, also of classic origin, may more properly be restricted to quite a different tree, the oriental mulberry fig. This confusion is only heightened by the use of the name sycamore among English writers as the designation of a species of true maple, now introduced and become a favorite lawn tree in the United States. As the popular name of the species of *Platanus*, or plane trees, the term sycamore has become so firmly established in America, however, as to give to the purist in nomenclature no hope of being displaced.

Of the European plane, the best known of the transatlantic forms, individuals are reported with a diameter of thirty feet or more and Pliny states that in his time there was in Lycia a tree of this species within the hollow trunk of which Licinius Mucianus dined and slept with nineteen of his friends, the cavity which they



"See, in the midst she takes her stand
Where the huge plane his grateful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead."—Akenside.

thus occupied having a circuit of eighty-one feet. The American plane, or buttonball of the eastern United States, must also be regarded as a giant among its fellows. It finds the conditions of its greatest development in alluvial bottom lands along the streams of the middle west, and "the tall sycamore of the Wabash" goes down in history for dendrologic, no less than its congressional co-type for forensic, renown. George Washington records a tree on the Ohio with a circumference of over forty feet; Michaux, the younger, records one in the same region with a girth of forty-seven feet; and other records also show that the sycamore of the Mississippi valley is no unworthy brother of the Levantine favorite of the Greeks and Romans. The sycamore of the southern Pacific region is in no wise less notable than its more eastern congeners, being at its best a tree of magnificent size and spread, with a strong tendency in isolated individuals to shapes so bizarre as to suggest the infernal tree forms of Dante's dream.

As an object in the natural landscape the plane of any species deserves and receives the highest praise. While in its youth the tree is attractive in its free and cleanly growth and pronounced symmetry, and thus recommends itself to planters for lawn and park and street, in its age there is no tree more grandly picturesque. Attaining superior size, often of grotesque form; with white branches stretched like ghostly arms above the surrounding tree masses, the sycamore is always conspicuous in the valley growth, where

"Fantastic aisles

Wind from the sight in brightness and are lost

Among the crowded pillars."

Here they serve well to mark the favored borders of the meandering western stream, alike in summer by the mass of lively green, distinct in character and tint from all the more sober woodland greens about or in winter by the wind maze of contorted branches whitened as by the snows of commanding and venerable age; or again in the bright days of autumn when the foliage takes on its own golden brown and the trunk flames with the crimson of the ampelopsis, or the lambent orange and scarlet of the poison ivy, whose

"Mighty vines like serpents climb

The Giant Sycamore."

Thrust thus high above the protecting forest, the upper branches often too brittle for their size, are not seldom torn from their bases by strong winds, and the heartwood, thus opened to the access of the agents of decay, is excavated in time perhaps to the root of the tree itself. Such trees become the scene of industry of heavy colonies of wild bees, whose golden stores are often disclosed by the expert bee-hunter to the extent of hundreds of pounds of the delicious product. It is proverbial that no honey is sweeter than that stolen from the bee tree. The extensive hollows in the lower trunk are appropriate homes also for the furred prowlers of the woodland valleys and are well known as such to the nocturnal vagabond and his vociferous pack of "track hounds" or coon dogs, whose mellow baying at low twelve disturbs the slumbers of less adventurous lovers of the wild.

The wise owl loves the upper chambers in these expansive domes; and before the advent of church towers and ample chimneys the swifts and swallows in large communities found here commodious quarters from which at summer dawn and eve resounded the subdued roar of myriad wings as with rapid beats they propelled the busy birds abroad in early quest of insect prey.

With gnarled roots interlocked, the brookside plane meets and



"And many a gnarled trunk was there
That ages long had stood."—Hood.

swerves the onslaught of the spring flood at the water's edge, and the deep and quiet pool thus formed becomes the favored haunt of the finny beauties of the stream, as every boy, truant from unseasonable tasks, has well learned. Here he may cast the squirming and seductive bait and if the wood gods be as sympathetic and kind as his enterprise deserves, may land the reward of his cunning, ample, though counting less in ounces than that granted in hundredweight to his more ambitious fellow-craftsman of the western surf. The well beloved Hoosier poet was a boy like this, as confessed in an outburst of tender memories, when he again trod in manhood the paths of happy truant days and went loitering in retrospective mood down along the bank of the dwindled creek, only to recall it with the sad realism of maturity as

*"Greener then, through rank on rank
Of the mottled sycamores,
Touching tops across the shores."*

If trees indeed possess souls, as poets feign, the venerable planes, when crashing earthward at last under the final stroke of the fell destroyer, must bear to their graves in the rich humus sweet memories of long association with the unspoiled children of nature, far from

*"The vain low strife
That makes men mad, the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour."*

The Forests and Gardens of the Sea.

By John L. Cowan

Corresponding, in a way not altogether fanciful, to the forests of the Sierras, with their great redwoods and sugar pines, is a belt of marine vegetation just off the California coast in which are found seaweeds of extraordinary size, as well as others of remarkable beauty. These kelp beds, small sections of which constitute the famous "marine gardens" of Santa Catalina Island, Portuguese Bend, Pacific Grove and other tourist resorts, border the major part of the western coasts of both North and South America, and form the world's greatest sub-marine forests.

In these off-shore forests are found the tallest plants known, dwarfing even the Big Trees of California in that particular. Travelers by rail up and down the California coast may see from the car windows miles and miles of yellowish-brown kelp beds, the fronds almost covering the water, and rising and falling in graceful undulations with the waves. After a storm, the beaches are sometimes piled high with sea-wrack, consisting of marine plants of many kinds, torn from their anchorage to the rocks by the violence of the waves. The great mass of this consists of brown sea-weeds, or kelps, among which the Giant kelp, or *Nereocystis luteana*, is the most conspicuous and striking, its air vessels, as large as a child's head, never



Kelp Cast upon the Beach

Photo by John L. Cowan



Sea Lettuce, a Green Sea-Weed.

Photo by John L. Cowan

failing to attract attention and excite comment. From this air vessel grows a tuft of anywhere from twenty to fifty, long, streamer-like fronds that float upon the water. Farther north, off the coast of Alaska and the Aleutian islands, it is said that the air vessels are frequently six or eight feet in length, and the fronds fifty feet long. The air sac, with its great mass of floating fronds, is anchored by a slender, cord-like stem that frequently exceeds 300 feet in length, fastened to the rocky floor of the ocean. Off the coast of South America is a related plant, known as *Macrocystis* which is said frequently to exceed 1,500 feet in length. Instead of one large air sac, this has many small ones, sustaining a mass of vegetation hundreds of square yards in area.

The air vessels, which reach their extreme development in the *Nercocystis* (known also as the Great Bladder-weed) are characteristic of the kelps, or brown seaweeds. They give buoyancy to the plant, maintaining it in an upright position, or inclined in the direction of the current. But for this provision of nature, the plant would fall in a formless heap among the rocks. Sometimes the fronds



Round Kanten, a food product made from sea-weed by the Japanese.

Photo by J. L. Cowan

grow out from the tops of the air vessels, and sometimes the air sacs are distributed among the fronds; but in either case the foliage is scanty or profuse in proportion to the sustaining power of the vesicles. Numerous species of *Sargassum* are found along both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. All are noted for the great number of air vessels, some specimens containing so many that they resemble bunches of currants or small grapes. It is a species of *Sargassum* that composes most of the floating vegetation in the Sargosso Sea.

The distinguishing peculiarity of algae (a term that includes all seaweeds, many fresh water plants and minute forms of vegetation found almost everywhere) is that they are entirely composed of one kind of cells, these being the soft cells that correspond to those forming the pulp in the leaves of flowering plants. There is, therefore, no distinction of bark, leaf or stalk in seaweeds, the absence of woody cells making such distinctions impossible. Similarly, the seaweeds have no roots, the root-like expansions that anchor the plants to the rocks answering no other purpose than that of holdfasts, whereas true roots carry nourishment from the ground to the stalk and foliage. In like manner, seaweeds have no flowers and bear no fruit, being propagated by means of spores.

It might be thought that there is little chance of either variety or beauty in plants consisting of but a single kind of cells, and having no roots, trunks, bark, foliage, flowers or fruit. Nevertheless, there are said to be more than fifteen thousand species of sea-weeds, varying in color through all shades of green, brown, red and purple, and in texture from paper-like to leathery consistence. Among these are the smallest as well as the largest of known plants, and the very simplest forms of organic life, consisting of but a single cell. Many of the higher forms of seaweeds exhibit great beauty of form and color, resembling grasses, mosses, ferns, vines, shrubs and trees. Many so closely simulate roots, stems, branches and leaves that it is difficult to bear in mind the fact that the botanical basis for such distinction is wanting.



Sea Wrack cast up by the waves after a storm. The air vessels of the *nereocystis lutkeana* are conspicuous in the foreground.

Photo by John L. Cowan.

Baron Humboldt was the first to call attention to the important office performed by the marine forests of the Pacific in protecting the western shores of the Americas from the full violence of storm waves. They form a natural, elastic breakwater that mitigates the force of the waves, and reduces their erosive effect to a minimum.

It is probable that the aggregate of animal life supported by the submerged forests of the Pacific is much greater than that supported by an equal area of land forests. Seaweeds perform the same function in the ocean that ordinary plants do on land--making animal life possible. Such fishes and other marine animals as do not feed directly upon algae prey upon other animals that do. In the food supply of denizens of the deep, microscopic algae that float everywhere on and near the surface are of great importance; but the kelp beds are the most densely populated portions of the ocean. In addition to an astonishing number and variety of fishes, there are myriads of shellfish, mollusks devoid of shells, crabs, jellyfish, starfish, devilfish, sea cumpers, sea slugs, ascidians and other sluggish forms of animal life, some of which are hardly differentiated from the vegetation among which they live.

Although the kelps are the largest, the most numerous and the most important subdivision of algae, the red seaweeds are by far the most beautiful. Differing as widely as possible from flowers and ornamental plants of garden, field and woodland, they are not unworthy of comparison with the fairest of these in beauty and delicacy of form and color. It is unfortunate that the red seaweeds cannot be grown successfully in vessels of glass, where their beauties could be seen and appreciated by the multitudes who think of seaweeds only as unsightly and ill-smelling debris that sometimes litter bathing



The caves of La Jolla—a locality noted for the number and beauty of its red seaweeds.

beaches. Luckily no form of vegetation is better adapted to being pressed, dried, mounted and preserved in a herbarium. It is, nevertheless, strange that the systematic collection of seaweeds is rarely attempted, even by persons who spend their lives in sight of beaches upon which the most beautiful specimens of the flora of the ocean are cast. A year or two ago, Mrs. G. Landweer, of Pacific Beach, California, donated to the City Museum of Birkenfeld-on-the-Rhine, a large collection of the red seaweeds of Southern California waters, and a similar collection to the Natural History Society of Arnheim, Holland. These collections were commented upon and described by the press of those and other cities, and attracted the attention of scientists and nature-lovers far and near, so that it is not too much to say that the marine vegetation of Southern California is better known in parts of Holland and Germany than in San Diego or Los Angeles.

No doubt the general neglect of seaweeds, even on the part of enthusiastic students of nature, is due in part of their inaccessibility, but more particularly because popular literature relating to the subject is very scanty, while scientific works are likely to be unintelligible to anyone but a specialist.

Some of the common red seaweeds grow between tide marks, but the larger number occur in water too deep for offhand exploration. Some are affixed directly to the rocks, but many grow attached to the kelps; and a search among the tangle cast up on the beaches after a storm will usually be rewarded by the discovery of delicate pink, red and purple algae that the unobservant never notice. Even the rarest and most beautiful of deep water species may on occasion thus be found in the course of a morning stroll along the sand.



Collecting Irish Moss at Scituate, Mass.—

Photo by John L. Cowan

Of the red seaweeds found in tide pools, and thus easily accessible in their natural environment, one of the most common, and by no means the least attractive, is *Plocamium Coccineum* ("curly red hair") said by some writers to be unlike any other plant found in nature. On account of its bright red color and its delicate, lace-like tracery, it attracts the attention of the least observant. Hardly less striking is *Microcladia coulteri*, which, however, is less brilliant in color and of rather coarser texture. Oddest of all, perhaps, is the deep water seaweed *Chrysomenia pseudodictyota Farlowii*, commonly known as "sea grapes." As the popular name indicates, a specimen of this seaweed bears a striking resemblance to a bunch of grapes, consisting of numerous translucent red globes, with small, dark spots on them, filled with a viscid semi-fluid.

Although there is little difference between the summer and winter temperatures of the waters that lave the California coast, warmed by the Kuro Shiwo, or Japan Current, the flora of the seas exhibits a seasonal variation as striking as that of the land vegetation. In the autumn months, many of the red seaweeds cannot be found at all. In the winter, such as are found are likely to be pale and insipid in color—some almost white. With the advance of Spring and Summer they take on more ruddy hues, becoming reddest just before they die. Hence *Porphyra perforata*, which is an article of some commercial value, is harvested in California in the summer, baled like hay, and shipped to China, where it is made into numerous food products. A similar species, *Porphyra laciniata* is extensively planted in the shallow waters of the Bay of Tokio and the Inland Sea,

Japan, as a food crop. This is the only seaweed farming industry conducted anywhere in the world.

To give a list of red seaweeds found along the coast of California that are remarkable for their beauty or oddity would be neither entertaining nor instructive, and any attempt at description would be of less avail than a photograph. It must be remembered, however, that it is their coloring that gives them the major part of their beauty and attractiveness, so that no photograph, and no reproduction of a photograph, can do them justice.

The green seaweeds and rockweeds are most abundant along rocky shores between tide marks than the red algae, but as a rule are not particularly attractive, resembling grasses, mosses and other forms of vegetation found on land. The corallines properly belong with the red seaweeds, and are comparatively rare. Their peculiarity is that so great a quantity of lime enters into their structure that they appear to be more mineral than vegetable.

Sometimes in the summer months dwellers along the California Coast are treated to wonderful displays of phosphorescence on the waters. This phosphorescent glow, which is a commonplace of tropic seas, is due to the presence of myriads of minute algae, the *Pyrocistis noctiluca*. To the periodical appearance of billions of equally minute seaweeds, of the genus *Trichodesmium*, the Red Sea owes the characteristic that gives it its name; and countless myriads of microscopic algae, of the species *Protococcus nivalis*, cause the phenomenon of red snow, sometimes seen in the Arctic regions and on the tops of lofty mountains. It was reported a year or two ago among the Uncompahgre mountains of Colorado, near the mining town of Ouray. The reputed miracle of the "bleeding host," so frequently mentioned in the ecclesiastical history of the Middle Ages, was due to algae of similar characteristics.

It is surprising that no serious attempt has yet been made to utilize the marine vegetation that grows along our Western coast in such unexampled abundance. The Bulletin of the Bureau of Fisheries for 1904 called attention to the opportunities existing in this direction, and briefly sketched the history and indicated the importance of the seaweed industries of Japan. So highly are the marine forests bordering the shores of that country esteemed that the Imperial Government has undertaken an investigation of the possibility of replanting the areas that have been denuded of marine vegetation. Seaweed products enter in some form into the dietary of almost every family in the Island Empire; and important industries have been built up for the manufacture of a vast variety of food products, as well as glues, agar-agar, iodine and other commercial commodities, some of which are exported in considerable quantities to America and Europe. In this country the utilization of seaweeds is confined mainly to the New England coast. In the neighborhood of Scituate, Mass., the collection of Irish moss is an industry of considerable local importance. It is employed for making blanc mange, cough syrups, jellies and puddings and for clarifying beer and sizing fabrics. Along the Atlantic seaboard seaweeds are collected to a considerable extent for use as fertilizers. Experiments have been made with several varieties for the manufacture of paper, but the difficulty of bleaching the material to the proper whiteness appears to be insuperable. Some species are gathered for stuffing mattresses, carriage cushions and upholstered furniture; but so far our resources in the forests and gardens of the seas, although of enormous potential value, have added little to the wealth of the nation.

EDITORIAL.

And now comes a celebrated, or less celebrated, authority on forestry who says that nine *Eucalyptus* and tenths of the recent *Other Booms*. plantings of eucalyptus trees in California are of little or no value, because the enthusiasts who did the planting set out the wrong varieties of trees.

We do not remember the name of the authority, but we have long suspected the truth of his assertion. Not that we know much about eucalyptus, but we do know something of the freaky methods of development which have beset Southern California in times past and no doubt will in the future. The instant that some person hears that some other person is making a dollar, there is a rush of emulation, a period of over-production and wrong production, and then we hear that the industry is no good.

Comparatively few people have been in Southern California long enough to recall what has been done in the direction of freak development. For their benefit, and for the general guidance of the class which we in Southern California call "investors," let us go back a bit.

Just before the famous Los Angeles land "boom" of 1886, there was an era when everybody rushed into planting vineyards. It was argued that there never could be an over-production of wines, and that the American people would take to drinking wine as a substitute for whiskey. The idea was laudable enough, only it did not pan out. The American people would not desert whiskey as their national beverage, and time has shown that only persons of foreign birth or recent foreign origin are wine drinkers; result: a tremendous over-production of wine, grapes going begging for \$6 to \$8 a ton, thousands of acres or vineyard rooted out, and a general storm of curses at the tip to plant vines. Those who stayed by the business eventually made money.

Then came the land boom of 1886.

Prices were lifted out of all proportion to the returns that could be expected as an investment. Speculation ran riot. The boom had to collapse. Result, plenty of broken paper fortunes. But the people who held on to that land even at boom prices, have all made money.

The orange fever came about this same time. The cry was "plant orange trees and be wealthy." Well "they" planted orange trees, and more than a few of "they" who did the planting went broke. Those who stuck by the oranges, made money, but not in the fashion that the boomers thought. There was little immediate profit, because the problems of grading, packing, shipping and selling had to be solved. But always remember that the people who remained by the industry eventually prospered.

"Olives," was the next fad. The countryside went crazy planting olive groves. There were more than a few failures in this, and the business was liberally damned. Somebody learned, after a great many of the young groves had been uprooted, that the big market was in the sale of black olives, even more than in the sale of oil. Olives today bring all the way from \$110 to \$120 and more per ton. The owners of the groves have fine properties indeed, but they are making money because they stuck to the business and solved the questions that must inevitably arise when a new industry is being created.

There have been two pronounced oil booms, which have made and lost fortunes. On both occasions there was endless wild catting and idiotic "investment." Anything that looked like a share in an oil company was salable. The second boom has spent its force, but no one hears that the real oil developers and producers have lost much money or any money at all. They have stuck by their convictions and as a body of men are far to the good financially.

Ten years or so ago we had the Belgian hare fever. Of all the fiercely foolish things that we have done in Southern California, this probably leads

the van. Everybody had hares in his back yard; bucks of perfectly wonderful pedigree sold for a thousand dollars or so; the daily newspapers teemed with the advertisements of the hare raisers—no pun intended. Everybody was going to eat Belgian hares, and the surplus was to be canned at the local packing houses or at packing houses to be established, and the market was to be world-wide. Well, what happened? Over night, almost, the balloon exploded. Pedigreed bucks, worth a thousand dollars, maybe, were not accorded the honor of going into the pot. Now it happens that Belgian hare is fairish eating, but one does not want hare for breakfast, dinner and supper, 365 days a year. The few men who did not turn their hares loose make a fair profit to-day by selling a hare now and again to the butchers. There is money in hares, on a limited scale.

The eucalyptus boom came along about three years ago. This is recent history. There are over a hundred varieties of this tree and the wood runs through all degrees of hardness, from being as soft as pine and softer, to as hard as hickory. Without knowing anything about these varieties, without knowing whether they were adapted to soil and climate, the boomers set out thousands and tens of thousands of acres of young trees. The land selling fraternity took advantage of the situation to unload any sort of land at all as "eucalyptus land." Instead of going about the business as the Santa Fe railroad has done and making experimental plantings of trees, we all jumped in, headforemost.

What will the harvest be? What ought it to be?

And at the risk of incurring the dislike of land dealers, and others we will make a statement. It is this: Everybody is planting alfalfa now.

Nothing is less edifying than the spectacle afforded by newspaper proprietors in verbal contest. Los Angeles, and all of Southern California, has been deluged by such a battle during the past six weeks, and so bad

has the struggle become that we believe a newspaper free from the cries and shrieks of the embattled editors, would immediately attain a wide clientele.

There is something about the make up of newspaper men and publishers, which destroys a proper point of view of themselves. The great reading public is not impressed by torrents of abuse directed by one publisher toward another; the public buys a newspaper almost entirely for the news it may contain. When the average man picks up a paper and finds it flooded with scurrilous articles about the other fellow, he is very prone to put one and all in the same category. Profitless, dismal, abounding in unseemly screeching—that is what all newspaper wars amount to.

We do not care whether or not Edwin T. Earl is sent to the penitentiary, although it is a safe wager that he will not be; we do not care what Mr. William R. Hearst thinks of Mr. Earl; nor for the private opinion of any one editor about the other editor. The only interest which attaches to the recent indictment of Mr. Earl on a charge of tapping wireless messages, is not the fact of his indictment, but what the wireless companies will do about the appropriation of dispatches entrusted to them.

Wire tapping, the old fashioned kind, is made punishable by incarceration in the penitentiary. It was made so in times past because the telegraph companies desired to protect certain of their best customers: to wit, the race pool rooms. Before it was made a penitentiary offense, many a telegraph wire was tapped, and the information held back from the pool rooms. On the advance information thus intercepted, confederates of the tappers hurriedly placed bets in the pool rooms on the winners, and then the intercepted messages were sent along.

The telegraph companies, which have always been great moral engines, could not stand for this injustice to the pool rooms. Instead of the skimmers doing the usual thing in skinning the public, they were skinned by sharpers, a thing that never would do.

Hence the wire tapping legislation. This is the sort of law that Mr. Earl

will be tried for violating—and Mr. Earl has been a doughty champion against the race tracks and the pool rooms ever since he was not allowed to have stock in Ascot Park.

A suggestion has been made by *Out West* that would seem to afford some avenue of relief for those who really would like to read the news of the day.

It is that a twenty-four foot prize ring be provided, that warring editors, be placed therein, each armed with a cleaver, and that they be allowed to remain in the ring until only one survives.

In this way, and in this way only, does it appear possible to determine who is who and why, and who has the largest circulation.

Analysis of the proposed state wide prohibition law of Texas, which just missed adoption by a narrow margin, shows *It is all "Jist Accordin'"* that as usual the rural element largely favored the adoption of the law, while in the cities and towns the vote was largely the other way. The law was defeated by a very small margin. A few years ago, it would probably have been adopted, and then would have ensued the comedy and tragedy of attempting to enforce a law in many cities and towns, contrary to the trend of public opinion. The road for Texas to travel is labeled "local option," making the unit sufficiently small that every group of people can have the licensed liquor trade or not, just as they please.

California's new law makes the supervisorial district the unit, if action is secured under the state law; the custom in Los Angeles county is to permit the people of each election precinct to decide this matter for themselves, under an advisory vote.

Experience has shown, in Ohio at least, that the county is too large a unit. The disastrous riots in Newark, a city of about 40,000, were precipitated by an attempt to enforce a prohibitory law in a city which had voted "wet" by a large majority, but had the law thrust upon it by the granger vote.

The liquor question is a perplexing one and has been meddled with by

theorists and reformers for a good long time without much being learned by experience.

How much men change in their attitude toward the liquor trade is shown by the experience of a man we know in Los Angeles, who was originally a prohibitionist, then swung toward the tenets of the most liberal minded, and finally has adopted a middle in the road policy.

This man stands for the continuance of the saloon zone in Los Angeles and favors holding it to the business district; he stands for high license and strict regulation; he believes in rather liberal restaurant laws, and thinks that the liquor business should gradually be changed so that the bar will be more and more restricted, and the sale of liquor from wholesale establishments, not for consumption on the premises, be substituted.

He is insistent that saloons shall not be allowed in any residence district. Were the option presented of voting for saloons everywhere and voting the city "dry" he would vote "dry" as the less of two evils, depending on time to regulate the matter.

If he lived in such a town as Pomona which is "dry" he would favor wholesale licenses for family trade, but would vote against any proposition to establish a saloon. In such places as Long Beach, Riverside and Pasadena he would favor the restaurant, the hotel license and the wholesale license, but would rigidly vote against saloons.

If he lived in a rural district, he would vote "dry" as against saloon, restaurant, hotel and winery licenses, because experience has proved that the rural saloon, or the rural restaurant, hotel or small winery with a permit to sell at retail, usually develops into a deadfall of the worst description.

So it can be seen that the question is of wide meaning, and in the opinion of one man at least, calls for varying treatment. It reminds us of the story told of a general jack-of-all-trades up in the mining district of Plumas county, a man who could weld a broken saw and temper it, who had a genius for handling tools of any kind, and who was averse to giving a direct answer on any proposition. One day as a means of trying

him out, the mine superintendent asked:

"Jack, how long do you think it would take you to split a cord of wood?"

"Well, Mr. S——" replied the unconscious victim, "its jist accordin'. If there were plenty of knots in the wood it might take me longer than if there were not so many, and then I don't know how fine you want it split. As I say, it's jist accordin'."

That man had the entire philosophy of handling the liquor trade, concentrated into that phrase "jist accordin'."

The question of the constitutionality of the eight hour law as regarding women, is now pending in

An Eight Hour Law for Men. the Supreme Court of the state, having been

taken up from the Riverside county court. What will be the outcome of the deliberations of the court, no one can say, nor it is proper to hazard a guess while the case is *sub judice*.

But as a matter of principle we trust that the law will be upheld, not for the reasons commonly advanced as to why women should be allowed to work only eight hours, but for other and entirely different reasons.

We think it generally admitted by the medical profession that women are more enduring than men; they can withstand pain better and under a long stress can bear up better. Physically they may not be as strong but in endurance a healthy woman will outlast a healthy man, all other conditions being equal.

We do not fear the terrible catastrophe seen by those theorists who say that if women work longer than eight hours, the future of the race is imperilled. On the contrary is it not true that women who work hard, the wives of the poor and the sturdy and the energetic—women who are the wives of mechanics and laborers, not only have more children but stronger children than the wives of the well-to-do? Carrying the analogy further, who ever heard that the Indian squaw who does all the work for the establishment, is unable to have healthy children and plenty of them?

Is there not more insidious danger in the corset and other devices of so-

called civilization; is there not more danger to the race from indulgence and late hours and social demands, than there is from too much work?

Take the case of the girl who works in the department store for \$5 a week rather than accept a place as a domestic at \$30 to \$40 per month and her board. The girl, if she has to support herself, must of need eat a slim breakfast and a slim lunch. Evening finds her ready to go out in swarms. Her mode of life is wrong, that is all. If she becomes nervous, anaemic, and worn out, all of the blame is not to be thrown on her mode of employment. Far better for health would it be if she arose at an early hour, worked hard as a domestic, and went to bed early; and no plea would be made for an eight hour day for her.

It is a well known axiom in stock breeding that the females of a race are apt to follow the father; the males are apt to inherit their characteristics from the mother.

We do not believe that this theory has been followed up in the case of the human race sufficiently to demonstrate whether it is applicable.

But if it is, we should look after the physical well being of the present generation of males, rather than the females.

And what is the average father in the cities today?

Just a nervous, money getting, human, going along at high speed so that his womankind may have things.

If the future of the race is to be maintained at a high standard, mother should have a few more children per head, and should stop her present foolishness long enough to rear them; and father should be willing at some moment of the twenty four hours in the day to forget the absorbing passion for dollars.

Steady progress is being made in the construction of the great topographic map of California by

Making the Map the United States Geological Survey and

of California. the State. This huge map will be when completed a work of which both the Federal Government and California may well be proud. It will be made up of a large number of

sheets of uniform size, each representing a rectangular area called a quadrangle. Already 170 quadrangles have been surveyed, most of them in great detail, and an atlas sheet for each has been engraved and printed by the Survey. These quadrangles include areas ranging from the vast flat reaches of the Sacramento Valley to the glacier-laden peaks of the High Sierras.

Perhaps the most comprehensive and detailed topographic mapping in the world has been that of the broad Sacramento Valley, comprising an area of more than 3,000,000 acres. This has already been completely surveyed by the topographers of the United States Geological Survey in co-operation with the State of California, the Survey and the State each paying half the cost. This mapping has been done on a scale of 2 inches to 1 mile with a 5-foot contour interval, each map showing an area of 7 1-2 minutes square. The survey covers all land possible of irrigation between Red Bluff on the north and Suisun Bay and Stockton on the south.

Surveys of the same class are now being pushed southward under a similar co-operative agreement between the State and the Geological Survey. The present field season's plans include the mapping of the area near Stockton and farther south in the San Joaquin Valley. The maps will be on the same scale and contour interval as those of the Sacramento and the topographers expect to survey this season twelve 7-12 minute quadrangles and later to continue the work down to the hill country south of Bakers-

field. When this work is completed it will afford for the great twin valley empire of California an exact geographic basis for engineering development of any class—irrigation, drainage, road or bridge construction—in fact, any work requiring accurate determination of levels.

The possibilities lying in the reclamation of this extensive California valley are sufficiently stupendous to waken the interest of the most ambitious engineer. The Sacramento River drains a vast mountain region and carries water sufficient to irrigate an estimated area of 12 or 13 million acres—not only all of its own immensely fertile valley but likewise the agriculturally almost inexhaustible lands of the San Joaquin Valley. The harnessing of the Sacramento River is doubtless one of the great engineering problems of the country and millions of dollars have already been spent in largely futile attempts to control this rampant monster in time of flood, but there is no lack of engineers who believe the task a feasible one and point to the ample opportunities for storing in reservoirs in the mountains the enormous excess of water, most of which under present conditions not only flows uselessly to the sea but every few years carries destruction in its wake to the extent of millions of dollars.

An index map of California, showing the quadrangles of which maps have been issued, can be obtained free of cost from the Director of the Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. Most of the maps are sold at 5 cents each.



The Way to Arcady.

By Arthur W. Beach

Where lies the road to Arcady?
 Three roads run ever far and free,
 Each from the Vale of South and Dreams
 Beside forever singing streams
 Up to the sun-kissed hills and then—
 They part to never meet again.
 One meets the dawn with fervent kiss,
 With certain promise of the bliss
 That waits the heart in Arcady.
 Athirst for cooling heights above,
 Forgetting Life and Truth and Love
 A rushing host move silently.
 But ever when the twilights fall,
 Far from the heights strange voices call—
 "Haste, pilgrims, not so eagerly;
 This land is Fame—not Arcady!"
 One runs to toiling cities high,
 Where ceaselessly the great looms fly;
 And there some day is Arcady.
 The dust lies thick the highway o'er,
 And they who fall can rise no more;
 But still the tide moves as to sea.
 From out the dark streets echoes rise
 And mingle in the night live cries—"

"Not here can wealth e'er find for thee,
 The goodly Land of Arcady."
 One road creeps gently from the vale,
 Though meeting oft the storm and gale
 Until it slopes to Arcady;
 And o'er it joyous pilgrims go
 With song at dawn and sunset glow,
 Each aiding each most cheerily;
 And o'er the breeze is borne along
 The echoes of a happy song—
 "By way of toil and love we see
 The sunny Land of Arcady!"

The Wheels of the Machine.

By Marjorie Charles Driscoll

The telephone on the night editor's desk jangled twice before the call was answered. Then Carrington turned away from the copy before him with a savage growl at the brazen nerve of any jack-ass who would bother a man just when he was busiest.

"Hello!" he barked into the transmitter. "Hello! Yes.... Daily News. What is it?"

His scowl disappeared as he listened; he reached for a sheet of copy paper and scribbled a few words excitedly. Ryan, the only reporter in the local room, wondered, as he hammered out a two stick story on his typewriter, what the message could be that pleased his chief so evidently. He hoped if it were a story for him to cover that it wouldn't take very long, because he was tired and sleepy.

Carrington slammed down the receiver and, whirling in his chair, glanced over the room, scowling again at its emptiness. A fire on the water front, the collapse of a building uptown and a big burglary had called out all the men but Ryan. It was pretty risky to send out the last man, but some of the others ought to come in soon.

"Ryan," he called. "Cut that stuff short and come here."

"Got a good story for you" he said when Ryan stood beside his desk. "Butler, the lawyer, has been shot on the street near his house. They've got the man who did it, at Station 6. Won't give his name. He's hurt—pretty bad I guess. Sergeant Andrews phoned the tip—says if we'll send a man down he'll let him see the fellow. See what you can do with it, and for heaven's sake, hustle. Get a beat if you have to break your neck doing it."

Only stopping to thrust a bunch of copy paper in his pocket, Ryan hurried out. "Butler," he wondered as he signalled his car. "Must be the father of that girl Tom knows." Tom was Ryan's younger brother. "That's bad; make a big story though. Wonder who the fellow is? Some hold-up, I expect."

Then with a reporter's apparent callosity, he thought no more about it until the car stopped at the police station.

"Ye're just in time," said Sergeant Andrews shortly, as Ryan hurried in. "Butler carried a gun and this boy's got it bad. He's going fast. Ye'll have five minutes—maybe."

Ryan stepped into the little ante-room where the man lay. The half light hurt his eyes, used to the glare of the outer office and for a minute he could see nothing plainly. The boy was on the couch where they had laid him. His coat and shirt were cut away over the left shoulder and the bandages were stained with blood. His face was turned to the wall, but as Ryan entered he raised his head weakly and the light fell on his drawn features.

Ryan caught at the door to steady himself, not at all sure but that it was some horrible dream. His throat was dry and when he tried to speak only a rattling whisper came.

"Tom," he whispered. "Tom. You."

"Tom," whispered Ryan again. "God, boy, it isn't true!"

The other tried to lift his hand to touch his brother bending over him. The ghost of a smile came into his eyes.

"Good old Jack," he whispered. Then a spasm of pain contracted his mouth for an instant.

"You don't want to touch me?" he said weakly. "I've disgraced you enough already."

Ryan's brain was whirling. He grouped for his brother's hand and held it tight.

"I'm dying, I know, Jack," whispered the boy. "I haven't got long. Let me tell you about it—it'll make it easier somehow."

Ryan put his brother's hand against his cheek. The sobs in his throat choked his voice.

"I killed him," said the boy, gathering strength for the effort. "I suppose I'm a murderer but I won't give them much trouble now. Listen, Jack. I met him on the corner, there, and he began to pitch into me about—Marion, you know? Said I'd no business hanging around there, ordered me to keep away from the place, and so on.

"I suppose we weren't either of us quite straight—he was just from the club and I'd been down at Gilman's—and—well, we both got mad. I tried to get it away from him and he got me in the shoulder. Then I don't know what happened—but I know I had the gun and he was standing over me—and I fired. I was here when I came to. That's all I guess."

There was silence in the little room for an instant. Then the boy's eyes opened again.

"Jack," he whispered in sudden fear. "The paper—you won't put this in. I forgot about it. Jack—promise me you won't. It would kill Marion. Promise me."

In an agony of fear the boy forced himself half erect, pleading eyes on his brother's face. The movement started the blood again—a red foam frothed on his lips and he fell back.

Ryan laid his brother's body down and rose quietly to his feet. He turned mechanically and opened the door of the outer office. The light dazzled him and he put up a hand to shield his eyes. He heard himself say, "He's dead, sergeant," and the sergeant's voice in reply as he hurried into the other room.

Ryan did not know how he got back to the newspaper office. Somehow, more from long habit than anything else, he found his way to his desk and sat down. Mechanically he placed the paper in his machine and began to tap out the first words of his lead.

Out in the hall a reporter returning from the fire assignment lifted his voice in song, celebrating the end of his work.

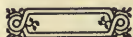
"The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen:

You 'aven't got no families when a servin' of the Queen—

You 'aven't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives or sons—

If you want to win your battles, take an' work your bloomin' guns."

In the local room a haggard-faced man sat, his eyes blurred with tears. Great choking sobs fought their way upward, but his fingers still tapped blindly at his typewriter.



The Clutch of Don Miguel.

By Baker B. Hoskins, Jr.

The prisoner allowed her eyes to leave the face of the officer who was her guard and to dwell with apprehension on her surroundings. Just outside the door stood an armed sentinel, while back and forth across the plaza moved soldiers—that is, she believed them to be soldiers for they wore a uniform, though a strange one.

> Her closer environments were more fascinating but no more reassuring. The walls were covered with gun-racks on which were suspended arms of all kinds and ages, rifles, pistols, sabers, Indian bows and arrows, hatchets and knives, and in a corner was a cabinet filled with cartridges of all sizes. The floors were covered with skins—wildcat and deer, the bristling javalina and one huge mountain lion, the work of a taxidermist's art, and antlers with heads protruded from the upper walls boldly.

The officer stood silently by smiling at her momentary absorption. Then he indicated a kind of lounge as he spoke.

"The senorita will sit; the commandante will receive her presently."

There was no assurance in his polite words. The soldiers in bringing her to the hacienda had suggested that she was a spy. He evidently held the same belief.

Presently the side door opened and a voice of authority called; "Bring the prisoner forward."

Eleanor gave a start; she was indeed a prisoner, and as such she was ushered into the presence of the commander, who was Don Miguel. He was a handsome man—of medium stature and well built; hair that was black and wavy and eyes dark and jealous. His military figure was well set off by his uniform, which was like those of the soldiers except for the distinguishing straps which marked the office of general. His face was that of a purposeful and ambitious man—that ambition which balks at nothing scrupulous or unscrupulous to secure its aim. A certain dignity was given to his face by his slightly grey mustachios.

Eleanor understood at a glance why so many trophies of the chase adorned the walls of the hall—it was this man's work!

The room she was ushered into was the general's private office and the furnishings were that of nature. There were several large military maps in evidence.

Don Miguel was coldly courteous and motioned for her to be seated. About a table sat several other men—officers—who glanced at her curiously. A bit awed Eleanor took the seat and waited to be questioned. Then another man entered, a man whom the officers, with the exception of the general, saluted. He was the general's secretary in times of peace and his lieutenant in times of action. He was bold, intense, five feet six inches of compressed action.

"What report do the men make, Frederico?"

"This," and the secretary carefully placed some leaves from a note book upon the table. Don Miguel looked at them closely. "Read it for me—I do not understand the American."

When the secretary spoke Eleanor gave a startled glance of hope at his face. He had spoken the Mexican language but his voice was that of a Southerner. He was equal to the don in height and stockily built. He wore a uniform but different from those of the soldiers. His eyes were grey—the kind that can twinkle or flash as the occasion demands—and there was lots of unruly hair about his forehead. Across one temple was a deep seam—the brand of an enemy's bullet. He had about him an independent air.

As he read an intense hush was over all.

"I have at last found the man whom I believe to be the insurgent leader. He is, I think, Don Senor Gomez. From the stories I hear of him he is the real thing." Then followed a minute description of men and as each description was read Don Miguel called some name. There was a hard look upon his face when his secretary finished reading.

"What have you to say?" and the general bowed coldly to Eleanor.

"My story is a simple one, if you will only believe it," she began tremblingly. "I am a story writer and came into the mountains with some friends to study local characters. With my uncle as a leader of an expedition we came up into this section and a day ago I ventured too far from our camp and became lost. Since then I have ridden about with nothing to eat."

She reeled a little as she spoke.

"What is your verdict, senors?" the general asked his men about him.

"A spy—guilty!"

"Guilty—a government spy."

"The question needs further probing," interrupted the secretary, "though at present it seems that the senorita is guilty."

Eleanor's heart sank. She had hoped for an ally in this Southerner. She rose quickly to her feet, angered at their suspicions.

"I am no spy!" she exclaimed. "What should I spy on! I am an American—what you may do is of no interest to me!" She looked squarely into the eyes of her countryman but the look upon his face was inscrutable.

"The dungeon?" questioned the general.

"She should have food first and another hearing," suggested the secretary. Upon this suggestion the prisoner was sent into the large dining room where food was placed before her. She was alone except for the old woman who served her. She tried to question this servant but no information passed the woman's stubborn lips. After eating Eleanor was shown into a room upon the upper floor. Here the scanty effects of her saddle pockets had been placed.

She took advantage of the opportunity to remove her riding jacket and divided skirt and to don a shirt waist and skirt which, luckily, she carried in the saddle pockets. Then she spent a few minutes arranging her hair. It was preposterous they should call her a spy!

In the afternoon Don Miguel sent for her for a second interview. The riding jacket and skirt had shown her to be a trim, compactly built little woman with wonderfully deep, brown eyes and fresh cheeks, just a bit tanned. The lines of her well developed figure were shown to a better advantage in the walking skirt and shirt-waist. She walked with rather a smart air.

The dark look left Don Miguel's face and his eyes lingered upon her approvingly. This interview lasted nearly an hour and when Eleanor left the office, under guard, she left it a stunned, indignant young woman who had just scorned an offer of marriage from a man of affairs.

The secretary returned to the office a short time after the lady left and there he found the general pacing the floor, pulling steadily at his mustachios.

"She is no spy," Don Miguel began. "She is as she says—an American story writer. She is an American and such a one as I desire for my wife and I have offered her in honorable marriage the heart and hand of Manuel Miguel. Now, as you know, this marriage is a thing no woman in Mexico would scorn, for a turn of the cards and Miguel will be master of Mexico; but this young woman stuck her head in the air—ran the danger signals into her cheeks and scorned me." Fred Pender lifted quizzical brows and studied his commander questioningly.

"However," the don added, "I suggested that in ten days we begin military activities and that the alliance *must* be made before that time!" The general's companion looked more keenly at him, then asked: "You desire marriage with this young woman to that extent?"

"Yes; in event our little insurrection should fail and we fell into the hands of the presidente I fancy Don Miguel's beautiful American senora pleading with the presidente would not be without some result. You know Mexico has a wholesome respect for Americans, and then, too, should we succeed my American wife might assist in arranging diplomatic affairs with the United States."

When the secretary with tightened lips and a hard glint in his eyes nodded his reply the don continued: "I have suggested that the marriage must take place. In the meantime the senorita will be allowed the freedom of the place, and you, Federico, must do what you can to aid Miguel's courtship. When once my bride she'll not regret! Carambo, Federico! but her hair is dark and soft and her eyes are like the stars when the twinkle has full play—carambo, I'll bet she can fight!"

The secretary again merely nodded.

While the men were discussing her Eleanor was in her room deeply troubled. She refused to go down for supper so food was brought to her. When the twilight fell she sat by her barred window and looked out. There were several buildings grouped together—ancient buildings they were, the remains of an isolated mountain mission of the Franciscan order. Before the buildings was a large plaza and on three sides the place was enclosed with a high stone wall. The gate at which she had entered looked grim and foreboding.

When the night was half gone she dressed in her divided skirt and carefully descended the stairs. She made her way into the hall and feeling about the wall she found a pistol and a search in the cabinet produced cartridges for it. The front door was locked but she quietly slipped back the bolts. She thrilled exultantly as she reached the open. Escape lay before her—after she had scaled the high wall.

When she drew up breathless at what she thought was the far side of the parade ground an arm reached out in the darkness and grasped her about the waist.

"Senorita, you are standing upon the brink of a chasm nearly five hundred feet deep!" The arm held her firmly as she gave an involuntary start. The arm, the voice, the suggestion chilled her. Presently the voice began to speak in the slow Southern drawl; "If you will stand for a moment until you get accustomed to the darkness you will be able to distinguish the void below you; a dozen steps more and you would have been in eternity!"

Eleanor shivered. Already she could distinguish the space where the land ceased. She could also now distinguish the form of the man beside her.

"We will return now"—he withdrew his arm from about her and took her arm. His touch was gentle but firm. At the steps he said in a low voice; "Give me the pistol," and she yielded up the weapon. When they stepped into the hall there was a dim light burning and Don Miguel was standing there smiling his admiration.

"The senorita is clever and daring and had it not been that Frederico and I were pondering over some military maps she might have spent a disagreeable night in the open." He then bowed and motioned for her to ascend the stairs.

The following afternoon Eleanor saw Don Miguel and a small detachment of soldiers leave and she decided to interview the secretary in hope of enlisting his aid.

Pender looked up from his writing as she entered. Without ceremony Eleanor began: "To what extent are you bound to Don Miguel?" The secretary's face was grave but he replied without hesitation: "I draw pay as an officer in his army—I am commander-in-chief of his aerial forces—I share in the spoils of victory, or in prison if defeated."

"Are there no other reasons?" Her tones were impatient.

"We have been friends and comrades in arms for several years."

The girl came back at him quickly, eyes flashing as she spoke, challenging his fidelity to the don: "I wish to enlist you in my cause! I ask no treason other than to help a defenseless woman to escape his clutch which I perceive is merciless where his ambition is concerned."

"I owe allegiance to him," the soldier began, his face troubled, but the woman interrupted him: "A Southerner owes allegiance to a Southern woman in distress before allegiance to any earthly power!" Her voice rang with the spirit of conviction. Her thrust was keen and from the graveness of his face she saw that she had scored. He was choosing between two duties. She faced him, her soulful eyes challenging his manhood.

"You understand this little garrison is well guarded—doubly so since you are a prisoner here, and an attempt to escape would mean death to me, possibly to both, if we were caught!"

"I understand, but a soldier does not hesitate on account of danger." She laughed a reckless laugh while her hands clenched tightly.

"I was not thinking of myself, Miss Eleanor. Have you thought of how impossible it is to escape from here? If we succeed in getting beyond the walls we will be pursued and overtaken. Are you willing to risk death in preference to the future that is before you? The wife of Don Miguel will have wealth, and possibly social standing as high as it is possible for a woman in Mexico to attain—"

She interrupted him: "Have you forgotten the first night?" The tone of her words were bitter and her face was highly flushed.

"Then I was willing to try it alone—I am now willing to try it with you."

"I will do what I can to aid you but the attempt will be perilous. Don Miguel is a jealous man and if he suspects my friendship to you our relations of the past will count for but little—he is determined to marry you in spite of all resistance."

The soldier's face wore the light of sacrifice and he muttered: "I have changed commanders before—I change commanders now."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Pender——"

"You had better leave now," he interrupted. "Don Miguel has spies watching and the extent of your visit will be reported to him. Leave all plans to me and wait."

The sad look which for a second had rested upon his face left and a fighting light appeared creeping into his eyes. The girl left the office hurriedly, yet not without having first grasped his soft, firm hand and given it a warm pressure of thanks.

When Don Miguel returned her movements were reported to him and he at once went and questioned his secretary: "The senorita came in here—did she ask for me?"

"No, senor, but we spoke of the advantages marriage with you would mean to a woman."

"Indeed," and the Don's dark eyes flashed pleasantly: "And she has consented?"

"Not yet, but no doubt will in time."

The light of pleasure died away and suspicion crept in as he studied the other's face with keen jealousy, but found nothing there either to allay or to aggravate his feelings.

Days passed and Eleanor saw nothing of Pender. At his silence she worried not a little. Could it be possible that, after all, he had but tricked her—that she had misjudged him and that he was playing into the don's hand. Then the old woman who brought her meals to her told her that the secretary had gone for the priest. To rub salt over the raw wound she saw, in the late afternoon, Fred Pender return and with his little squad of men was a black robed priest. The temptation to rush out and throw herself over the cliff was strong. She turned to the door thinking to slip down and secure a weapon to avenge the treason of her countryman. The door was locked!

Tears of anger at her betrayal came and she sank limp and frightened upon the floor. The morrow was the day of the wedding.

The old woman found her huddled there when she brought the evening meal. Thinking to cheer her the old woman told her of the grand preparations that were being made for the marriage, and then retreated before the storm of the girl's grief.

Gradually the hours of the night slipped on and the hacienda became quiet. Eleanor sat by the barred window, downcast and with hope almost entirely gone. Possibly at the last moment her uncle and his party might find her.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet. Someone was stealthily climbing the tree just outside. She stepped back and watched cautiously. Higher and higher the man climbed—holding something in one hand. The limb began to bend and presently his face was at the window. "Eleanor!" he called softly and she answered "yes."

"Come close," the voice continued and she stepped forward. The man was fumbling at the bars of the window and they gave way.

"A little trick of mine," he explained as he thrust in the bundle that he carried. "You will put these on, for the trip ahead will not permit unnecessary clothes. Meet me at the arsenal!"

Already he was beginning to descend, and she seized the bundle and retreated across the room. For a moment she was too overjoyed to move or think. It all came so suddenly. Then she opened the bundle and spread out the contents—a soldier's uniform—which she donned without hesitation. Hastily she climbed through the window and grasping the boughs drew herself into the tree, eager and trembling; penitent, too, for having misjudged the man.

She came lightly to the ground and ran quickly in the direction of the arsenal. In her eagerness she rushed almost into the arms of a sentinel.

"Halt!"

She halted, the blood frozen in her heart—dismayed at her incaution and at a loss what to reply. She spoke the language fluently but what excuse to offer?

"Give me a cigarette, Guerra," spoke a voice at her elbow and the Southerner carelessly stepped between her and the guard. "Have a cigarette, compadre," he remarked offering the tobacco and papers to Eleanor who took them and went through the process of rolling a smoke as she had often seen men do, and her action passed muster in the dark. Then she mumbled a "gracias" and returned the sack to Frederico, and he, with a careless remark about the night being "dawn dark" returned the tobacco and throwing his arm over his companion's shoulder the two strolled on.

Eleanor thrilled at his touch and thrilled again at his careless words: "That was a close call, compadre," he murmured, "Our plans were almost stopped."

The arsenal now hid them from sight and here the woman saw an object large and indistinct. Then as she looked the starlight glimmered on the white planes of an aeroplane. In this lay their chance of escape—this man was daring much for her! For a second her heart ceased to beat then worked overtime. She hesitated, though she was afterwards ashamed of the momentary fear; "Is it safe?" she asked.

"About as safe as we are here. Quick!" His words now came as commands coming from one who is accustomed to being obeyed. Already she heard running feet. He clasped her in his arms and lifted her into a seat. In some way the Southerner tripped and fell. In her excitement Eleanor grasped lever after lever and then by chance touched the right one which set the engine to whirring. The aeroplane began to rise into the air like a great, lazy bird.

Frederico gradually worked his way from the framework where he had fallen to a seat beside the girl. He reached for the lever to steer the machine to the north. It would not work. Either his fall or the girl's frantic jerking at the lever had in some way disarranged it. A low whistle escaped the soldier.

They had risen above the hacienda and they could now see lanterns flashing back and forth. The alarm was given. Then they heard the bugle call to arms and the company formed upon the parade ground. Then there came a volley of shots. The Don in his anger was incautious. The aeroplane was well out of range and the shots were ineffectual.

A current of air was drifting the aeroplane to the south and the men seeing this filed out of the gate and began to follow the course

the machine was taking, thinking to recapture the secretary and the lady when they alighted.

"Can you stand to go higher?" the soldier asked.

"I—I think so," she faltered. She braced her feet and clung to the guard rail. With a quick, gliding motion the aeroplane glided upward and a colder current of air almost took away the girl's breath. Below her the lights were smaller than tiny stars and above her the stars were larger than lights and the girl's breath came in little gasps.

Here they struck a current of wind which drifted them to the north. Out and over the great bluff the aeroplane drifted and when they had gone far enough to the north the soldier said; "If you can stand a quick swoop which will carry us through that southward current of air we are alright."

His companion did not reply. Her head had drooped forward and she was shivering. The man's arm went about her instantly, holding her firmly in the seat. For a moment the great machine seemed poised, the engine throbbing. She opened her eyes to look at him.

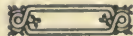
"O-o-o!" she shivered, then closed her eyes and leaned back. There was a rushing sensation and the earth seemed rushing upward to meet the sky.

"We are almost there, *senorita*."

"Where?" she asked, opening her eager eyes, to close them instantly at the sight of the dark earth rushing upward. Then she quietly fainted. When she regained consciousness she was lying upon a grassy slope and Don Miguel's secretary was bending over her tenderly brushing back the hair from her forehead. She forced a happy little laugh and he exclaimed; "I have stolen Don Miguel's bride!"

In reply she pressed tightly the hand which held hers. The dangers endured in midair had drawn them closer than years of friendship could have done.

"Yes; it will take the Don two days and a half to get into this valley by coming around the mountain and in that time we'll be across the Rio Grande. If you are strong enough to walk now I know where there is a sheep-herder's jacal which is only a short distance away. The herder is a friend of mine and we can watch away the remainder of the night there. *Senorita*." Then he added: "With the coming of the dawn there will be many things to discuss...." "The chiefest of which," she interrupted lightly, "will be the securing of proper wearing apparel for a young lady."



The Treasure of the Tomb.

By L. E. Eubanks

"Could you use \$40,000?"

"Could I use \$40,000! Try me!"

The question came from a broad-shouldered half-breed Indian and the response from Tom Lane proprietor of a small store in Seattle, Washington.

"Can we talk without disturbance for an hour or so?" came the next question.

"Yes, here in the back room, Watch the store, Jerry."

Seated, on a barrel, the Indian began, between long pulls at a black cob-pipe.

"Lane, I've known you for some time, and for the last few weeks have been studying you carefully."

"Are you an artist or a novel-writer, Ben?" smiled the merchant.

"I'm a fortune-hunter," responded the other gravely. "Listen. Since my mother died I have held a secret worth \$80,000. These three months I have kept my eye out for a man of real nerve to help me. I can't go it alone, and there's enough for two, anyway. It means \$40,000 to you and the worst things you'll have to face are camp life for a spell and foolish Indian superstition. Will you go?"

"I can stand anything you can," was the prompt reply. "Convince me that it's not a wild goose chase and I'm in."

"I shall tell you everything but the location," Ben answered, answered, warily. "I don't doubt you, Lane, or I wouldn't have opened up to you; but no one shall know that till we stand at the grave."

"Grave! Great Scott!! "

"Yes, it is buried in crude gold and golden images with the body of my great-grandfather in the wilds of Oregon."

"Do you *know* it's there?"

"My mother never lied." The speaker's absolute faith was remarkable; he no more doubted his parent's story than he questioned his own existence. As Tom Lane looked into the black eyes he felt the contagion of enthusiasm and confidence.

"I'll go, Ben." He extended his hand. "Tell me all about it and what plans you have. The thing looks blamed easy."

"It is easy, but somehow I wouldn't want to tackle it alone. I am part Indian in spite of my education; and feel better with company to share the curse of the old chief Bear-killer."

"I'm not very superstitious," remarked Lane.

"I wish I could say as much," answered Ben; "but let me go on. That curse upon anyone who should disturb his remains has protected the treasure-vault all these years. The old fool, just like an Indian, was so mad because he had no son that he ordered his wealth buried with him, and the two daughters, also like Indians, were fools enough to obey him. One of these daughters was my grandmother, and she kept the secret to her last hour, just as my mother did. This was old Bear-killer's instructions; he didn't want the secret to die, but he imposed the curse of sudden death on any one who divulged it except on the death-bed. Even my father

never knew; he died without the least suspicion that his squaw was an heiress. Gods! the poverty we've suffered, and that old devil hugging thousands to his withered bones! But it's mine and I will have it. I'll brave anything for it. You see, Lane, I'm a *modern American*."

"The other daughter, though; she knew," reminded the listener. deeply interested.

"Yes," agreed the half-breed, his face growing darker. "In that lies my only fear. She married an Indian just as my grandmother did, and had one child, a girl, who married a white man just as my mother did. Further we do not know—the whereabouts of this couple or whether there are children. If that sister or the one to whom she left the secret was treacherous—if the stuff is gone—but I'll not believe it."

"I'm game for the job, Ben," exclaimed Lane. "I should have been an Indian; I'm nearly one by association. I've spent so much of my life among the Reds I guess it's natural that my fortune, if ever I'm to have one, should come through their hands. The stuff is rightfully yours, and if you're a mind to give me half for my help I can't see anything crooked in it. Indian gold looks as good to me as any other, and if I can find the little half-breed whom I met in Alaska—"

"You would marry her?" asked Ben, doubtfully.

"Gladly. O, for a chance to marry her! She went out of my life as strangely and suddenly as she came into it; but, Ben, believe I she loved me. Enough of this sentiment, though, let's get busy."

* * * *

The thing that had looked so "easy" turned out far otherwise. The journey into the heart of the Oregonian mountains was no new experience to either man, the obstinacy of pack-mules and the hardships of camp-life were no deterrent to them; but to spend a week in unrewarded search, after arrival—this was certainly depressing.

"I tell you this is the canyon," insisted the Indian on the morning of the eighth day, when his companion suggested a change of course.

"You should have kept the map instead of burning it and trusting to memory," scolded Lane, fretfully.

On they struggled up the steep gulch, ever watchful for the point of rock described by Ben as the "Angels' Anvil."

"I think the angels must have taken their blacksmith-shop on up," panted Tom, with attempted levity.

In reply Ben pointed across the noisy creek to a small clearing where a lone cabin stood sheltered by a mammoth ledge. "Maybe that's their headquarters. Who the devil would live here?"

"It must be deserted," answered Lane, examining his rifle.

"No," declared the other; "there are fresh chips by the door and a well-worn path to the stream. We had better make a detour; we mustn't be seen."

Lane followed in silence. He knew the Indian woodcraft could be trusted.

Three hundred yards brought them to a sudden bend of the gulch, and, as the guide saw beyond, he dashed his hat to the ground with a subdued cry.

"At last, pard; there she is!"

"At last," echoed Lane, surveying the perpendicular face of rock before them. "That point was surely well named; there can be no mistake. The rest is easy; only a matter of pick and shovel."

"Not so fast," cautioned his companion. "Remember the cabin; it is daylight, yet. We must not dig till night. We'll camp here and make no fire; the cabin is too near."

Lane acquiesced as gracefully as his impatience allowed. Nervously they sat, hardly daring to whisper, till darkness had settled.

The moon rose early, but cast only a pale light into the canyon, as though reluctant to assist in the weird work.

With a pick on his shoulder, rifle in hand, the half-breed led the way. Lane followed with a shovel and his gun, muttering curses on the tangled undergrowth. At the base of the cliff the guide halted, pushed his hat back from his eyes, tapped a rock with his rifle-stock, and said, dramatically.

"Under this pile lies our fortune."

"And Bear-killer's bones," added Lane, prosaically. "Let's get busy."

Weapons and tools were laid aside till the rocks could be moved. Only one was rolled away, for a sound reached their ears that caused the white man's cheeks to blanch and chilled the Indian's blood. It was like a long-drawn sigh or, more correctly, a groan, and its effect was heightened many times by the softly moaning wind and murmuring pines.

Tom Lane grasped his gun and listened. Ben was transfixed, and gazed at the tomb, fully expecting his great-grandfather to ascend the rude monument, condemn and strike him dead.

"It was not from the grave," whispered Lane.

No response; only the same frozen stare.

Suddenly the groan came again, but though prolonged, could not be located. The wind seemed to take up a dozen echoes, and Lane was dazed. He tried to brace up and roused his companion by saying.

"Bear-killer had quite a family, I guess. Let's go ahead."

Ben shook his head, picked up his gun and retreated, keeping his wild eyes on the tomb. Lane remonstrated in vain, and, as the mysterious sound appeared to draw nearer with each repetition, he decided to postpone the project till daylight.

Silently they returned to the pack mules, where Lane was surprised to see the half-breed start preparations for a move.

"Not going to give up, Ben!" he exclaimed.

"Done. Know when I've got enough." The marks of civilization had suddenly fallen from Ben like a mask. There stood the real Indian, superstitious and simple.

But, unfortunately for him, he did not go. Lane's argument and the reviving desire for wealth prevailed. It was decided to await morning, then hurry the job through, and be as far out of the wilds by night as possible.

The day had been a fatiguing one and both men dozed in spite of fear and nervous strain. Toward morning they slept soundly, and Lane was awakened by the sunlight on his face.

Springing to his feet, he called to Ben who sat against a boulder not ten feet away. There was no reply, and Tom stepped nearer, only to fall back in horror. The Indian leaned against the rock with his overcoat as a pillow just as his partner had last seen him, but his face was cold in death. The hilt of a huge hunting-knife told the story; the blade had pierced his heart and death had been instantaneous.

Mechanically, Lane took up his gun. A rough piece of wrapping-paper had been drawn through the trigger-guard, and Lane shudder-

ed as he thought how near to him the assassin had been. Smoothing out the dirty sheet, he found the message in crude, but forceful, form. It was merely a poorly-drawn pencil-picture of a man carrying two guns and leading two pack mules, with a pile of rocks in the rear.

"A hint to put distance between me and Bear-killer's bank immediately," muttered Tom. "So Ben's murderer was an Indian, uneducated and faithful to old Killer." He pocketed the paper, soliloquizing further. "I'll go; but I'll take the stuff with me. It's daylight now, so let 'em come on with their groans and knives."

He buried the dead man with sincere regret, for Ben had been a real friend, ate his meagre breakfast of cold biscuit, then, with admirable coolness, set out again for the tomb.

Again, he had moved one stone when an interruption came. This time Lane did not snatch his gun; but was struck dumb with surprise as Ben had been the night before. A voice had hailed from the thicket, and now there emerged a beautiful girl who walked directly toward him.

"My God, it's Inez!" he gasped.

"Tom Lane!" she cried, in equal surprise.

In a moment he had clasped her in his arms. "How came you her, darling?"

"I must hear your story first," she answered, extricating herself from his embrace.

Lane told it all, beginning with their last meeting in Alaska, and ended the narration with a kiss.

"It is hard to tell you, Tom," began the girl; "but it was my mother who killed your friend."

"Yes, listen. My grandmother was the other sister whom you say your partner so feared. I am her branch of the family what he was to his branch, the receiver of this awful secret." She glanced at the rocks with a shudder, then continued.

"My mother told me all when we thought she was dying. But she recovered. That was in Alaska. As an atonement to the great ancestor Bear-killer whom she reveres and fears in true Indian fashion, she dedicated the rest of her life to personal guardianship of this spot. Her love for me is great, though I am little like the Indians, and, since I knew the poor old woman who went hungry that I might become a white woman in mind as well as in appearance, I feared my resolution might fail if I saw you again before leaving, so we stole away, and have lived ever since in the cabin down the gulch. Mother cannot live long; her mind is clouded now; and I shall humor her to the end."

"But Inez, what a place for you!" he exclaimed, stealing a protecting arm around the waist.

"I was born in a similar one, Tom; and I am not afraid. Besides we get many comforts with our supplies from the village. I was in town yesterday when you passed the cabin, but mother saw, and was prepared to frighten you away last night. When you camped, and she saw you meant to try again her weak mind suggested the course she took. And O, Tom! you, too, would have been killed but for a slight resemblance in your face to that of my father. She noted it in the afternoon and again when she had stabbed your friend. This, alone, saved you. She left a warning, she said.

To Inez, the drawing was as plain as spoken words. Kissing her lover again, she said: "But it's different now. Velvet Hand, as papa always called my mother, will be a friend to my friends al-

ways. She is regretful, even now, and sick from excitement. I volunteered to stand guard with my rifle that I might see and talk to the 'white man,' little dreaming that he was Tom Lane."

"I have found my treasure, sweetheart," said Lane. "Needless to tell you, that grave is as sacred to me now as to you. Only in your happiness can I be happy. If you will not go with me, I shall stay here. The village is not so very far, and we can get married there and live here till—till——"

"Till my mother Velvet Hand is gone," she finished. "Then we, the only holders of this dread secret, shall go far away into the 'white man's home'."

She waved one hand toward the east, extended the other to Lane, and led him away, a willing captive.

Realization.

By Robert Page Lincoln

*She seemed like sunshine kissing up the dew—
Sparkling, alluring eyes that guessed thy inmost thought;
A rose that softly sprcading knows its dainty lot
So did she look on petalled dawn of life' None knew!
None knew since masked her fairy face had brought
Hearts to her presence and the ones who sought—
Marvelled at her unfounded purity—gracious undue.
The dross of life sometimes looks like the gold—
And we who miserly do hoard it guess not what we hold,
Till from out dreams we wake with hearts to silent rue'
Deep in her floweret soul I, the poor dreamer, sold
My life's last breath—when in the lambkin fold
The meek was bared and from the sunshine drew—
My ideal harsh with sin. And then I knew!*

The Valley of Los Tres Montanos.

Charles Nevers Holmes

At last I gazed upon it!—I whose kith and kindred had perished upon this same mad quest. I, sole survivor of my family, gazed like one that is half in doubt upon the golden glow of the treasure valley and uttered a wild, harsh cry of exultation.

Below lay wealth—fabulous wealth—wealth easy to acquire, wealth almost without toil. For a while I gazed into this treasure valley, and, then, around me, upon crag and crevasse, upon gully and canyon, upon mountain and sky. Like one who is hypnotized by some glittering vision, my glance soon returned to the treasure valley, and now I suddenly discerned something more—amidst that valley's heart there lay, as if stricken, the huddled and motionless body of a man.

"Asleep!" muttered I, jealous rage burning fiercely in my bosom, "by what right does he or any other, save of my family, thus trespass upon this heritage which has cost the lives and fortunes of my people? By what right, indeed?"—and then a wave of repulsion suddenly drowned my resentment.

Once again I looked around me. Truly, the wording of my grandfather's journal was most explicit. The "shallow canyon" was nigh at hand and the "descent thereto of no extraordinary difficulty." With one more glance into the golden valley, as though fearing lest it prove some mirage, I descended from the giant boulder and walked briskly towards the "shallow canyon." At its walls I paused, then climbed without difficulty to its bottom, and hurried somewhat recklessly along its "sloping and glass-like surface." The canyon ran straight ahead, descending more and more into the gloom and solitude, and twice in my haste I stumbled and sprawled upon its slippery surface. But its course continued remarkably straight, and presently the light from an "opening into the treasure valley" cheered my sight, and it was indeed a "wonderful sensation" that I found myself standing upon this valley's golden-lined threshold.

The valley of Los Tres Montanos was truly tiny and of a circular, rather oblong form. Its floor was smooth as glass, like the floor of the canyon, being considerably higher at its center than around its sides. Above this valley overhung the three lofty mountains which gave to it its name, and such was their menacing appearance that several seconds elapsed ere I ventured to cross the valley's threshold.

Revolver in hand, I walked cautiously forward, and stood over the huddled and motionless body. For a moment it seemed to me that the body stirred, and involuntarily I started back. Then, I glanced about in sudden suspicion; but excepting the dead and myself, nothing human was to be seen. Not a cloud obscured the azure splendor of the sky; only a large eagle flapped its solitary way lazily towards the loftiest of the three mountains. It was evident that the deceased had been hard at work, for there was considerable excavation into the valley's floor, and, as though for some recent, heavy rain, this excavation was almost filled with water.

At its bottom lay several mining implements, and I found the right leg of the deceased so snugly jammed into a crevice of the excavation that I could not readily remove it. But I soon relinquished this grewsome attempt, turning my entire attention to the bewildering wonders of this marvelous valley.

Gold was everywhere—gold—gold—gold. The valley's floor was of gold, its walls upwards of twenty feet were of gold; gold so virgin and unalloyed that one's calculations reeled. Millions and millions lay patent before my very eyes, and now I came to understand for the first time the explanation for that mellow glow which had so puzzled me as I gazed from the giant boulder above.

No longer did I doubt the seemingly extravagant wording of my grandfather's journal. "And it was as though I had found the treasure reservoir of our world, whence by the action of water (the sides and bottom of this valley being glass-smooth as if washed by former torrents) a golden flood had been precipitated upon the rocks and gullies far below."

And, truly, this valley's floor and walls appeared as if deeply worn by the action of former torrents. Its walls were hollowed out, extending without break or projection for upwards of some twenty feet, at which height a sort of ledge or craggy finger jutted out over the valley's floor. As this finger caught my eye, amidst the valley's silence and isolation, it seemed to move, and, pointing as it did towards the canyon's opening, to warn me to flee from the treasure valley. And the weird suggestiveness of the thing induced, I must confess, a deeper depression over my already vividly excited imagination.

After some further survey of the valley, I sat down to figure out how far I had traveled from Santa Fe—which was the nearest city—and estimated that it was at least 200 miles distant. The sooner that I returned to Santa Fe the better; but both duty and decency seemed to demand an immediate burial of some sort for the unfortunate being who had so mysteriously died. Accordingly, I endeavored once more to release his body from the excavation. In this second attempt, with the assistance of one of the submerged implements, I was at length successful, finding that although the leg had been badly wrenched and broken, the rest of the body had suffered only superficially. The features were distorted as though from fear, yet I could discover no where anything indicative of violence or murder. It was true that death might have resulted from poison or some comparatively slight blow, but after somewhat cursory examination I was unable to unearth anything suspicious.

The face and attire were decidedly American, those of an easterner in most vigorous manhood. Beneath the body I found the coil of a lariat and a soggy leaf of writing paper. Upon this paper were pencillings; but these were so water-soaked and indistinct that many minutes elapsed ere I was able to decipher their meaning. Even then I was somewhat in doubt respecting several of the words; but I will give the letter—for letter it was—exactly as I reproduced it.

"Aug. 6, 1879" (the date was that of yesterday). "Dearest Edith. In my excitement over the unbelievable promise of our discovery, I can with difficulty direct my pencil. Millions upon millions of Nature's purest wealth (in fact I am writing this note upon a good-sized block of gold) shine here upon every side. Hal is getting ready to return at once to Santa Fe and Sam has given up work to write to Bertha. It is just now 3.30 p. m., and the death-

like silence of the place is disturbed by some sudden distant murmur, like the murmur of rushing waters. Sam has also heard it and is unslinging his field-glass. This valley has become of a sudden so desolate amid its treasury of countless millions. Ah! the sound comes from a tiny waterfall, high up on the mountainside, which is leaping down into a steep ravine. The sound seems to be growing louder—can it be possible?"—and at this point the pencilling ended in a long, undecipherable scrawl.

Involuntarily I drew my watch—the hands stood exactly at 3.30. Instinctively I glanced upward, a vague, uneasy sensation stealing over me. At that very moment a sudden, subdued, murmuring saluted my ears. This murmuring rapidly swelled to a deeper sound, increasing in volume with every second. I rose hastily, undecidedly to my feet, and, as I did so, the sound became a roar, the roar a shout—a sort of demoniac shriek, as though the spirit of some avenging guardian of this treasure valley was close at hand. The floor of the valley trembled; and it seemed scarcely a moment later when with a yell of triumph a torrent of water leapt down the adjoining canyon and whilst a portion of this flood coursed irresistibly downward, a mighty inrush swept with a final roar of rage into the treasure valley itself.

Until now I stood perplexed and awed; but at this deafening inundation I sprang instinctively towards the canyon, to be immediately hurled back by the fierce onslaught of the torrent. Already the valley's floor was submerged, and the flood rose rapidly to my ankles, climbing like some hungry and ferocious demon towards my knees. Like a drenched rat, retreating as far as possible, I crouched trembling beneath the craggy finger. That finger, as I glanced appealingly upward, seemed to assume a truly sardonic and prophetic significance; but I was left scant time for fancies, for even as I glanced the flood had risen, and now began to move with a rotary motion—a motion induced by the manner in which the torrent was forced through the canyon's opening.

And soon the flood washed and worried above my knees, rising swiftly to my hips. I am at best an indifferent swimmer; but had my skill equalled that of Captain Webb, it would have availed me nothing. And, then, just as I felt that I could no longer retain my footing, and was uttering an incoherent, semi-conscious prayer, the lariat which had lain beneath the body of the deceased, was swept against me, and I clutched at it as one grasps under such circumstances at a straw.

At its touch a new and sudden hope revived my courage. Just above me there jutted out the projecting, craggy finger which tapered to a comparatively slender end. The distance to this finger from where I was struggling with the torrent did not exceed 20 feet and on the San Juan ranch where my earlier life was spent, none could excel me in manipulations with the lasso. But my skill had always been exhibited on comparatively stable footing and I had never experimented upon a projecting target 20 feet over head. Yet it was my only chance, and this ray of hope, although very feeble, was sufficient to bring me to my senses.

Summoning my surviving courage and strength, uttering a wild and fervent appeal to Heaven, I whirled and flung the lariat, but its noose fell short. Again I tried—the waters rising fast above my hips—but again I missed. Thrice I was swept off my feet, and the tide had risen to my elbows, when by a combination of luck and skill

I succeeded in casting the noose accurately and securely over the end of the craggy finger.

Thank God!—it held. Then, a clammy arm smote me rigidly upon my back, a soggy hand clutched around my neck, and a pair of dull, sightless eyes stared into mine. The corpse from the excavation, impelled by the swirl of waters, had stolen up and was endeavoring to drag me to my doom.

Such was my sudden loathing and horror that the lariat's end slipped numbly from my grasp, and I was dragged forward by the body which seemed to cling closer and closer. But regaining my footing and senses, I hurled the thing from me and by tremendous effort recovered the lariat. Then, partly by strength, partly by desperation, I endeavored to draw myself up, hand over hand, out of this maelstrom and reach the projecting, craggy finger above.

How I gained that ledge, even with the aid of my lasso, I know not. For a while everything became dark, and when consciousness returned, I was lying bruised and prone upon that rocky finger. The thunder and echoes of the torrent were decreasing, and the flood was rapidly abating. Yet it was a long half-hour before the waters had wholly drained away and the former silence and solitude reigned again amidst the golden valley.

I shrunk from leaving my haven of refuge; but nothing was to be gained by remaining upon the ledge. Once more I used my lariat, and painfully, fearfully descended the lasso to the valley's floor. The moment my feet touched "terra firma," I staggered like one who is drunken towards the canyon and fell across its opening in a state of insensibility.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed between the invasion and abatement of the flood; but now the entire valley was wrapped in twilight obscurity. This was due to a violent tempest whose wind and thunder whistled and reverberated weirdly amongst the crags and crevasses of the three lofty mountains. After a while my consciousness somewhat returned and I crept slowly upon hands and knees up the incline of the slippery canyon. I was exceedingly weak, but continued my painful ascent amidst a deluge of rain and incessant lightning. It was still more difficult to climb the canyon's wall; but after several torturing and futile efforts I scaled some of the less steeper rocks, and sank into a swoon amidst a cluster of sage-grass and cactus.

Ten minutes later there awoke a clatter of hoofs, and a small, dusty cavalcade made its sudden appearance. At that moment the setting sun burst forth out of the storm clouds, shining red through the narrow notch between two of the lofty mountains. Fatigued and bruised as I was, I staggered to my feet just as these new comers were dismounting from their horses.

"For the love of Heaven!" I cried, "desist!—tempt not yonder Demon. Look upon me, for I bear you witness."

But they thrust me violently aside. "He is protecting the mine!" they shouted. "Let your fellows below beware—the treasure is ours, all ours, and we will enforce our claim."

In a trice they had left me, and, armed and reckless, were racing along the rocky and treacherous canyon. I could hear their excited voices echoing and re-echoing until the sounds died away in an articulate murmur. Influenced more by instinct than by curiosity, I crawled to the top of the giant boulder whence I had first beheld the golden valley. It was at this very moment that the invaders emerged, noisy and belligerent, leaping aggressively across

the valley's threshold. But as they rushed forward in their headlong and insane greed, the black cloud still hanging threatening about the peak of the loftiest of the three mountains, emitted a dazzling flash which darted downward like some devastating serpent. Instantaneously there crashed the thunder, such as I had never heard, thunder which reverberated like some giant's voice amongst the ponderous cliffs and crags. Then, whilst I gazed in indescribable terror, it seemed to me that a vast fragment from the mountain had broken loose and was sliding downward.

And a moment later I saw that this was so. With a roar and rumble far exceeding the artillery of the thunder, an avalanche of rocks and boulders descended upon the treasure valley. That one roar, a ponderous settling of rocky particles, a dense and stifling cloud of dust, and then silence—deep, significant, awful silence.

And the valley of Los Tres Montanos, its golden treasury, and the foolhardy intruders, were inhumed forever beneath millions of tons of relentless, irremovable granite.

The Fisherman's Home.

By R. R. R.

*The twilight sad, the sea—a crimson waste;
The mainsail taut, to port the jib inclines:
Faster than the breeze our hearts make haste
With fishes from the trolling lines.
Ahead the boat the gloomy island looms
In direful silence, and—to me—
In vagueness as of aged tombs,
In awesome outline, giant mystery.
Behold! Within the lea a light's bright flash;
Then hidden by the swells—below, above:
The real, infinite and mysteries crash:
Behold a domicile of love!*

The Five Fingers of God.

Adriana Spadoni

For thirty years Jose Molina had tended the Old Mission. For thirty years he had watched it falling into decay, crumbling into oblivion. For the first fifteen years he had pleaded passionately with the gaping tourists who came to stare, for money to help restore it. After that he had stopped talking. Now he pointed silently with the great iron key to the thickness of the adobe walls, the narrow winding stair to the choir loft, even to the grave of the holy Padre, sleeping under the broken flags by the high altar. But he prayed. How he prayed. For hours he knelt in the old church, chilled by the wind, the salt, damp wind that blew from the ocean through the broken windows high up in the massive walls, and down through the jagged holes in the tiled roof. On warm days he climbed the rotting stairs to the belfry and there, under the huge rafters that had once held the three Mission bells, he dreamed his dream. Once more the church was to stand, tight and whole, against winter storms, just as the sainted man beneath the flags had left it, when all the land for miles had bowed under Holy Church.

But until now he had been alone. Priests had come and gone. Some had stayed a few weeks, some a few months. They had listened. They had looked at the crumbling walls and said sadly, "The days of faith are no more. Now there is only business. Ay, ay, it would be a great thing." They had done nothing and the little piles of grey dust from the powdering walls grew higher.

But now Jose Molina was not alone. Father Fernandez did not look sadly and say, "Ay, ay." His blue eyes snapped with enthusiasm as he walked up and down the long veranda, under the grapevine, while old Jose polished the big brass candlestick in readiness for mass on the following day.

"It is a great idea—the Mission a real power once more." Father Fernandez' lean, white hands made a quick gesture of approval. "A great idea—and it can be done, too. It is possible." Under the black soutanne, his nervous body, compact with energy seemed to think in every muscle. "The difficulties are only material. It needs only money."

"Ay," Jose Molina smiled gently over the top of the brass candlestick. "But it is not so easy to find—that money. For many years I have waited and it comes slowly, so slowly—never enough at one time for a single tile, and they fall so quickly and the mortar rots fast, very fast."

The young priest shrugged impatiently. "The world is full of money. Since it exists it is possible to get. There is only to find the way."

"Ay. Ay." The old man nodded. "But there is only one way, more sure than all. We will pray." Suddenly he put down the candlestick and turned impulsively to Father Fernandez. "You are young, you are the priest. I am old, the servant, but it is my life. Out there in that black hole that was once a room in the wall, my grandmother was born. And the mother of her before, up here in the valley, where the hills touch. And now they came, those who

remember nothing and they make little noises in their throats and say, "What a shame," but they give nothing. To ask is to waste the time. We will pray. Always before I have been alone. He has said, 'Where two or three are gathered together.' We will pray, we will make the fast, as strict as you like. I am old but also I am very strong."

The young priest stopped in his restless pacing and looked at the old man as one stops in a hurried walk through a museum, attracted by some strikingly rare old object.

"So," he said kindly, "we will pray—of course we will pray."

Jose Molina picked up the candlestick that shone like a streak of fire in the shadows under the grapevine. His brown hands shook.

"So—so. Once more it will be as before. A great Spanish Mission here by the western sea. And those Americans who talk so loud—ay, ay, alone it was impossible, but now" The old man's voice quavered and his eyes grew misty with thankfulness for the youth, the strength, the enthusiasm of Father Fernandez. "I knew it would come—some day. 'Whatever ye ask in My name!' the faith it is NOT dead." And he went, carrying the brass candlestick before him as if it were a guiding cross.

Father Fernandez looked from the cool verandah, across the sun baked yard to the church, softly brown and yellow in the clear light. "It is possible," he said softly, "quite possible. There is only to find the way. Something striking, original that will net an amount worth while. I must think."

"There will be a barbecue there." Father Fernandez pointed to a cleared space under the gnarled pear trees of the old orchard, "And the games of Spain and dances, Spanish dances." His keen eye lit with anticipation. "The Mission will wake up. They will come for miles. It will be a great day. The agent of the company"—he nodded to where, above the dark pines, the faintly grey smoke of summer cottages curled into the blue, "understands. He sees the opportunity. The company will run extra stages. Oh, the Mission will wake up."

"You have done well." Father Fernandez nodded to the pile of firewood, neatly stacked by the scaffold from which the heavy chains swung that were to hold the roasting bull. "There's only now to cut the branches, there just above. They are too low."

The calloused hands of Jose Molina went out as if to protect the trees. "The orchard has never been cut—so—"

"No. It needs it. Why, properly handled that orchard should have been yielding a revenue for years, a good one. Pears from a California Mission, from the trees planted by the Padres, one hundred years ago—why we could get fancy prices from them anywhere, in this state and the East too—the old Spanish days, the Padres, romance—this land of the almighty dollar would eat those pears until it made itself sick." Father Fernandez' hearty laugh cut the brooding stillness of the hot afternoon and the young man who had been hired to help laughed too, a little impatiently, as he waited to get the young priest's attention on some important detail.

Jose Molina stood for a moment watching Father Fernandez give his decisive, quick orders. Then, quietly, he went out from the orchard and took the hot, white road to the sea. Above the sky was blue with a density that hurt; beyond, the ocean lay flat, purple, tired under the dazzling sky. Behind, the valley narrowing to a cleft between the parched, golden hills, wound along the river, a

vivid green into the haze wrapped depths. On the north and south, guarding the valley, two pine clad spits thrust themselves from the crescent of snow white sand between, as if the hot, weary earth had thrown herself face downward and flung her great arms into the sea. In the still heat the land slept, slept lightly as if with stolen rest.

For an hour, Jose Molina walked, his shoulders bent forward, his head down, his hands clasped behind him. For the first time in thirty years he was a stranger in the place he loved with the one passion of his life. Even the tall pines and the white sand and the purple sea seemed to have shut him out. He was an old man, quite alone. He had nothing, not even his dream. The young priest, with his quick, thin hands, and his clear eyes had taken it, not roughly but quietly appropriated it, just as he had absorbed the respect, the admiration, the love of the parishioners. On Sundays he preached in English from the summer cottages beyond the pines. When he spoke in Spanish they came from far up the valley. He, Jose Molina, who for thirty years had been a part of the Mission just as the orchard and the broken wall and the wormeaten rafters of the bell tower were part of it, had been gently thrust outside, so gently that only he knew that it had been. Not even Father Fernandez himself had any suspicion of it. He still consulted Jose Molina in all things, as one who is preparing for a long journey consults an invalid who cannot move. But Jose Molina was utterly alone, except for the holy man asleep near the high altar.

In the shelter of a grey rock, above a cliff that tumbled into the purple sea, below, Jose Molina sat down and loosened the handkerchief about his neck to let the soft air from the sea cool his hot skin. He had walked far and he was tired. In a little while he slept, leaning against the grey rock, his old hands crossed peacefully in his lap.

When he awoke it was much cooler. One of the sudden breezes that hide in the caves along the coast was blowing lightly from the south. The deep purple of the sea had faded to grey-blue. The cutting clearness of the sky was deadened by the faintest veil of soft, fluffy cloud. Jose Molina looked about, refreshed by his sleep, peacefully content, forgetful of why he had gone to walk in the middle of the hot afternoon.

Suddenly he remembered. At the same moment from the south a small, grey cloud came creeping up the sky. Jose Molina leaned forward. His sad, dark eyes lit with a quick gleam, his hands went out in eager welcome. "Oh," he whispered, "it is—" Then Jose Molina thrust his hands behind him and real terror killed the spark in his eyes. "No, no, no," he cried, "it is not possible. I do not wish that. It is—impossible—that—I wish—that."

The little grey cloud came steadily on.

Fascinated, Jose Molina watched. The freshening breeze seemed to be playing with the little cloud, driving it gaily before it.

Jose Molina got up, retied his handkerchief and walked quickly back to the Mission. From time to time he turned to look. The little grey cloud seemed to have stopped in its flight, but it was slowly spreading. The sea below it was a dull, dead grey. As the old man crossed the yard Father Fernandez came out from the orchard. His fine, thin face was white and tired.

"It is all ready," he said, pointing to the long tables under the lopped boughs of the great trees. "Everything is ready." He fell into step beside Jose Molina and together they walked to the house.

"There will be six extra stages." The young priest's voice was gentle with satisfied accomplishment. "The land company sees a good chance. They expect to sell many lots—a real Spanish fiesta, the sky blue, the sun warm." Father Fernandez laughed boyishly. "And the papers from Los Angeles will send their reporters and photographers. From one I have received a good suggestion. It is that the men who roast the meat be dressed in the costume of old Spain in the days of the Holy Father." Father Fernandez reverently raised his baretta. "The idea is good is it not?"

The old man beside him nodded slowly. "Very good—very good."

"There is only to get the costumes. I will go into town very early. I think I can find them."

Again Jose Molina nodded slowly. "Most surely. You will get what you want."

"The tornada too is laid, a double string of giant crackers, twice round the church. My, but it will make a noise." Father Fernandez' clear laugh echoed in the warm stillness of the late afternoon. "Never has such a thing been seen out of the countries of Spain. Why, the holy padre asleep there under the chancel, will think the old days have come back."

For the third time Jose Molina shook his head. "No," he said slowly. "I—do not—think—he—will—think that."

In his narrow bed Jose Molina lay listening to the stillness, an ominous stillness that seemed to lie behind the break of the surf and the fitful complaining of the orchard below. After days of motionless heat, like an old person compelled to move after a long rest, the trees grumbled in the light breeze, that seemed to be moving before the silence behind, as a thin curtain blows in the doorway of an empty room. Jose Molina turned restlessly from side to side but he could not sleep. Beyond the stillness, like a sentry beyond a stone wall, a thought walked quietly up and down, tapping for admission to the old man's brain. From time to time Jose Molina said a prayer and drew the quilts closely about his head and shut his eyes tightly. But his ears he could not close. The brooding, waiting stillness of the earth seemed to roar in his ears.

At last he threw off the bedclothes and got up. Before the window he stood tall, gaunt in his night things, peering into the dark. Then he pushed open the sash and stepped out on the verandah. There were no stars. Heavy clouds, faintly white from the moon behind, hung low. Unmuffled by the walls, the waves piled on the sand and broke on the rocky headlands with a dry, cracking echo. As he stood, his head bent ever so little, faced to the south, a puff of wind, cool, sharp with the tang of salt and things that grow in the depths of the sea, struck him. Jose Molina clutched the railings of the verandah and leaned far out, his face tiptilted to the night. A second little puff struck his thin neck. It was cooler, sharper with salt than the first. Jose Molina began to tremble.

"No, no, no," he muttered. "It is too early—much too early—it's not possible—"

Suddenly all the earth seemed to shiver and draw itself together against the approach of something. For just a moment the old man stood as he was then he slipped to his knees.

"Rain," he whispered, "it is coming—the rain."

Having gained admission at last, the thought came in and made itself comfortable.

Kneeling there, his head thrown back to the full soft of the night, Jose Molina, prayed for rain.

Before morning it came. In the grey light Jose Molina woke to hear it tapping steadily on the broad sill. The ocean was sobbing sadly now but the old pear trees had stopped grumbling. Their gnarled arms thrown out in patient endurance, they stood silent under the straight, white rain. The long, wooden tables, soaked a deep yellow, gleamed dully in the green. All the land lay drinking in the rain.

It was still early when Jose Molina got up, dressed and went down stairs. Before a fire in the dining room, Father Fernandez sat huddled in a deep chair. As the old man entered, the young priest looked up. All the enthusiasm was gone from his face. The sharp eagerness was dead in his eyes. The compact, nervous body seemed loosened.

"It is spoiled, all spoiled," he said hopelessly, with a weary gesture toward the soaking earth.

"Ay," the old man stopped for a moment on his way to the kitchen. "Ay, but—it was the will of the Lord."

Father Fernandez shrugged. "Ay, but for that reason it is not more easy to bear. I have worked hard; so hard. It was to be a great day. Much money would have come to the Mission. Now—it will rain for some days. The tornada is quite ruined. Worse, the enthusiasm will be dead. Enthusiasm is like dry wood—when dampened it does not burn. And I have worked—"

The old man spreads his hands in acquiescence. "Ay—you have worked. I too—worked—for thirty years—in another way—but as I saw the way."

As he went out he saw Father Fernandez hunch forward again in his chair as if he had grown many years older in the night.

All the morning it rained, steadily, quietly, a cold, grey, soaking rain. Father Fernandez read in his holy books and said the prayers at the hours appointed and watched the rain run from the tiles of the church. Just before twelve the agent of the land company came in his covered buggy. The suave gentleness of his tones were gone. Jose Molina heard his voice, sharp with annoyance, talking with Father Fernandez.

"Disgusting." Jose Molina turned a little to catch the words through the open door. "When a thing like this gets a setback, it's impossible to revive interest. And it was a good idea, Father, the only good-sense, practical scheme for really doing things the Mission has ever had. We are losers too. Oh, we quite realize that. A fine day, a Spanish fiesta—and we would have done a little too."

"Yes," replied Father Fernandez wearily. "And it is so early too, for the rain."

"Why, I've been here six years and I have never seen it rain in September before."

In the kitchen beyond, the old man poured the boiling water on the coffee. "Neither I—and I have been many times six."

At one o'clock Jose Molina rang the tinkling silver bell but Father Fernandez did not come and after a little while the old man cleared away the lunch and ate his own cold, at the edge of the kitchen table. There was not a sound in the house but the beating of the rain on the windows. Jose Molina washed the few dishes and then there was nothing more to do, but read in the holy books, or sleep

or pray, nothing else except to sit listening to the rain. Jose Molina tried to read and pray but he could do neither. The tapping of the rain on the gutters got between him and the meaning of the words. When the fire died low he made it up and tried to sleep huddled close in a warm corner by the stove. But the rain tapped steadily on his brain.

About four in the afternoon Father Fernandez came downstairs. He wore a heavy rubber coat and high boots.

"I'm going down on the beach?" he said. "It is not raining so hard now and I have been in all day."

His face no longer had the strained, angry look. From somewhere behind the falling rain he had gathered calmness. "I shall not be very long and I should like dinner when I come in."

Jose Molina watched him go, walking rapidly, his heavy boots sinking into the thick, black mud of the yard. When he was out of sight, the old man looked dully across the soaking earth to the church, all the soft coloring off the old adobe washed to a dirty yellow-brown. As he looked the rain thinned to a drizzle. The water stopped running from the tiles in streams but the sky, sagging as if under a great weight, hung low, greyer than twilight. Jose Molina wrapped a long, black cape about him, pulled his wide hat over his ears and went out. The heavy door of the church groaned as he pushed it open, then swung to silently. It was dark between the thick walls and cold with a deadly chill. The old man shivered and drew his cape closer against the damp air that reached for him through the broken windows and the draughty side chapel. Water lay in the uneven hollows of the floor and broad bands of black, like crawling serpents on the walls, marked the path of the rain from the broken roof. Above the chancel alone was the roof quite whole. Ready for the fiesta mass, the brass candlesticks shone in the dim light, and the lace altarcloth, old and finely spun, hung like fairy frost work. The pine boughs, stacked to hide the peeling walls smelled sweetly in the dampness.

Slowly the old man walked up to the chancel rail and knelt. From his pocket he drew a rosary and began mechanically, slipping the beads between his fingers, ticking the prayers into eternity. With fierce intensity he fixed his eyes on the gilt cross, shining above him. But Jose Molina did not pray. Behind the steady purpose in his eyes, his thoughts wandered.

Suddenly he thrust the beads back into his pocket and bending low covered his face with his hands.

"Gesu Cristo," he called softly, personally as if the spirit of God were hidden in the shadows, "Gesu Cristo, I——"

Like a tearing sheet the sky parted and the rain roared on the tiles. In a fury it beat and lashed as if to get at the old man underneath. Through the roar Jose Molina heard it running down the walls, splashing on the flags below. Somewhere near him, in a dark corner, a little trickle laughed as it hit a flag. Shaking he bent lower still.

"Gesu Cristo, Gesu Cristo——"

For a moment the storm lulled.

"Gesu Cristo, dear Gesu—I have loved it so—and I prayed and worked so long—and always Thou didn't say 'Whatever ye ask' and I asked and he came young, strong and I, like a coat worn out—for thirty years I prayed, oh God (Gesu and he—in a few months)"

Wilder, madder than before, it broke again, tearing at the tiles, shrieking in its baffled rage. Jose Molina threw himself prostrate on the icy flags.

"Holy Mary, plead for me. I——"

Then with a loud hiss it came, down from a new rent in the roof, straight upon the altar, like a long, thin finger thrust through from above. Another to the right, two more to the left, a fifth down into the broken flags of the holy father's grave. With a loud cry Jose Molina covered his face with his cape. Through the folds he heard the water gurgle between the broken stones, soaking down into the dry bed of dead padre. Jose Molina stumbled to his feet. Peering in terror from the folds of his cape the old man retreated towards the heavy door. As he stared they widened, fattened under his look, five ghostly fingers of falling rain.

"Ay, ay, ay," cried the old man, "the hand of God." With all his strength he pushed the great door and ran trembling across the yard.

Father Fernandez saw him coming and opened the door. The young priest laughed happily. "What a storm. It drove me back but it's immense. Why——" Father Fernandez caught the terror in the eyes of the old man. "What is it?" he laid his hand quickly on the soaking cape.

At the touch Jose Molina dropped to his knees. "I have sinned, I have sinned," he moaned. "Absolve me, father, absolve me."

And there where he knelt, old Jose Molina confessed to the sins of vanity and envy and Father Fernandez absolved him.

Hunting Song.

By Jessie Davies Willdy

*Up and away, at the gray break of day,
When the horn winds over the hill;
And the white clouds fly, and the dawn-winds sigh,
And morning mists hang low and still;
Ho-yo-ho, we'll ride far away,
Over the hills, at break o' day.
Over the glen and far over the fen,
Where the pale sweet wood-roses blow;
Down through the brakes, by the blue glinting lakes,
Where ferns, and tangled grasses grow;
By the rocky ledge, and blossoming sedge,
Where the wild winds blow swift and free,
The fox leaps high, and the hounds deep cry,
Sounds over the moorland and lea.
Ho-yo-ho, we'll ride far away,
Till the hunt is done, at end o' day.*

THINGS TO EAT

August, 1911

Conducted by J. R. Newberry

Service and what It Amounts to.

By J. R. Newberry

The problem of living cost (or as our worthy J. J. Hill puts it) the cost of high living, is sharply before the public at the present time. It has been and will be until the consumers and producers thoroughly understand the main reasons, and correct them. The average distance between the producer and the consumer in America is fully 70 per cent., and this is fully 35 per cent. more than there is any reason or necessity for.

Now, the question comes: What are the principal expenses and how can they be avoided? No criticism should have any attention paid to it unless there is a reasonable explanation. In accounting for this 70 per cent. between the producer and the consumer, it is divided into four apparently necessary channels—the manufacturer, the transportation company, the wholesaler and the retailer. All of these four factors claim a certain amount for service. The manufacturer takes raw product and infuses 400 or 500 per cent. in service—and this service is made up of his profits, his idea of what he should do and the amount of publicity that

he should put on the cost of his goods. This he terms service. This is a malicious and hypocritical deceiving of the public. He says that the public demands "service." Therefore he puts 25 per cent. into publicity, 25 to 50 per cent. into forcing his goods on the attention of the people through a house to house canvass, high priced sales managers, besides the volumes of advertising in the press. All of this he terms "service."

Does the consuming public demand this kind of "service" and are they willing to pay for it? If they do, they can't count for from 15 to 20 per cent. on the average cost of living devoted to this proposition. We do not believe that the people demand the over-attention that is being paid to them in practically all lines of business.

A few years ago railroad rebating was common. The immense amount of field service that the railroad people were giving those who had any freight whatever to transport, was plainly not honest. There was an army of freight solicitors, passenger solicitors all over this vast country and millions of money

was spent by the railroad corporations in what some manufacturers would call "service." With the advent of the Interstate Commerce Law and with the doing away of rebates and special privileges, the railroad people were obliged to curtail this sort of "service". There is no question but that it has saved the great railroad corporations 10 to 15 per cent. on their business, by being obliged to give up this class of "service." You will say that it has not lowered freight rates, but surely, during all this time through the aid of the Interstate Commerce Law, it has kept the railroads from increasing their rates from 15 to 25 per cent.

What is true of railroading, is equally true of merchandising. It has been estimated that Southern California pays out between fifteen and eighteen millions of dollars every year in newspaper publicity. That is "service" as some manufacturers would say, which the people demand. The question comes, how long can the people stand this overdose of "service?" It is true that probably 5 per cent. of the people in our city do not care, or do not know, or do not want to know what it costs them to live. They do not have to reckon any with the expense in their living problem. They can have "service" without limit. They pay their bills and ask no questions, but you must remember that the other 95 per cent. are dealing with the pennies and it is absolutely necessary for them to economize in every way possible in order to make ends meet.

Now, should 95 per cent. of the people be imposed upon because the 5 per cent. demand the "service" that is given to them today. The fact is that out of the 1200 retail grocers in the city of Los Angeles, there are probably not fifty of them that are making money. The balance are using up their capital. Are the producers or the consumers benefited at all by the losses that these people make? Not at all! They are in the same fight with us.

In the change that we made in our business on December 1st, we showed conclusively to the people (and our books will prove it) that we eliminated fully 14 per cent. of the expense of

service by removing our solicitors, charging for delivery and getting our cash when the goods are sold, or delivered. Of this 14 per cent., we gave 10 per cent. of it to the consumer. It was necessary for us to have the other 4 per cent, in order to carry on our business and remain in business.

Our prices, the Newberry stores' prices, are based upon 20 per cent. above jobbers' cost, we receiving 3 per cent. for doing the jobbing business and the retailer the 17 per cent. This 17 per cent. provides 2 per cent. for their coming to the warehouse and getting the goods and their cash discount, leaving 15 per cent. for the retailer. It is absolutely necessary that he should furnish the capital, the executive business head and his time, and receive for this 5 per cent. Therefore it is necessary for him to keep his working expenses, the amount that he pays out for labor and his rental and other expenses, to the low rate of 10 per cent. upon his sales.

This does not provide for so-called "free delivery." Therefore the nominal charge of 10 cents an order was made where territory is so condensed as not to require the store owner to go over five or six blocks. All of this is worked down to a mechanical science and if we can work out the problem at this line, we have shown to you that the 10 cents for the extra service that you demand is no more than right.

We can assure you that the 28 houses that we are connected with in the city of Los Angeles are fairly representing the system of Newberry's, which does provide for prices, as stated above. The delivery charges are absolutely necessary, in order that the dealer shall not lose money.

We have been attacked by some manufacturers, whom we have plainly denominated as deceiving the public, showing that our scheme was theoretically hole-proof, but the whole scheme, as they say, didn't work.

We can assure the consuming and producing public that our scheme does work. It is true that we have made some changes, but we do not make any free delivery of any bills of less than \$1.00.

One of the great curses to the retail business is the 5, 10 and 25 cent delivery. We have shown conclusively that the manufacturer does not fix an extravagant price between the jobbers' selling price and the consumers' price, so that the retailer can go beyond a 10 or 12

per cent. expense proposition. The great consuming and producing class in America is overloaded with "service," and the kind of "service" that fictitious and dishonest manufacturers are heaping upon them.

Fairness of Our Plan.

B. J. R. Neuherry

Our plan appeals to those who do care, who are willing to put themselves to some inconvenience by waiting upon themselves in part, or who are willing and who do figure out that to pay for delivery is the honest, sensible and right way to do business. There is quite a percentage of the people who have the money and can afford to pay an extortionate price for whatever they want, but who on the contrary believe that this fund they draw from is more in the shape of a trust fund, and therefore it is not only their privilege but their duty to use that trust fund in the furthering of the best interest of those who are not as prosperous, not as careful, or who have been unfortunate. They take pleasure in some ways that would appear to some as closely allied to the idea of accumulating beyond any peradventure of want or to increase their power. This is not the fact. The line of commercialism is absolutely in a position where the work must be performed. The distance between the manufacturer, producer and the consumer is too great and any line of agitation that will assist in shortening this distance will be of national benefit. A city that can show a disposition to provision its people, provision those who need to be provisioned at a low cost, is to be commended, and any effort along that line is, we believe a great potential achievement toward making Los Angeles great and glorious, and make it the home of those who do want to be and will be a credit and honor to the city, because of the equity and honesty with which distribution is made. There must be no privileged characters; that the

rich man has the same privilege of having his goods delivered, providing he pays for the service, as the poor man. The discrimination between the man who inherits his wealth and does not care how he spends it, and the laboring man, should not exist. Therefore the charges we have made in our system of delivery are not only equitable but honest and just, and show no preference.

In all of our stores the policy is to get cash every time and we place a price upon the goods that does not admit of free delivery. For those who wish the goods delivered and are willing to pay for same, we have the equipment and are willing to serve them. Those who wish to save this amount, and ought to save it in order to make their salary meet their wants, and live as honest, clean and upright American citizens, have the opportunity. We doubt if there are those with any amount of money who are not willing to concede that this is an honest and just policy. We would be glad to have a committee of five intelligent Los Angeles men investigate the honest cost of delivery and soliciting in the city of Los Angeles. They will find, as we have found, that it does cost from 12 to 14% to do this; that is, the business that you get by the delivery and soliciting proposition. Remember there is no free delivery; there is no such thing in the business vocabulary. You will say that it took us a long time to find this out. Not so awfully long, but when we did we made the change; we had the courage of our convictions, and there will be no backward change in our policy.

Teaching a Nation What to Eat.

C. H. Claudy
(In "Country Life in America")

Of the many departments of the Government, the one which comes closest to the greatest number of people is least understood and appreciated by all the people! This anomalous state of affairs can hardly continue much longer, since the Agricultural Department is doing so many and such big things that even those who never consult it or, consciously, use its vast resources or need its information, will be obliged to take cognizance of its work.

So the Bureau of Chemistry,—part of the work of which is the enforcement of the pure food law, and the determination of standards of purity—and the nutrition investigation work of the Office of Experiment Stations; of the Department of Agriculture, can be truly said to be concerned with the very foundation stones of the national health, wealth and happiness.

Being spectacular, the enforcement of the pure food law, as carried out by Dr. H. W. Wiley and the Bureau of Chemistry, has received a great deal of newspaper publicity, but, as might be expected, the most important work being done in this connection is seldom mentioned. Probably the meat inspection service does more for public health than the bringing to time of dozens of misbranders of food products, or the conviction of any quantity of adulterators. Yet how many people know of this meat inspection service? How many people know that it is against the law for a wholesale butcher to ship his products from state to state, unless they have been passed upon by government inspectors? How many people know that the Government pays skilled meat inspectors to stand in stock yards and packing houses, day after day, and watch, first, the live animal for signs of disease; second, the newly killed carcass, third, the disembowelled carcass, fourth,

those bodies of slain animals which have been "retained," as they call it, and sent to the "retaining room" in every packing plant, where other skilled meat chemists make minute investigations of the body, to see if the suspected disease is present? When you add to this the stringent regulations for sanitary construction and operation of plants, and the assurance which the "steam room" gives all that diseased meat is absolutely destroyed, you have knowledge of clean, healthy meat such as even the packing industry did not dream was possible, commercially speaking, a few years ago.

Closer yet, to the consumer, comes the standardization of food products, which has been and is being done by the Bureau of Chemistry. The idea is very simple. Before the Government can hold a manufacturer of food stuffs to a certain standard of purity and prevent his adulterating his product, some standard must be established. For instance, previous to the passing and enforcing of the pure food law, one could buy a stiff, yellow product in the market under the name of "butter," and find, on analysis, that it contained but little butter fat at all, but was made from cotton seed oil, reworked spoiled butter, perhaps lard, and other food fats, but certainly not butter. What, then, is butter? How much of what things should butter contain to be *butter*?

And the department has decided as the standard for butter, that it is a "clean, non-rancid product, made by gathering in any manner the fat of fresh or ripened milk or cream into a mass, which also contains a small proportion of other milk constituents, with or without salt, and contains not less than 82.5 per cent. of milk fat. By Acts of Congress * * * butter may also contain added coloring matter."

Here is something tangible, and what is true for butter is true for dozens of other things.

Part of the work of the Bureau of Chemistry is to see, by careful analysis, that creators of food products are selling food which is up to standard and properly labelled, and here again the Department comes close to the consumers' health.

While the Bureau of Chemistry is not directly concerned in taking up and puncturing health fads, it occasionally happens that, as a sort of by-product of its activities, the truth about some much heralded diet of health food comes out. There is, for instance, the much talked of Metchnikoff theory of prolonging life by drinking butter-milk or kumiss. In the first place, Metchnikoff has been misquoted much on the subject. What the great chemist actually said was this:

"If it be true that our precocious and unhappy old age is due to poisoning of the tissues (the greater part of the poisons coming from the large intestine, inhabited by numberless microbes) it is clear that agents which avert intestinal putrefaction must at the same time postpone or ameliorate old age."

If old age is so caused. Note the "if." Now it seems to be a fact that *Bacillus Bulgaricus*, a recently discovered bacillus, will sour milk without producing alcohol, and it is claimed that it does so without turning out any other injurious products, or having any influence on the albumenoids of milk or fats. Now, then, if it is proved (which it isn't, yet) that old age is caused entirely from intestinal poisoning, then if *Bacillus Bulgaricus* will sour milk, as it is claimed it will, drinking such milks might well add to longevity, since such soured milk unquestionably helps to keep down the microbes in the intestine, and adds to its health. Dr. Wiley believes that the matter is a long way from proof, and that the advantage taken of the free advertising the press has given the Metchnikoff theory by unscrupulous manufacturers who claim to sell pure preparations of *Bacillus Bulgaricus* with the claim that drinking milk soured with it will prolong life, is much to be decried, and that

small credence should be put in the claims of such manufacturers and advertisers. Regarding the Bulgarians who are supposed to live to very great ages because of their drinking of kumiss, sour milk, goats' milk, etc., Dr. Wiley tells a little story of a woman, Marie Priou by name, who lived to be 158 years old. She drank goats' milk and ate cheese exclusively for the last ten years of her life.

"But," says Dr. Wiley, "this would not prove much, as it appears she lived 148 years on ordinary diet, and would, therefore, seem to have established a fair longevity record for ordinary peasants' food."

No matter how effective the Bureau of Chemistry may be in defining standards and in enforcing the law, it can neither be omnipotent nor omnipresent. If the eaters of prepared foods are careless or ignorant, the department can protect them only up to a certain point. But it is well realized that many who are careless from ignorance would be careful if they had knowledge, hence the common adulterations of food have been tabulated, and simple tests for household use devised.

Many prepared foods have in them a preservative, a chemical added to the food in preparation to keep it apparently sweet and edible, and used to avoid those more difficult and expensive methods of food preparation which will result in the same keeping qualities without the preservative. Salicylic acid, benzoic acid, boric acid and borax, formaldehyde (in milk) and saccharine are among the more common of these preservatives, some of them, as formaldehyde, highly injurious to the living organism. Yet so artfully are they used in food that their presence can rarely be detected by taste or smell. Those who want to know whether or not their prepared foods, jellies, sausages, butter, milk, sauces, condiments, canned meats, etc., are prepared with chemical preservatives, can do so in any kitchen, with a few chemicals obtained from any drug store. Full instructions have been prepared by W. D. Bigelow, Chief, Division of Foods, and Burton J. Howard, Chief, Microchemical Laboratory of the Bureau of

Chemistry, for these simple chemical tests, in Bulletin No. 100, at present out of print, so great was the demand for it, but shortly to be reprinted. In the same Bulletin are given a great number of simple tests for detecting adulteration of food, and for the determination of substitution. One will have to suffice as an illustration of their simplicity and effectiveness. To determine whether "butter" is really fresh butter or oleomargarine or process butter, it is only necessary to heat a small sample in a spoon over a flame, until it has melted and is boiling. Real butter boils quietly, and becomes frothy from bubbles which form in the boiling liquid. Oleomargarine and process butter sputter and crackle "like a green stick placed in the fire." Take a second sample of the butter and melt it in a little warm water in a bottle, keeping it warm and melted for an hour. Real butter will then show melted fat which is almost entirely clear; "butterine" and allied products will be turbid. A third test, known as the Waterhouse or milk test, consists of heating a little fresh sweet milk (two ounces) in a wide-mouthed bottle by setting in hot water. When hot, add a teaspoonful of the suspected butter and stir with a piece of wood until melted. The bottle is then set in a dish of ice, and the contents stirred until the fat gets solid. If butter—either fresh or renovated—the particles of fat will be separated and small. If oleomargarine, the fat will solidify in one piece which may be taken from the bottle by the stirring stick.

The study of the chemistry of food is one of great importance, since food prepared without some knowledge of this subject, or without reference to the conclusions as to diet reached by a study of food chemistry or the teachings of experience, results in providing a diet which is unhealthy by supplying the body with too much of one kind of material and not enough of another kind. Mal-nutrition from a diet which may be monotonous in food content, though apparently varied, is often seen in certain localities—the mountains of the middle south, etc.—and over feeding, as in the case of the very stout, is frequently the result, not of over eating, but of eating food too rich in carbohydrates and fats, which produce too much energy for the physical labor accomplished, and not rich enough in the protein compounds which build flesh.

Variety in diet is not only necessary from the standpoint of food values in the various edibles, but the question of digestion, assimilation and a desire to eat enough must be considered as having a bearing on the table. Thus, many children care not at all for bread, and little more for bread and butter, but bread, butter and a little jam produce, for them, a very toothsome dish. Bread contains much of value to the body, but little, if any, fat. Hence the butter we all like on our bread, the filling of nature's demand for a well balanced ration. Children use up, in proportion to their size and weight, more sugar than the average adult of sedentary habits, because sugar is rapidly converted by the body into energy. Hence the usually healthy demand of the child for sugar, and his liking for a sweet on the bread and butter.

The same principle holds true in preparing meals for us all; we want not only variety, because our bodies demand a balanced ration, but also because we like the taste of it, i. e., there is a demand for those things which we need, through our palates. All too often our tastes are miseducated, and we find an unnatural craving for more of some things than is good for us, and here again dietetics and the chemistry of foods step in and teach us what to eat in order to please



AT ALL GROCERS

the palate and satisfy the body's demands at the same time.

In connection with these matters of diet, food and food chemistry, the large number of articles written and published by various sub-departments of the Department of Agriculture in general, and the Bureau of Chemistry and the Nutrition Investigations of Dr. Langworthy's Department of the Office of Experiment Stations, under A. C. True, Director, in particular, make available in concrete form, for any one

interested, all of the food chemistry, dietetics, etc., that the average person can assimilate and use. These publications are for free distribution, usually; some, the edition for free distribution of which is exhausted, can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents at the Government Printing Office, at a nominal fee. Most of them can be had by applying direct to the Department of Agriculture. A list of titles is a comprehensive index of the work being done in teaching us what to eat.

Fresh Fruit Puddings.

Apple Pudding—Fill a buttered baking dish with sliced apples, and pour over top a batter made of 1 tablespoon butter, 1-2 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1-2 cup sweet milk, and 1 cup of flour in which has been sifted 1 teaspoon baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. Serve with cream and sugar or liquid sauce. Blackberries or peaches are very nice served in the same way.

Steamed Apple Pudding—Peel and slice as thin as you would for apple pies 6 medium sized tart apples, and lay them in the bottom of a round baking dish. Stir 1 cup of sugar and 1-4 cup

of butter to a cream, add 2 eggs well beaten, and 1 cup of milk. Sift together 2 cups of flour and 2 teaspoons of baking powder; add the flour to the mixture and stir well. Cover the apples with the mixture and steam 1 hour. Serve with a cream or foaming sauce.

Apple Pudding—6 eggs, 6 tablespoons bread crumbs, 4 tablespoons currants, 6 tablespoons sugar, 1 piece of butter size of walnut, 6 apples chopped fine, 1 wineglass wine, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon cloves, 1-2 teaspoon nutmeg. Steam three hours. Eat with hard sauce.

Dutch Apple Pudding—1 pint flour, 1 1-2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon salt. Rub 1-4 cup butter into flour, beat 1 egg light, add to it 3-4 cup of cold water, and stir into flour. Spread in well buttered shallow pans. Pare, core and quarter four or five sour apples, cut quarters in halves and stick these pieces in rows with the sharp edge down in the batter. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon as apples require. Bake 20 or 30 minutes. Serve in squares with liquid sauce.

Baked Apple Dumplings—1 quart flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon salt mixed well together. Add 1 large tablespoon lard and butter mixed and enough sweet milk to make a soft

Log Cabin Walnut Cake

Sift three teaspoonfuls of baking powder into two cups of flour and mix thoroughly. Add two eggs, well beaten and a dessertspoonful of butter together with one-half cup of sweet milk and one cup of Towle's Log Cabin syrup. Mix thoroughly and then stir in one cup of chopped raisins and one cup of chopped walnuts. Bake in deep tins in a moderate oven. This recipe can be used for layer cake with Log Cabin frosting.

Look for another next month.

dough. Roll out in half inch sheets. Peel and quarter some good tart apples. Put each quarter on a square of dough, sprinkle over it sugar, and press the edges firmly together. Place in a deep pan, sprinkle over sugar and a little cinnamon, and put a bit of butter on each. Fill the pan with water, boiling, just leaving top of dumplings uncovered,

then bake forty-five minutes. Serve with sweetened cream or hard sauce.

Brown Betty.—Grease a pudding dish, and place in the bottom a layer of bread crumbs. Then nearly fill the dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs and chopped or sliced apples, strewing brown sugar, cinnamon and a little butter over each layer, topping off with crumbs. Bake 1 hour and serve with hard sauce.

Steamed Berry Puddin'—1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 1-2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups flour, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 cups berries. Steam about 2 hours.

Blackberry or Raspberry Pudding—Put a layer of berries in the bottom of a baking dish and sprinkle with sugar; then cover with a layer of thin bread and butter, and repeat until the dish is full; have the last layer bread crumbs. If made from canned fruit, drain off the juice and pour it over the pudding last, then the sugar may not be needed. Bake in a pan of water in a rather slow oven about 1 hour. The blackberry pudding is best hot with hard sauce. The raspberry pudding is to be eaten cold with cream. Part loganberries improves the blackberry pudding.

Cherry or Blackberry Bread—Stew cherries or blackberries, and sweeten to taste. Butter some slices of stale bread with crusts cut off. Then put a layer of the buttered bread in the bottom of serving dish and pour over it hot stewed fruit. Repeat until dish is full or fruit is used. To be eaten cold, with cream.

Peach Cobbler—Fill a pie dish with peeled peaches leaving in the pits; add a very little cold water and sugar to taste. Cover with pie crust, prick with a fork; bake 3-4 of an hour. Eat with cream.

Peach Pudding—Peel and halve 2 dozen peaches, and sweeten to taste; or use 2 quarts of canned peaches; place in a pudding dish and put in the oven. Cream the yolks of 4 eggs and 1 cup of sugar; add 1 tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, and 1 1-2 cups flour into which 1 teaspoon baking powder has been sifted, and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Pour over the hot peaches and bake about 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with cream.

Ben Hur



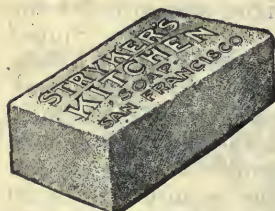
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Hands
Soft and
White

Pudding Sauces.

Cream Sauce (with Wine)—1-4 cup butter creamed with 1-2 cup powdered sugar. Just before serving add 2 tablespoons white wine, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and 2 tablespoons cream.

Substitute for Cream—Boil 3-4 pint of sweet milk; beat the yolk of 1 egg, and a level teaspoon of flour with sugar enough to make the cream very sweet. When the milk boils, stir this into it, and let it cool; flavor to taste. For puddings in which eggs are used, this is almost as good as rich cream, and preferable to thin cream.

Fruit Sauce—Take 1 quart of any kind of ripe fruit, as red raspberries or strawberries or peaches; if the latter they must be very ripe. Pare and mash the fruit with a potato masher; add 1 tablespoon of melted butter and 1 cup of powdered sugar. Stir well together and set on the fire until warm.

Hard Sauce—1-2 cup of butter well beaten; stir in slowly 1 cup of fine sugar, and beat to a cream; flavor to taste. Pile on plate and grate over a little nutmeg. Keep cool.

Lemon Sauce—3-4 cup sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 1 egg, the juice and half the grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, and 1-2 cup boiling water. Cream the butter and the sugar and beat in the egg whipped light, then the lemon and the nutmeg. Beat hard, then add the water, put into a tin pail, and set within the uncovered top of the teakettle, which must boil until the sauce is very hot, but not boiling. Stir constantly.

Plain Sauce—1-2 cup butter, 1 1-2 cups sugar rubbed to a cream. Add 2 well beaten eggs, and just before serving and enough boiling water to make a thick cream. Flavor with vanilla.

Strawberry Sauce—1 large tablespoon butter, 1 1-2 cups powdered sugar, white of 1 egg, 1 pint mashed strawberries. Beat the butter to a cream, add gradually the sugar and the beaten white of the egg. Beat until very light, and just

before serving add the mashed strawberries. Instead of the butter and the egg, 1 quart of whipped cream may be added to the strawberries and the sugar. A generous half pint of cream makes a quart when whipped.

Hot Chocolate Sauce—Sugar 1 cup, boiling water 1 cup, Baker's chocolate 1 1-2 squares, cornstarch 1 tablespoon. Melt chocolate and add boiling water in which sugar has been dissolved. Wet cornstarch and add to liquid. Let it boil up thoroughly, then push back on stove and let it simmer 30 minutes. Just before serving add small piece of butter and flavor with vanilla.

Jelly Sauce—1-2 cup sugar, 1-4 cup butter, 1 glass tart jelly, 1-2 cup boiling water, white of 1 egg. Cream butter and sugar together, stir in jelly and water and put on stove. When well melted remove; add the well beaten white and serve.

Apricot Sauce—1-2 cup apricot jam, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1-4 cup sugar, 1 cup water. Cook all until at boiling point, then rub through strainer.

Whipped Cream Sauce—Beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff froth, and add gently 1-2 cup bar sugar; whip cup cream and add. Flavor with 1 tablespoon sherry or nutmeg or vanilla. Brandy and nutmeg together are good. Must be served as soon as prepared, unless kept on ice.

Foam Sauce—2 eggs, butter the size of an egg, 1 cup of sugar. Beat the yolks, butter and sugar together thoroughly, add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, the juice of 1 lemon, and 1-2 cup boiling water; serve immediately.

Foaming Sauce—Beat to a cream 1-2 cup of sugar and 1 tablespoon butter; add 4 tablespoons cream and a few drops of vanilla. Beat with an egg beater, setting the bowl in a dish of hot water till the sauce is light and foamy. Serve as soon as finished.

Beverages.

Fruit Punch--6 oranges sliced and seeded, 6 bananas sliced thin and 1 can of shredded pineapple. Strawberries, grapes and cherries when in season; Maraschino cherries and liquor, 3 cups sugar boiled in 1, cup water, 1 cup of lemon juice, add cold tea or any kind of wine. It should be made some time before serving.

Fruit Punch No. 2--To 4 peaches, 4 apricots, 3 bananas, 3 oranges, 1 pound of seeded white grapes, add juice of 2 lemons and 4 tablespoons syrup. Half fill bowl with ice, put in fruit and pour over the whole 1 pint of soda water.

Temperance Punch--To 1 gallon of water, add 4 cups syrup. Squeeze and strain juice from 1 dozen lemons and 1-2

dozen oranges. Cut 1 can pineapple into dice. Half fill bowl with cracked ice and pour juice and syrup over, adding pineapple. If fresh pineapple is used it should be grated.

Austrian Coffee--To be served in the afternoon. Cold coffee creamed and sweetened, with 1 tablespoon vanilla added. Pour into tall glasses, with ice cream put on top just before serving.

Raspberry Shrub--Cover the raspberries with the best vinegar, and let them lay over night. In the morning mash the berries and squeeze through a coarse bag. To every pint of juice add 1 pint of sugar. Boil 20 minutes. When cool, bottle. This will make quite a thick syrup which must be diluted when drank.

Currant and Raspberry Syrup--Take 8 pounds of very ripe red currants, pick off all the stems, and put them in a wide earthen pan; then squeeze them until the juice is all crushed out; leave them in the pan with the juice for 24 hours. Put 2 pounds of raspberries in a saucepan with 2 teacups of water, and boil them for a few minutes until they are all crushed; then squeeze all through a jelly bag or hair sieve, pressing well to get all the juice out; weigh the juice and for every pound put 2 pounds of loaf sugar broken into pieces. Put the sugar into a preserving kettle with 1 pint of water, pour all the juice on it, let it boil for 1-2 hour, stirring frequently then put it into small bottles and cork it for use. 2 tablespoons to a glass of water makes a very refreshing drink in summer. Cherry syrup may be made in the same way with Morella cherries.

Grape Juice Punch--To 1 quart of grape juice and 2 cups syrup, add juice of 6 lemons and 2 oranges. Have very cold before mixing. Just before serving, add 2 quarts of Apollinaris water, several thin slices of orange and some dice of pineapple. Pour over cracked ice.

Tea Punch--To 1 quart moderately



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strong tea, add 1-4 can pineapple, juice of 1 dozen lemons, 3 sliced oranges, 2 cups syrup, and enough water to make a gallon. Apollinaris may be used instead of water, or a quart of claret as part of the added liquid.

Nectar Cream—2 quarts boiling water, 3 1-2 pounds white sugar, 4 ounces tartaric acid, whites of 6 eggs, 2 ounces wintergreen essence or any other preferred. Put sugar in water and boil 10 minutes, then the acid and let it boil up; let it stand until milk warm; beat the eggs stiff, stir them in with the wintergreen, and put in bottles. Mix 2 tablespoons of this cream in a glass of water, with a wee bit of soda; beat and drink.

Nectar—Pour over 12 pounds of fruit, mixed fruit if preferred, 1-2 gallon of boiling water. Let stand for 24 hours. Strain and add 1-2 pound of sugar and 3-4 cup syrup to every pint of liquid. Stir well and put in 5 ounces of tartaric acid. Though this may be used at once


it is better if it has stood a few days. 2 tablespoons of this syrup is sufficient for a glass of water. Sweeten to suit taste and add cracked ice.


Rhubarb Water—Cut up 6 or 8 sticks of rhubarb without peeling, wash well first, put in stew pan, add 1 quart water, and boil for about 15 minutes; then strain into a pitcher, and add sugar and lemon juice. When cool it is fit to drink.

Blackberry Cordial—2 quarts blackberry juice, 2 pounds granulated sugar. 1-4 ounce cinnamon, 1-4 ounce cloves, 1-4 ounce allspice; simmer 20 minutes; when cold add 1 pint of best brandy; then bottle and seal tight.

Fruit Juice—Take grapes, raspberries or blackberries and cook slowly on the back of the stove in enough water to barely cover them. When juice is pretty well extracted, mash and strain as jelly, and sweeten juice to taste. Let come to a good boil and skim. Can in fruit jars.

A New Way to Cook Macaroni for Lunch

First a layer of  Macaroni, then a layer of butter and grated cheese, then a layer of meat fish, crabs or lobster repeat to edge of dish. Brown in oven.

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Creamed Chicken

One chicken weighing four and one-half pounds, four sweetbreads and one can of mushrooms. Boil chicken and sweetbreads and when cold cut up as for salad. In a saucepan put four coffee cups, or one quart of cream; in another four large tablespoons of butter and five even ones of flour; stir until melted, then pour on the hot cream, stirring until thickened. Flavor with a small half of a grated onion and a very little grated nutmeg. Season highly with black and red pepper. Put chicken and ingredients together with sweetbreads and mushrooms in a baking pan, cover with bread crumbs and pieces of butter and bake 20 minutes.

Nut Tapioca Pudding

Two-thirds cup hickory nuts or English walnuts; two-thirds cup seeded raisins; two-thirds cup tapioca; one and one-half cups brown sugar; three cups water. Soak tapioca in the water over night, in the morning add sugar and milk and raisins, and steam one hour. Serve ice cold with whipped or thin cream.

Delicious Meat Roll

Ask your butcher for a nice young flank steak, slashed on one side only. Filling: Mash two medium potatoes to a cream; add one well beaten egg and a piece of butter; chop one small red pepper, together with parsley, celery, onion or garlic, salt to taste. Mix thoroughly. Knead flour enough with one heaping teaspoon of baking powder to the thickness of biscuit dough; put on slashed side of steak; roll very loosely to give filling room to expand. Sew up, place in a close kettle with just enough hot water and olive oil or butter to keep steaming until smothered tender. Then uncover, add more butter and let brown. When ready to serve, slice in round layers.

Chicago Chili Sauce

One peck ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped fine, and drained as dry as possible; two cups chopped onions, two cups chopped celery, two cups sugar, half cup salt, four ounces white mustard seed, one teaspoon ground mace, one teaspoon black pepper, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, four green peppers chopped fine, three pints vinegar. Mix well and put in jars, seal and turn upside down over night.

Creole Strawberry Bombe Glace

Make a strawberry sherbet in the following way: Wash thoroughly a quart of strawberries; mash and cover with sugar to sufficiently sweeten. Let this stand until sugar is dissolved, then squeeze through a cloth. To this juice add the juice of half a lemon, and a small pinch of salt. Then place in freezer, and when partially frozen, open and add a small cup of cream. Cover freezer and turn rapidly until very stiff. Have a melon mould on ice; line it with frozen sherbet, and pour into the center a mixture made of half a pint of whipped cream, whites of two eggs, beaten very stiff, powdered sugar and vanilla to taste. Cover the cream mixture with sherbet until mould is full. Cover tightly with paper, then place mould cover on top and pack away in ice and salt for three or four hours. This requires care and time, but repays; for it is delicious.

DINNER DISHES

Devil's Cake

For Custard Part—One cup grated chocolate, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup sweet ilk, yolk of one egg and teaspoon vanilla. Stir all together in a granite saucepan, cook slowly for 10 minutes and set away to cool.

For Cake part—One cup brown sugar, two cups flour, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, two eggs.

Cream the butter, sugar and yolks of eggs; add milk, sifted flour and whites of eggs beaten stiff. Beat all together and then stir in custard, lastly adding teaspoon soda dissolved in a very little warm water.

For filling—Three cups of white sugar, enough water to dissolve it, and cook until it pulls a thread. Then pour it into the beaten whites of three eggs (eggs must be very stiff); add one cup chopped walnuts; beat until cool; then spread between layers.

TWO GOOD RECIPES

Steamed Eggs—Butter a tin plate and break in eggs; set in a steamer; place over a kettle of boiling water and steam until the whites are cooked; season with salt and pepper. The whites of the eggs when cooked in this manner are tender and light and not tough and leathery as if cooked by any other process. They can be eaten by invalids, and they certainly are much richer than when cooked any other way. If cooked in the shell they taste of the lime contained in them, and if broken into boiling water it destroys their flavor.

Beefsteak Pic—Take two pounds of steak, put in a kettle with hot water cover and, confining the steam with a close cover, let simmer for an hour and a half; then remove the meat and cut it into bits, removing all bone and gristle. Have a pan lined with a crust made of short biscuit dough; put the meat into it, season with salt, pepper and bits of butter; add the gravy in which the meat was cooked; put on a top crust and bake one hour in a pretty hot oven.

Quail or Squab on Toast

Take as many birds as required, pick, draw, wash thoroughly and dry. Set giblets in boiling water until needed. Rub each quail or squab thoroughly with salt and pepper, have good piece of butter melting in deep stewpan, put birds in and brown nicely on all sides, then add enough sherry wine to keep from burning, then the giblets, a small onion, clove of garlic and some dry

mushrooms all cut very fine with a dash of mace. Cover tight and set on slow fire; test with fork and when nice and tender put quail on a platter with toast cut V shape, add more sherry and water (half and half); thicken slightly, cook for five minutes; pour over birds and toast and send to the table.

Sauted Green Tomatoes

Select smooth tomatoes, not quite half ripe, wash and cut into slices about half inch in thickness; drain, dry and dust with salt and pepper, egg and crumb the slices; put three tablespoons of oil or drippings with a bit of butter for flavor in a frying pan, turn and brown the other side. Remove from pan with cake turner to retain shape, place on heated dish and serve with Hollandaise sauce.

Stuffed Veal Hearts

Trim thoroughly, wash and fill with a stuffing made of seasoned bread crumbs, chopped and seasoned meat or sausage or a mixture of both. Fasten the top with a few stitches and thoroughly brown the hearts in a few spoonfuls of fat in a hot pan. Place in a saucepan, point downward, pour in a cupful of stock or boiling water and cook slowly one hour. Place in the oven 15 minutes. Serve instantly on hot platter and plates.

Corn Timbales Entree

Score six ears of corn and press with a spoon to remove the milk and kernels, or use half a can of corn, put through meat grinder. With the corn use two of three eggs, a heaping teaspoon of butter, melted, one tablespoon of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, a little chopped parsley and onion juice. Bake in buttered custard cups until it is "set" like a custard. Serve with a cream sauce flavored with a bay leaf, onion juice, mace and parsley.

Oyster Chowder

Put about half a cup finely diced pork into a saucepan; fry slowly until slightly browned and the fat tried out; then add one pint raw, thinly sliced potatoes and cook until half done. Mix two level tablespoons flour with a

quarter of a cup cold milk; add three cups scalded milk; then cook until the flour is well done; season with salt and paprika. Wash, drain and free from bits of shell three cups small oysters; add to cooked mixture and let simmer until oysters ruffle; then add one tablespoonful of butter.

Some Nice Salad Combinations

Apple, celery and English walnuts. Apples and oranges. Oranges and bananas. Brussels sprouts and beets. Cream cheese and nuts. Grape fruit, pineapple and pimentos. Lobster, boiled potato and celery. Peaches and almonds. Potatoes, cucumber and onions. Tomatoes, skinned, the insides scraped out, and potato salad inclosed. All arranged on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.



Egg Salad

Boil eggs hard and cut lengthwise. Remove yolks and chop with one onion, four olives, small piece of boiled ham,

one tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper and a little olive oil. Then put back into the boiled white. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

Catsup (Made Without Cooking)

One and a half pints vinegar, one cup salt, half cup dark mustard seed, half cup light mustard seed, one ounce celery seed, two teaspoons black pepper (ground), one teaspoon cloves (ground), two teaspoons cinnamon (ground), one teaspoon mace (ground), one cup sugar, one large onion, two green peppers, one cup grated horseradish, half peck ripe tomatoes. Sift salt, sugar and spices together. Mix with celery and mustard seeds and add vinegar. Chop onion and peppers and add with horseradish to this mixture. Peel tomatoes, divide transversely in halves, remove seeds and juice. Then cut in small pieces about the size of a hazelnut and add to the above.

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vided it is set in a cool place. The juice removed from the tomatoes can be used in soup.

Peach Jelly

Peel, half and stone a dozen ripe peaches, boil them and the bruised kernels for fifteen minutes in a thin syrup made of ten ounces of sugar and a half pint of water. Flavor juice with grated rind and strained juice of four lemons; strain through jelly bag. Add to this one ounce dissolved gelatine. Pour this into mold and set away to cool.

Rice Muffins

One egg, two and a half cups of flour, one cup of milk, one cup of cooked rice, one-quarter cup of melted butter, one-half level teaspoon of salt. Add the salt to the flour, work in the rice with the tips of the fingers, add the egg well beaten, milk and melted butter. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Frosting Without Eggs

Mocha Icing—Put a cup of sweet cream, two-thirds of a cup of sugar and a level teaspoon of butter in an agate saucepan. As soon as the mixture begins to thread, remove from

the stove. Add one-fourth of a cup of strong coffee.

Boiled Icing—One cup of sugar and two tablespoons of milk. Boil until it will "hair" on the spoon, taking care not to cook too much. Remove from the fire and stir until it becomes smooth and white.

Maple Sugar Icing—One cup of maple sugar, half a cup of milk. Put these into a saucepan and let thicken until a soft, rather thick mass is formed when a spoonful is dropped into cold water. Then add a tablespoon of butter. When partly cold, beat thoroughly, as it becomes smooth by continued beating. Chopped nuts added are excellent.

Cotton Tail Mulligan, Camping Style

Take two or four cottontail rabbits; skin and wash well; put the rabbits in a granite pan with two quarts of cold water salted to taste and two large sized onions cut in pieces. Boil until tender. Take skillet, put in a good tablespoon of butter, three of wheat flour, one clove of garlic rubbed fine in a little salt and pepper; dash of cayenne. Fry 10 minutes on brisk fire; then add pint and half of cold water. Boil until smooth gravy forms.



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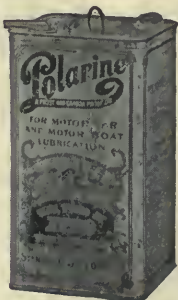
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Number 4

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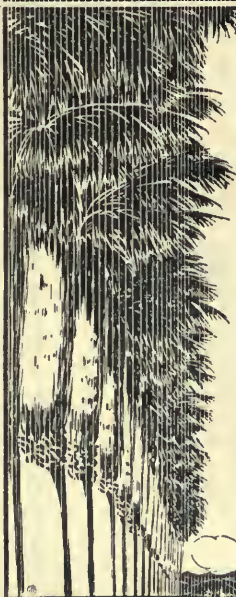
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Inyo the Gigantic.

Jessie Maude Wybro

Cradled vastly between the Sierras and the White Mountains of Nevada, shoved out of sight behind deserts and mountain ranges, lies Inyo the gigantic, the largest county in California and topographically the most remarkable county in the United States. The scale upon which it is measured is lost in the superlative. Its area of 10,224 square miles exceeds the combined areas of the states of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Its mountains, its deserts, its waters, its minerals, are all measured to the same gigantic scale as its miles. It is a land of stupendous contrasts, of heights and depths that reach the dramatic, containing within its boundaries both the highest point and the lowest in the whole land. Above its deserts is reared tremendous Whitney 14,898 feet into the sky, the geographical climax of the United States. And those same deserts fall away into the desolate sink of Death Valley, some three hundred feet below sea level. Here also is Owens Lake, one of the largest mineral lakes in the world. Beyond Death Valley lie the immense borax deposits where "Borax" Smith made his fortune and his name a household word. To the east of Owens Lake is Saline Valley, which contains the largest deposit of pure salt in the world; it is the bed of an ancient lake and has a surface of nearly 2,000 acres where the saline deposit lies to a depth of thirty feet.

When Los Angeles cast its eye upon the Owens River and decided, another Jack-and-Jill, to go up the intervening hills and fetch some pails of water for its thirsty citizens, the magnitude of the undertaking focussed the gaze of the whole country upon Inyo. But the gaze was short and the publicity thus acquired largely a matter of name leaving the great extent of territory still an undiscovered country. Shut into its own solitudes, cut off alike from the sea breezes and the tourists that ply along the coast; it is unknown not only to the tourist but to the average Californian. This is but the natural consequence of its remoteness and its boundaries by mountain wall and desert—barriers further enhanced by the fact that until very recently there was no way of reaching it except by a circuitous journey out into Nevada and back on the eastern side of the Sierras. More than this, and closely related to it both as cause and effect, Inyo was the last section of California to be wrested from the Indian. As late as the sixties, when the rest of California was transmuting itself from miles of nothing in particular punctuated by mining camps and Mexican pueblos to a fair land of prosperous cities and springing industries, Inyo was still in the hands of the Indians; it constituted a Mecca for remnants of tribes driven by civilization from all the other parts of the state. A few white settlers had

strayed in, clinging about Fort Independence in the south where they could have the protection of the United States troops stationed there; the Cerro Gordo region boasted several mining camps; in the place now known as Lone Pine was a little settlement of Mexican families; and in the fertile northern end of the valley the first stock ranch had been established. For the rest, the Indians, the coyotes, and the desert winds had their own way over the multitudinous miles. In 1868 occurred the Battle of Big Pine. This was the last organized resistance on the part of the Indians. They received an utter defeat, and thereafter the white settlers were comparatively safe. That, accordingly, is the earliest date that can be assigned to the practical possibility of the Valley's development. And for many years after this it went upon its slow way, gradually spreading out little oases of settlements in the vast wastes. Few people went away and very few came. Families intermarried, until now, when the grandsons and granddaughters of the early settlers are becoming men and women, a genealogy is a thing to make that of a tribe of Israel look simple. This accounts, no doubt, for the extreme provincialism to be found there—a provincialism rare in this age and particularly rare in the west. Inyo is a geographical entity, whose limits are sharply defined, and its social condition corresponds exactly. In fact, I know of no better place to study the effect of geography upon civilization than this same marvelous Inyo. Here exists precisely that condition which, in a different land and a different age, would eventuate inevitably in political separation. For instance, if it had been in Europe at the time when the modern world was forming, it would have become a separate nation, developing its own language, literature and laws. There are countries in Europe today whose area is far less and whose geography and climate are less differentiated from those around it than is Inyo from her sister countries.

Nor are its interests confined to the scientific, the industrial, or even the sociological. The aesthetic finds its appeal here, on the same giant measure as the other interests. The mountains,

lakes and waterfalls among the High Sierras of Inyo are among the most beautiful in the world, holding rank with those of the Yosemite itself. It is characteristically different from the Sierra scenery that is better known, in just the degree that the eastern slope of the Sierras differs from the western; on the west the ascent is long and gradual, dimpling down through low foothills to the level, clothed with flowing verdure of forests and set out to orchards and vineyards; on the east it heaves up mighty and barren above the mighty, barren deserts, a jagged uplift of solid granite with far closer kinship of the Rocky Mountains and the Alps than to its own sister slope on the west. The panorama of the range seen from the upper part of the Owens Valley is one of the most marvellous heaped stretches of color that can be imagined. First comes the vivid green sweep of the fertile valley; then the reddish purple of the base slopes; then the brilliant gleam of sheer red granite, and then the cloud-white crest where the snow lies. All this is thrown in regal prodigality against a sky whose vivid blue is like the clang of a bell in its clearness. The thin, dry air of the high altitude—the Valley floor itself is some four thousand feet above sea level—gives the colors a radiance that is startling. In the accompanying illustration the scene is shown mirrored in a pond of a sort that is come upon frequently in the salt-grass pastures that characterize this section. But black and white can give no conception of the dazzle of tints. Seen on a day when the sun is pouring its hot gold upon the green valley, the vivid reds and violets and white of the range turn the whole world into one gorgeous riot of color.

Leaving the valley and ascending one of the steep trails that lead up into the Sierras, one comes upon scenes that fulfill abundantly the promise of the distant view. Lake George, is an exquisite sheet of water cupped, emerald-blue, in a basin of red granite. Its transparent crystal mirrors every line and curve of the peaks around, as well as the pine-trees and boulders along its margin. Above it, dominating the scene imperiously, cleaves a serrated



Lake George—An exquisite sheet of water, cupped, emerald-blue, in a basin of red granite.

pinnaele of red granite, leaping sheer above the surrounding ridge. The depth of its waters has never yet been sounded, seeming to stretch down endlessly to the other side of the world.

Convict Lake, like George, is crystal water held up to the mountain gods in a basin of bottomless granite. The lines of its mountain setting are much less gracefully disposed than those of Lake George, but its coloring is more brilliant. The peak that dominates it, rising thousands of feet from the very lip of the lake, is gorgeously splashed with red and yellow ochre. The play of colors, reflected in the sheen of the lake, startles the vision with its brilliance.

Peculiar geological formations like that of the Devil's Post Pile remind one of the famous sights in the Garden of the Gods and the Yellowstone where nature has indulged in the unconventional.

On the apex of the range lie the Falls of the San Joaquin, a vast beautiful mass of tumbling water that pours over the weathered granite heart of the mountain hundreds of feet. It is on the water-shed of the range, where on one side the streams join the San Joaquin and come to rest at last in the Pacific, and on the other flow into Owens River and traverse desert wastes to burial in the brackish waters of Owens Lake.

Tragedy and heroism and all the exciting occurrences of frontier life have tracked eponymously across the map of Inyo. In fact, raw history may be dug up here like the acres, in huge chunks. For it is a climate conducive to longevity, and many of the early settlers still survive who love an interested ear in which to pour tales of the early day—of Indian fights and stage robberies and Vigilance meetings, and of sombre



"The panorama of the Sierras is one of the most marvelous heaped stretches of color that one can imagine."

deeds whose horror still lingers in names. The Owens River itself at its source bears the suggestive epithet of Dead Man's Creek. Map it and survey it and otherwise legalize it as Owens River as much as you please, locally it is Dead Man's Creek. Here, in the days when the history of the Valley was yet unlivid, was found the body of a man and not far away its ghastly severed head. The horror of the tragedy, to which no clue was ever discovered, nor the identity of either victim or murderer, made such an ineradicable impression upon the minds of the settlers that the name of it fastened to the spot. Dead Man's Creek it was, is now, and probably ever will be. Convict Lake was first known as Monte Diablo; fate, in the form of the prison break at Carson in 1871, intervened to change its name to the one that now desecrates its beauty. It was the most desperate and bloody attempt in all the history of prison-breaking. A gang of the escaped desperadoes struck south into Inyo, were tracked into the High Sierras and brought to bay on the banks of the beautiful lake; a terrible conflict took place between them and the pursuing posse of citizens, and ever since then it has borne the commemorating designation of Convict Lake. Another eponymous tragedy, but one that is relieved by the element of heroism, is indicated in the name of Charley's Butte. Charley was a negro who remained in the service of a family who had brought him with them from Texas, though legally he could not be held as a slave in California. The family, which was that of the pioneer cattleman of Inyo county, was travelling up the Valley driving before them a herd of beef cattle. At Black Rocks they were set upon by the Indians. Charley could have escaped, for he was well mounted, but he gave his horse to the young son, who had been driving the wagon; left alone and on foot, Charley was immediately surrounded by the Indians and captured. Terrible tales reached the white settlers of the manner of his death, the most common one being that he was skinned alive. Black Rocks are a peculiar group of buttes that jut upon the old ox trail just where it dips into the river, and to the boldest of these has



Convict Lake—The scene of a desperate and bloody encounter between escaped prisoners and a pursuing posse.

been given the name of the heroic black man, who was faithful even unto death.



Fair Avalon.

"The Island Vale of Avalon." Tennyson—"Passing of Arthur"

By H. N. Atkinson

*King Arthur, when the long day's fight was done,
Tho' victor, stricken down and nigh to death,
Borne on a barge and helped by queenly hands,
Beneath the splendors of a wintry moon,
Swept o'er the waves, to peaceful Avalon,
For rest and healing from the wounds of war.*

*Or this the song the master-singer sung.
In haunting words of wondrous melody,
That hold the heart as music's dying strains,
Heard in the night across the summer seas,
Of land more fair than foot of man had trod,
An island world, born in a poet's dreams.*

*And yet, fond mem'ry holds a vanished day,
When worn with toil, I sought surcease from care,
And, wand'ring on, I found a sun-set shore,
And there, a tall, black barge that waited me;
And bore me out o'er kindly waves that smiled,
Unto an Avalon more beautiful far
Than waited, long ago, for Uther's son.*

*And with me went the queen my love has crowned,
With smiles and words to help my utmost need,
And hands as light as soothed hurt Arthur's brow
Or cleansed his locks from crimson stains of war,
Or staunched the wounds dark Modred's sword had made.*

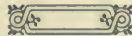
*Around me, Summer breezes gently played,
As soft as zephyrs stirred by fairy wings,
And every glory of the sea and sky,
With forests' green and gold of dying day,
Made crowns of beauty of fair Avalon.*

*As when the crystal-gazer views afar,
Thro' mystic glass, the forms of things unseen,
To me was given to see the hidden place
Of tree and fern, to upper world unknown,
And glimpse the home of living things that dwell
In low green light of Neptune's underworld.*

*There bird-like fish, borne up on winnowing wings,
Made brief, swift flights, across the rippling tides;
And brown-limbed divers cleft the yielding sea,
Or swam like mermen, 'mid the ocean's shells;
There happy children spent the days in play,
In loving joyance with the waves and sands,
And glimpses came of maiden forms as fair
As goddess born, who rose from Paphian foam,
The mother-queen of all the loves of Earth.*

*From Av'lon's vale the wand'ring paths lead on
Along thin trails the wild goat's foot has made,
Up crested heights that, fearless front the morn,
And keep their place beside the evening star,
High, steadfast guards that watch the circling sea.*

*O, Avalon, my home is far away,
And broad the sands and snows that lie between;
But in the palace that my soul has made
For pictured thoughts of Earth's most beauteous scenes,
One lofty room stands in no lower place:
It oriel windows front the eventide,
And all its walls are hung with memories,
That cluster round one matchless Western isle,
And on its door is writ, "Fair Avalon."*



An Alluring Desert City.

Marian Louise Drake



Tucson and the Catalina mountains.

The word desert implies to most Northerners such barrenness and deadly monotony that they have no idea of the wonderful charm in and around Tucson, Arizona. They either rush through it in the night en route to the great Mecca of winter tourists—California—or they only give it a fleeting glance from the car windows of the "Sunset Limited."

Tucson is a quaintly fascinating town lying in an "arboreal-desert" dotted over almost symmetrically with bushes, and covered with cacti in profusion. In the Valley of the Santa Cruz, fertile on its banks with mesquites, cottonwoods and lovely palo verdes, Tucson

is almost encircled by its mountain ranges, containing some peaks over 7,000 feet high. This is a panorama of which no other American city can boast, and when these ranges are covered with snow, one easily imagines he is in a foreign city.

The Catalinas to the North are composed of grey granite rock and rise abruptly from the plain without any apparent foot-hills. In the clarity of the atmosphere, they appear much closer than fifteen miles. With their jagged peaks, sharply defined against an Arizona sky, they are said to have the effect of stage scenery. If so, it is scenery totally unparalleled, because of the ever



Papago dwelling of substantial adobe with out-of-door rooms, in Papago village near Tucson.

changing and exquisite lights. At the end of day the delicate rose tints on the summits fade into mauve, becoming purplish blue, where the shadows lie in the canyons. The afterglow seems to linger longer and more impressively upon these desert mountains. In February, some years, when snow chances to lie powder-like upon the crests, or when soft vaporuous clouds reflect the contagious opalescence of the crags beneath, the effect is enhancing.

The quaint little city of Tucson has about 20,000 souls, and boasts of as early a settlement as any city of the United States except Saint Augustine. Some of the adobe dwellings in the old part of town, near the plaza, still stand as relics of early Mexican days, while the beautiful modern residences of concrete, with their columns and arches are in striking contrast. The club houses, hospitals, schools and University of

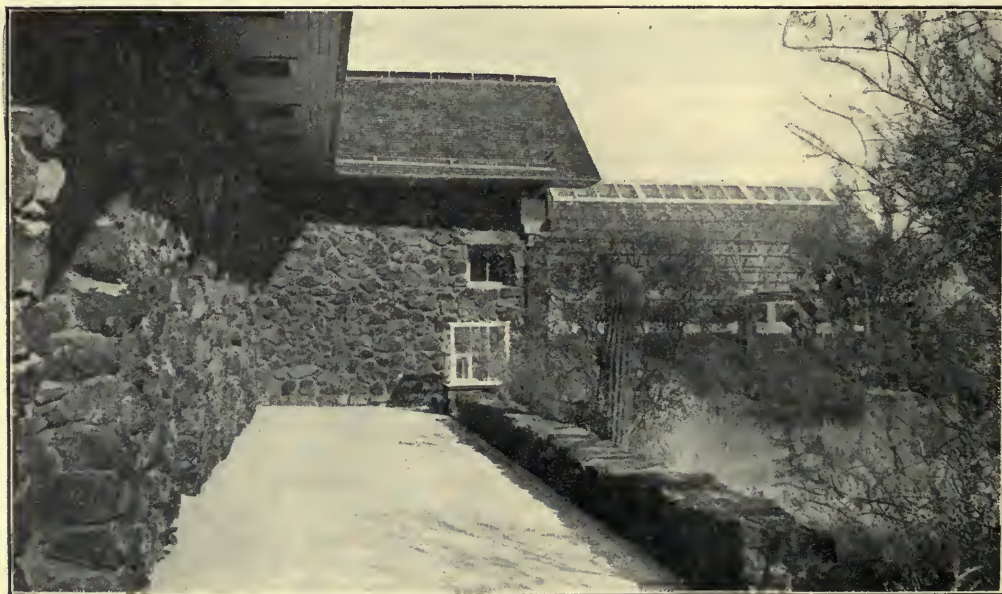
Arizona buildings show evidence of capital and good taste. The constant improving of roads and building of houses denote the activity of enterprising citizens strangely in contrast to the more passive foreign element—such as Mexicans, Chinese and Indians—to be seen shuffling down the narrow streets or lounging in the plaza.

In every direction out of Tucson, caliche, a hard white substance, makes excellent roads for automobiles. They go like mad on the Speedway past old Fort Lowell, with its adobe ruins, to Sabina Canyon, where large trees and a winding stream remind one of eastern scenery. A spin through the pretty drive-way of the University to the famous cactus garden, with its varieties of desert species, is well worth the taking.

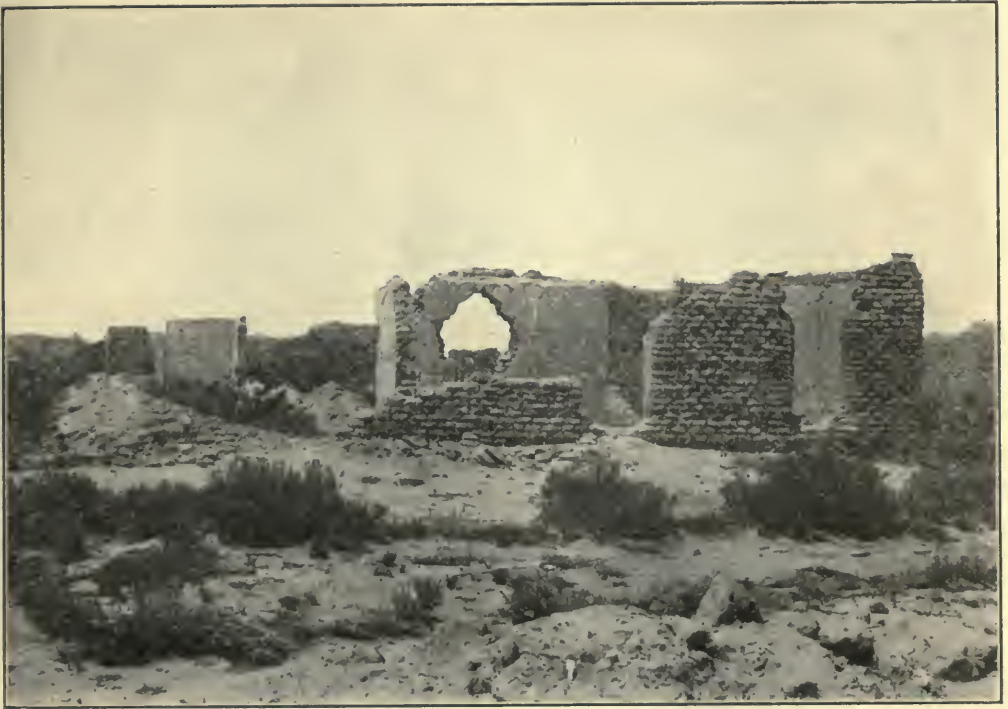
Most celebrated of any, no doubt, is the trip to San Xavier Mission, nine miles away. It was founded in 1687



"Looking down the mountain side where the giant cactus rises, the proud guardian of the other desert species."



"The Carnegie Desert Laboratory on Tumamock Hill."



"Old Fort Lowell with its adobe ruins."

by the Jesuits, and has been since restored to look as near like the original as possible. Its two shining white towers point skyward—a symbol of beauty and of protection to the faithful Papago Indians from the war-like Apaches. Papago Village is almost within the shadow of the Mission towers and contains dwellings mostly of substantial adobe with always an out-of-door room composed of a covering of thatch over mesquite poles and giant cactus beams. Here on warm days, these peaceable and thrifty Indians can be seen washing, or weaving their baskets.

To the scientist, undoubtedly, the most interesting place Tucson has to offer is the Carnegie Desert Laboratory on Tumamock Hill, a few miles out of the city. The only one of its kind in the world, it is well equipped with instruments and has a staff of able research workers, untiring in their efforts to increase the knowledge already gained about the desert plants and the different

problems of their existence and distribution.

This Laboratory Mountain is full of interest for other reasons. Composed largely of black volcanic rock, it contains ancient fortifications made by the Indians, as well as prehistoric ruins and hieroglyphics. Amid these, upon the summit one of the best views of the entire valley is to be had. On one side, rise the Sierrita Mountains with Papago land and the old Mission stretching between. On the other, looking down the mountain side where the giant cactus or "sahuaro" rises—the proud Guardian of the other desert species—lie patches of green barley and groves of mesquite trees. Further on is Tucson, with its mountain wall, setting this Alluring City a thing apart, bidding us toss off the conventionalities and artificialities of the world beyond, and here to live and feel with the other desert dwellers, a life of perfect content.

The Lake

By F. E. Dannies

*A stretch of waving grain on hill and vale of green;
A flood of glory at the sunset hour;
A sheet of silver in moonlight's glittering sheen;
A tree-domed temple like an elf or fairy bower.
Nestled and calm on mother earth's fair breast;
Rippled with smiles that spread from shore to shore;
Whose soft and limpid sound young love's unrest
Lures from its depths to seal his fate for evermore.
Here is all peace amid sweet nature's safe retreat;
Here merry dancers light of heart trip gaily to and fro;
Here grave-browed seer and seeress ghostly shadows meet,
And hold familiar converse with spirits as they go.
This is the lake-like maiden bright and fair,
Full of enchantment in her summer dress;
Her girdle bright of golden-rod, wood violets in air,
She welcomes nature's lovers all with warm and fond
caress.*



Donald Bowles

DONALD BOWLES*By Arthur Dole*

Donald Bowles, who is playing a special engagement at the Belasco theater with the Morosco-Blackwood Company, has been renewing friendships made here some time ago when he was leading juvenile with the James Neill company. He is a chap of many friends who are irresistibly attracted by his sunny, buoyant nature for he is amazingly good company.

Donald cannot look at anything without seeing humor in it—be it hidden or otherwise—and when his eyes begin to twinkle and he commences to make remarks, then watch out. So courteously polite is he in saying things though, that none can help but like him.

The women, elderly, middle-aged, near-young, all have a certain sentiment for him and the matinee girls! Well, the matinee girls idolize him. The best part

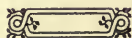
of it all is that this apparent overwhelming admiration does not spoil him. Although nature has been lavish toward him and he is clever and intelligent, a stamina of character balances him while he exploits good looks, talents and brains to entertain and work his artistic way through life.

Yankee born—near the classic shades of old Harvard—son of the late Rev. Dr. B. F. Bowles, once a prominent Cambridge divine and the talented Ada C. Bowles, prominent in church, club and literary work associate of Rev. Anna Shaw, Susan B. Anthony, Rose Hartwick Thorpe and friend of Madam Caroline Severance of this city—young Bowles graduating from the Boston School of Oratory and Expression, forsook a course at Harvard and commenced stage work with the old Boston Museum Stock when Robert Edeson and Mary Hampton were in the company, at the same time giving dramatic readings and parlor recitals whenever opportunity offered. He steadily progressed, was in musical comedy for a time and was with various dramatic organizations having played with Oscar Girard, Christie MacDonald, Robert Drouet, Minnie Dupree, Blanche Walsh, Aubrey Boucicault, Frank Mor-daunt, Mary Shaw, Wilton Lackaye, Frederick Paulding and others.

Young Bowles has also been in vaudeville, having been last seen in Los Angeles as an Orpheum head line attraction at the head of his own company in his own play "Guilty." Most of his time has been devoted to stock work however, and as Donald Bowles lends himself to every manner and mood there are few better all-round players among the younger act-

ing men. He has played leads and characters, accepting whatever has been wafted his way with the same philosophic, easy "sang froid," which marks him not only the thorough going actor but also the congenial fellow that he is. Bowles is known among his associates as a quick study and an assiduous worker, his motto being to do whatever he undertakes with all the sincerity of an enthusiast and his scholarly tastes and long experience with best theatrical stock organizations have produced the finished Thespian.

That he also has positive genius as a play producer and stage director has been demonstrated by his success in the northwest where he has been acting with and directing stock company productions. His scholarship and intelligent inclinations make him most delightful in those roles which require mentality for their true conception and he has scored heavily in such roles as "Jack Negly" in *Barbara Frietchie*; "The Imp" in *"When We Were Twenty-One"* and "Jack Rance" in *"The Girl of the Golden West."* The young actor is thoroughly in earnest in his work and the recompense for the drudgery of rehearsal and preparation comes to him in the actual enjoyment of acting. The moment when the curtain rises never grows stale, and the power to sway an audience is his desire. Naturally he has ambitions. Who will gainsay that his ultimate eye is not cast toward that only Metropolitan Mecca of the theatrically ambitious—Broadway, and certain it seems that young Bowles is being moulded in the experiences which are fitting him for greater things to come.



The Beauties of Our Desert.

By Grace B. Menzies

In the plan of Nature, we see the power of creation, embodying all that is good; and following closely with equal force, the power of destruction, embodying that which we think to be evil. With one hand she carefully and skillfully builds to perfection a world of marvelous beauty, while with the other she tears it down. She looks on passively at the coming and going of man, at the mighty ocean, the high mountains, the fertile fields, and the vast stretches of desert waste, neither rejoicing nor sorrowing at their growth or decay.

Desert waste, did I say? No, not waste. But beauty, solitude, silence and peace. The desert is possessed of a peculiar weirdness and beauty that can be compared only to the sea. There are the long stretches of gray sands, ever-shifting with the winds, like the little ripples that climb one upon the other, until in a great wave they break and begin their life anew. Then there is the deep solitude,—desolation, if you please, with which the sea attracts us, just why we do not know. Perhaps it is the great simplicity, the distance and the space that draws us on; or, it may be the yearning for a peace of mind or conscience that solitude alone can bring.

The most positive phase of beauty is the expression of the truth of character, and we know that everything possesses character. To understand that this is true of the desert, come with me and let us remain from dawn until midnight.

Quickly the morning light chases the darkness back; the deep blue shadows rise and the whole desert life awakens from its slumber; the little wren twittering in its bush, the valley-quail calling from its cover, the rabbit and cottontail hopping cautiously about, and the dim outline of the sun-scorched coyote—all tell what that life is.

The next object in Nature's plan that calls our attention and that remains with us throughout the day, is the great sun that comes over the eastern buttes. Because there is nothing behind which he may hide, like a bashful country school-boy, he blushes so painfully that the rosy glow is reflected in the white clouds, that linger by to greet him. However, like this same country school-boy, after his first appearance, the sun shines on through his day, letting every creature know of his presence. The wonderful shadows and the fresh cool air of the dawn are driven away. The slender, but sturdy little plants bow their heads reverently, the birds again seek their bushes, and all seems quiet and submissive acknowledging a greater power than they.

But out there along the border of the plain, there is open rebellion against this king of the heavens. The low, hazy-blue hills rise to gigantic size, as if proclaiming their right and power over that of the sun. Strange and weird are the life-like representations into which they are transformed. At first there is a scene from ancient Greece, then there is one from our own simple surroundings. Now we see Hephaestus rise up to strike his last blow; again we see the "Village Blacksmith," with the chestnut-tree, the great anvil, and the tall church steeple. The whole picture is enveloped in a veil of mysterious blue, with only a suggested outline of the figures. It is all so wonderful; so strange; so beautiful, this mirage of the desert. But the supremacy of the sun king is recognized, and back sink the hills in all meekness and lowliness.

So all through the day some new and mysterious phase of God's beauty is revealed—the gray and yellow sands, the dull green cactus, yucca and sagebrush touched and intermingled with

fanciful shadows set in a frame of misty blue, blending into the skies.

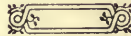
Such is a day on the desert. But who can describe the full beauty of the night? That massive ball of fire that we saw ascend from the east with the early dawn that made its way laboriously across the clear blue heavens, is slowly, slowly sinking to its rest. It is worn out by the long day's toil, and pauses wearily on the mountain-edge in the distant west. Only an instant! Its balance is lost and down it drops over the cliffs into space below, leaving behind along the mountain only a trail of glittering gold, which it had spent countless ages gathering in unknown lands of riches. As if by Midas' touch, the fleecy clouds floating lightly along become gold, sending here a purple, there a crimson glow across the plains, which fade into the deep blue of the sky, giving magnificent contrasts in colors.

No beauty there! Ah! I stand awe-stricken and gaze into the face of the Great Artist who has accomplished His Masterpiece, and sink with my face in the dust, ashamed of man's insignificance.

In the space that follows between light and darkness, the evening air rises delightfully cool and charming, even intoxicating, carrying with it the

fragrant perfume of the little wild four-o'clocks, which though closed in the daytime, open and form a sheet of snow over the desert at night. In the stillness of the evening, watching the stars come out one by one, we listen, silently, lest some lesson from the voices of this vast plain escape our ear. We wonder at the work of that Almighty Power, whom "some call Nature and others call God." Our souls reach out to meet the messages of wisdom and truth. We forget everything that has been disagreeable, that has kept us back, that has made us suffer; we are far from the throngs and crowds of "tired, nervous, disappointed, and envious men and women" and we forget that there are men laboring unrewarded by their kind, that there are hearts filled with unsatisfied cravings and ambitions. We feel only the sweet, sweet peace, which is as deep as life itself, which nothing in our quiet vale, or beyond, can buy.

So, when you are weary of looking on other men's labor, of being the "playing of time," come, not to scoff at or find fault with, but to love and reverence beauty—that finer beauty, which the peace and solitude of the desert alone can bring.



EDITORIAL.

It is with unadulterated delight that *Out West* learns from the daily newspaper that the State Fair at Sacramento this year has been a failure, financially speaking. The State Fair has been a failure from every possible point of view except that of the horse-racing fraternity, for the past twenty years. It is an institution which has outgrown its usefulness, except as a means of keeping a parcel of petty grafting politicians in more or less comfortable jobs. It is an anachronism in every sense of the term; it has no more business being perpetuated by the state than has a county fair to be maintained by any old county of the state.

There was a time, thirty years or so ago when a county fair had its uses in a state like California. The value of such institutions ceased to exist and the county and the district fairs died a natural death. That the State Fair has hung along is because it was to the advantage of certain politicians and race horse people to have it continue. But the state should make no more appropriations for it. It should die.

Tennyson spoke the truth when he wrote "the old order changeth." People no longer go to see the mammoth beet, the enlarged watermelon, the gigantic steer and the be-fattened hog. The mammoth beet is not so very marketable; the enlarged watermelon is not superior to the usual sized one; the gigantic steer is no novelty and the be-fattened hog is not in demand at the packing houses. The packing magnates want the 200 pound article in hogs with no frills and no extra fat.

Of course, the city of Sacramento will raise a tremendous objection to any stoppage of the Fair. The Fair brings a few thousand rural visitors to that city every year, and most of them are properly trimmed in the gambling houses, or at the track or else become properly intoxicated at one or more of the thirst emporiums with which Sacra-

mento abounds. Sacramento's theory of commercial economy, as opposed to political economy and domestic economy, is that it is a "good thing to put money in circulation." Interpreting this, it means, nine times in ten, that the gamblers are desirous of annexing some more money.

Abolish the State Fair! It is a useless waste of state money. It is supposed to be a sop to the ruralite, but in point of fact few of that species go to more than one State Fair. The experience is apt to be too costly.

William Dean Howells, in his most charming book "A Boy's Town" reveals deftly and surely how memories and antagonisms of *Survival of Sentiment*. a war will survive for decades after the cause for strife has died. Mr. Howells was reared in an Ohio town, a southwestern Ohio village. He tells how the boys of his day, when fighting mimic battles divided into two parties, the Americans and the "Bridish" and the Americans always won. The writer, reared in an Ohio city, can testify that in the boy's wars of his day, as late as 1880, the division was between Americans and British, the Americans winning; or else between the Americans and the Indians, which wars resulted in the American party being thoroughly defeated and generally scalped. Yet—1880—two wars had been fought, the Mexican and the Civil wars. Neither of these made much impression on the doings of Ohio boydom.

The boy alignment of war parties was clearly a survival of two periods which meant much to Ohio in early days. The British-American alignment was a survival of the War of 1812 in which actual war was brought home to Ohio and war's alarms were a common thing. The

American-Indian alignment was a survival of the period when the Indians were literally fought out of the state.

For California men, women and children, Civil War memories and reminiscences are as nothing. War did not reach the state. The reverse appears to be true in the south, and that this is so was brought forcibly to mind by two circumstances which arose during the month.

One of these is the receipt of a copy of 'Uncle Remus's Magazine,' the product of the Sunny South Publishing Company, the periodical founded by Joel Chandler Harris. Plainly written all over the magazine is what the editors believe will please Southern readers. Please them it must, because the magazine sells widely in the south. There is a story written about Old Sorrel, Stonewall Jackson's war horse. There is a carefully prepared review—one big page of it—of Mary Johnson's novel "The Long Roll, a New Novel of the War Between the States." In an article on the "Old South in American Architecture" mention is made of the Leyden house at Atlanta which "was spared by incendiaries at the time of the burning of Atlanta because it was then serving as Sherman's headquarters."

The other incident which gave rise to these reflections was meeting a young lady of perhaps 17 or 18 years, who lives in Little Rock, Ark., Now it happens that Little Rock saw comparatively little of actual warfare. It was not ravaged as were Virginia and Tennessee and Georgia. The city was captured, it is true, by General Frederick Steele, but its lot was easy compared with cities like Richmond and Atlanta and Vicksburg and Chattanooga. But, nevertheless, the children are still fighting the Civil War.

For active participants in that war and their immediate families to keep alive the memory of the sacrifices made by both sides is only human; but for mere youngsters to perpetuate the unpleasant side of events that preceded their birth by twenty and thirty years, is stretching a point rather far.

The writer freely confesses to a general dislike of things British until he was at least twenty five years old, a dislike

that had its inception, although he did not know it, in the War of 1812, over sixty years after that war was over. There are some specimens of things British which are still obnoxious, even though these have no such origin.

But what is the use of the Southern children going on and fighting the Civil War in their immature minds? The best men in the south today admit that it is far better for the South and the nation that the war ended as it did. Why not consider it ended, then?

California is very soon to have a visit from President Taft. Of course, the

President will be received with all the courtesy due to a man occupying his exalted

station, but if the President is coming hither to mend his political fences, if, in short the object of the trip which he is to make throughout the west, is to win the west from what the President and other standpatters believe to be political heresies, he might just as well remain away.

President Taft, amiable, worthy, upright and well meaning man though he be, is not the man whom the west desires to see for four years more in the White House.

Neither will a campaigning trip convince the west that its ways are error.

If he is nominated, we believe that California will be found in the Democratic column, particularly if the Democrats have the wisdom to name a man like Clark of Missouri, and not a reactionary like Harmon of Ohio, nor even Wilson of New Jersey whose candidacy was started by George Harvey of "Harper's Weekly"—with all that implies.

Echoes of the newspaper war which has been afflicting Los Angeles for about two months are

reflected in the press *Useless Newspaper War.* of the entire Pacific Coast. Los Angeles

itself is being treated to an experience in which only millionaires figure. The chief combatants are a determined newspaper owner of the old school—Harrison Gray Otis—and a soulless modern financier of the new school—E. T. Earl.

The third figure in the contest, W. R. Hearst, does not appear as one of the principals; he is in the rather unfamiliar role of second to General Otis.

Strategically, Mr. Earl occupies the strongest position. A man of large resources, financial and otherwise, he has the evening newspaper field pretty much to himself. His paper the "Express" does not conflict with the Scripps evening paper, the "Record," in any particular and the "Express" is probably paying net, about \$100,000 a year. *Out West* is no admirer of the "Express;" neither has *Out West* any degree of respect for the personality of Mr. Earl, excepting as to a wholesome regard for his business abilities. Yet candor compels the admission that the "Express" is probably the best newspaper property, futures considered, in Los Angeles. Certain it is that neither General Otis nor Mr. Hearst have yet sought to dispute with Mr. Earl the possession of the evening field. This, be it remembered, is Mr. Earl's newspaper meal ticket. What he has lost in the penny morning venture, the "Tribune" has probably been made good by the profits of the "Express." Therefore Mr. Earl is not much to the bad, financially, if any.

On the other hand his invasion of the morning territory, hitherto believed to be the newspaper preserve of General Otis and Mr. Hearst, has created a condition which can be understood by the layman, with few explanations.

The underlying theory of the publication of the "Times" and the "Examiner" is that a high subscription price and a low advertising rate shall be maintained. East of the Rocky Mountains the reverse theory generally holds—a low subscription price and a high advertising rate. The white paper in a twenty four page newspaper costs just about one cent. Now while the subscription price of the "Times" is 75 cents per month, the net returns per month for each subscriber served and each paper sent out (monthly) are probably 40 cents per month. The "Times" and "Examiner" must come very close to paying their white paper bills (Sundays excepted) out of the money received from the sale of the paper. And white paper expense, always remember, is by far the largest

single item in publishing a newspaper. Under the present system of distributing the "Times" and "Examiner" the route owners should make about 35 cents monthly (gross) on each subscriber.

Mr. Earl, in publishing a penny paper, is striking the higher priced newspapers a blow right where they live. His object is to hammer down their price, as well as to get advertising.

Suppose he succeeds in getting the Otis and Hearst newspapers to reduce.

The reduction must be met almost entirely by the newspaper owners; the route men will resist any proportionate reduction of their share. Their profits, after meeting the cost of distributing and collecting, which may be placed at 20 to 25 cents per month, are not large.

If then the high priced newspapers reduce from 75 cents to 40 cents per month their receipts (net) before and after will look like this, assuming a 50,000 circulation.

Before reduction—50,000 subscribers at 40 cents net, \$20,000 monthly.

After reduction to 50 cents—50,000 subscribers at 15cents net, \$7,500 monthly.

After reduction to 40 cents—50,000 subscribers at 10 cents net, \$5,000 monthly.

This is a plain talk on inside newspaper finance. It is easy to see why a penny morning newspaper is not a welcome visitor to other publishers.

There is another recourse however. It is to raise advertising rates and reduce the size of the newspapers. The publishers would make as much money as they do now, but the advertiser would not sprawl over acres of white space, as the low rates permit him to do. The tremendous volume of advertising carried by the daily newspapers is not alone an evidence of the liberal advertising policy of Los Angeles merchants—it means low rates just as surely.

Mr. Earl, with much sagacity and foresight is now engaged in the task of breaking into the business enjoyed by General Otis and Mr. Hearst.

Make no mistake here. He will get in.

But they are not depriving him of one dollar's worth of business where his chief income lies.

Out West's sympathies in this struggle

are clearly with General Otis and Mr. Hearst. We have a deal of respect for Harrison Gray Otis both as a newspaper publisher and as an opponent. He hews to the line, he hits hard and he nails his colors to the mast. Mr. Hearst, an absentee owner, as a personality does not count in this struggle. On the other hand we have had quite enough of Mr. Earl's attempted domination of affairs in California. He has been repudiated as a boss by the leading city officials, but any man possessing his abilities as an organizer and business man, who controls two newspapers and ample money, is a menace to a community. Were he a man of high principles it would be different, but his life motto has apparently been "Get the money; it makes no difference how you get it, but *get it!*" A man of that type who shields himself in a cloak of Christianity is a man to watch and to circumvent.

This is the latest issue of *Out West* in which attention can be paid to the Constitutional Amendments which are to be submitted to the voters in the month of October.

There are so many amendments and the changes which will be wrought by them are so many and sweeping, that the ordinary voter will be very much apt to vote against all of them on general principles. This policy, we trust, will not be generally followed, although experience with voters leads one to believe that it will be. Some of the changes are most meritorious and should be adopted as progressive steps in government.

There are but two amendments that we find to be especially objectionable—the one providing for the recall of the judges, and the other providing for women's suffrage.

As a matter of principle we are in favor of the recall for most elective offices. The mode of removing public officials is unwieldy and cumbersome. Any ordinary employer serves notice on his employee to quit, and the employee leaves; but the employee of the public, under the present system in the state government, appears almost to have a vested right to the office he holds.

This is neither sound nor in accordance with the best principles of public service. But at the same time we are harassed with doubt as to subjecting the judiciary to summary removal, by gusts of public opinion. We have had some judges in California who ought to have been removed no doubt, and were *Out West* put to the test, we could name several, starting with no less a personage than the late Stephen J. Field, once on the Supreme Bench of the United States. But there is something about the position of judge that lifts a man out of the rut in which he has been traveling. Very frequently it happens that a mere petty politician elected to the bench, becomes a good and satisfactory judge. The man has had a weight of responsibility placed on him, and has risen to it. Very frequently too, it happens that a man inferior in knowledge of the law becomes a satisfactory judge; responsibility sets him to work.

It would have been better, we believe, if the last Legislature had exempted the judiciary from the operations of the recall provision and in that form we believe the amendment would have passed. But we doubt if the present measure succeeds. The recall without application to the judiciary would have been a splendid thing for the state. However the politicians who controlled the last Legislature thought themselves sufficiently strong to sweep the state before them, and in this case too much confidence will probably defeat the adoption of an otherwise useful amendment to the Constitution.

We are not in sympathy with the Suffrage Amendment because we do not believe that the mass of wives and mothers in California desire to have the ballot. This is not saying that the energetic and fluent ladies who have conducted a campaign are not good women—or if married, are not good wives and mothers. But inquiry shows that most of the best women within the range of our acquaintance think that a woman has enough to do with attending to her part of the matrimonial partnership—maintaining the home and rearing the children properly—without meddling in questions as to who shall be on the board of supervisors and who

shall be constable. And is it not significant that most of the women who are carrying the banner of suffrage are either single women, or women with one child?

To a limited degree we believe in women voting. We believe that they should have the right to vote in school matters. We believe that where a woman is single or a widow, dependent on her own energies and manages her property, and IS A TAXPAYER, then she should have the right to vote. But we do not see the expediency of making every house-keeping, home-loving and thoroughly domestic woman a voter and annoying her with political duties.

Finally, female suffrage will not purify politics, or the city, or anything. Suffrage has not "cleaned up" Denver. It is not as clean a city, from a civic point of view, as is Los Angeles. Suffrage has made Utah the slave of the Mormon church, because women more than men will vote according to the dictates of the Mormon hierarchy. Suffrage will possibly increase the torture of men who read the papers outlining the proceedings of the suffragettes.

It is inexpedient, unwise and all that is bad for the home and the home lover. Consequently, we trust that it will be defeated.

Mr. R. T. Crane is the head of the Crane Company a business institution that has houses in *Crane's Onslaught* perhaps twenty or *on the Colleges.* thirty American cities. He is a millionaire and as he himself writes has been fifty six years in business" and is "an employer of several thousand men." He is mailing direct to college students and to the press a pamphlet entitled "The Value of Higher Schooling." Mr. Crane's conclusions are those frequently reached by men who have achieved a marked degree of success in the business world, in that he concludes his pamphlet in this fashion: "I am writing this not particularly to attack higher schooling, but to wake up the boy who thinks he must spend his money to get it and to encourage the boy who has been unable to avail himself of it. I want to encourage them to go ahead. learn their

trade, read good books, cultivate good habits, secure in the thought that these, not higher schooling are the royal road to success. . . . I want to impress upon them that the eight years of high school and college training are a waste of time and money so far as business is concerned. Instead of being discouraged because they cannot have it, I want them to congratulate themselves."

This is the burden of Mr. Crane's argument. Like many another non-college man who has amassed a fortune, Mr. Crane misses the point which any successful and most non-successful college men in business thoroughly appreciate. It is this; that there are many things in this world worth more than a mere pile of money. The college man in his college days, if he is worth anything at all (and many of them are like other mortals in not being worth the traditional powder and shot) makes associations that he values more and are worth more in the intellectual life, than anything the Crane's can bestow. A man like Mr. Crane is inevitably worth knowing; we have met successful business men by the score and the hundred. All are interesting. But the truth to tell, we have yet to meet one whose enjoyment of art, good literature and the intellectual comradeship was not blunted. There is always something lacking in these pre-eminently, money-successful men.

However, if money be the *ultima thule* of all human endeavor, Mr. Crane is unquestionably right. On what, for instance, could the writer base any justification of his college career, measured by the Crane yard-stick. The writer never made a dollar, directly, from anything that he learned in his college days, except by translating a French technical work. Yet, not for a considerable share of Mr. Crane's wealth would he part with the friendships created at college, or forego the intellectual life that sprang directly from university experience. This last, as was stated before, Mr. Crane cannot comprehend. He cannot divorce himself from crass utilitarianism.

Returning now to Mr. Crane's indictment against all colleges and all college courses let us admit that there is much

truth in what he says and if college authorities are wise they will winnow out the truth and apply the proper correctives. Mr. Crane opens:

"So much has been said and written about the presidents of the colleges, the professors, the glee clubs . . . that unthinking people have been led to assign to colleges a value they do not possess. We have heard the college man talk about his graduating class, his fraternity, his university club and other silly rot, as if they were the sole end of existence." This is good, but Mr. Crane, who hasn't been to college, knows nothing of the other and far larger class of college men who are at college for another purpose. These men are not to be discovered, as a rule, in the fraternity houses. They are not the "rah-rah" boys.

"Education consists in knowing things of real value—especially things that will enable them to make headway in the world," continues Mr. Crane. There, again, is the point of view. Mr. Crane's notion of headway, you see, is limited to the dollar road. There are lines of endeavor quite as respectable, quite as responsible and satisfying as Mr. Crane's path.

"I am not opposed to education, but only to its useless and extravagant frills and fads," explains Mr. Crane. Again, we ask, with whom rests the decision, the money grubber or men of cultivated minds?

"Information based on facts is what you want." What are "facts?" Five hundred years ago it was a "fact" that the earth was flat. What may be regarded to-day as "fact" by the Cranes and other practical men may be rejected tomorrow, next year or fifty years hence as error. For instance, we do not doubt the Cranes hold today as "fact" much that will be discarded in the future.

"A college education today is unnecessary and all that has been accomplished has been done by the non-college graduate as we understand the term college graduate." It would be interesting for Mr. Crane to take a careful census of his engineering department and ascertain what percentage of college graduates it contains.

Mr. Crane's further indictments are

that college men are failures in business, that they are not in demand by employers, that colleges do not produce men of character, that rich men send their sons to college to gain admission for them into an aristocracy of culture, that men like Andrew Carnegie give to colleges as a means of self-glorification, that the colleges are afraid of criticism and that colleges are demoralizing to youth.

Well, all of this may be true and may not be. It all goes back to the question of manufacturing silk purses out of sows' ears. If the metal in the individual is not true and good, all of the colleges in Christendom will not improve it. Mr. Crane is asking something of the colleges that society cannot accomplish.

But what the colleges can do and are doing is to help into the larger and wider and fuller life. If there are failures by college men, they attract attention chiefly because no one thinks a college man ought to fail. But the great mass of non-college men go on failing as Mr. Crane puts it and becoming drivers and truckmen and day laborers and roustabouts, and this never attracts attention because it is what everyone expected. The charitably inclined say it is too bad that these men "never had a chance." Once in a while native ability asserts itself and the non-college man lifts himself above his fellows financially or otherwise, just as Mr. Crane has done, and the great untutored mob lifts its voice high in air and founds on this individual a general indictment of the short-comings of the college. The individual himself occasionally becomes unduly puffed up, particularly if his financial gains have been large, and he joins in the hue and cry.

His financial success in reality proves nothing for or against higher education. It merely shows that he possesses in eminent degree the money amassing gift, which is inborn. And yet, and yet—in spite of all his money, in spite of the hurrahing about his success, there is a part of life which he might have had and never will have. The creed speaks of the "communion of souls"—this man misses the communion of minds. He may be a millionaire in dollars but he is not any the less a pauper in other things worth having.

The Parting of the Ways.

Ida Alexander

Dinner hour was drawing near at the Brickwell Sanatorium. The bungalows were beginning to disgorge their crowds of simply or over-dressed women and somber clad men. In twos and threes they sauntered down to the main building, where the blaze of light suggested festivity.

One was seldom alone. The months of intercourse had separated the individuals in "cliques." There was the moneyed clique, to which the out-of-place diamonds bore evidence: the frivolous clique; the earnest, the busy and the lazy. Each had drifted into his or her particular place with the aptitude which like displays in seeking like.

A stranger watching them, would have fancied himself at some gay summer resort. If, under the gayety, chill apprehension and longing lurked, none but the physicians guessed, none but the patients knew. The motto might have been, "Let us drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die—not."

To be sure, there were places where the general merriment did not extend; where the bungalows were never untenanted; where the inmates fought their losing fight with a courage worthy of a larger cause.

It was not always a losing fight. There had been miraculous cures, and there would be again, did the courage and the money of the patients hold out. But it was weary work. The men chafed at the inaction, and the longing of the women for home defeated its own object. For the mind must contribute its share to the skill of the physician's fingers, and the healing that lies in the balmy southern climate. Most of the patients not confined to their rooms, understood this, and grieved neither for themselves, nor for those more grievously in need of it. Selfishness is germinated in such a place. Even as the individuals had drifted into "cliques," so the cliques separated into individuals, when personal interest pointed that way. There were few who would have delayed their own "exam" a day, for the accomodation of the dearest friend they had made.

The dinner bell rang out, hurrying on the stragglers. A nurse, in uniform of white and blue, passed some of them with a formal greeting.

"Oh, Miss Prince," one of them called after her, "you have forty seven, haven't you? Is it true that his wife is coming?"

"Yes," the nurse answered.

"Well, tell him how glad we are, won't you?"

Again the nurse assented, and kept hurrying up the steep incline that led to the bungalows whose inmates were her own especial charge. She passed the tray-boys, though they walked quickly with their heavily-laden trays. There were five patients to be visited, before forty seven received the letter clinched in her right hand. It was just a flying visit to each one at this time, to see that their dinner was to their liking, and to give them their mail, had any

come. Later, she would come around again, and make each one comfortable for the night.

She paused a moment as she ran up the steps that led to forty seven, taking in the dreariness of it, as she had done every night in the month since he had been her patient. Some of the men's bungalows were gay with flags and bunting, comfortable with cushions and shaded lights, home-like with pictures, flowers and books. All of the feminine bungalows showed the touch of their deft fingers. But in that of forty seven there was no touch of beauty, save the geraniums, she had placed in a cheap glass vase, and a framed essay on—oh, the mockery of it!—Contentment.

The patient lay with his arm thrown over his face, leaving visible only the dark, clustering hair and broad, white forehead. The other hand, with its slender, tapering fingers, was thrown out, as though he had motioned away the tray of untouched food on the invalid table before him.

Miss Prince stood and watched him, as motionless as he. The nurses were not allowed to wake the patients, yet she knew how eagerly he had watched for the letter. It was the first one following the hasty telegram saying his wife was coming. Both were in answer to the doctor's peremptory summons. Just so came many unexpected and welcome visitors. But this the patients never guessed. She watched him long and intently, but he still slept. At last she took up the chart on which was recorded the temperature and the pulse. It told a tale to her experienced eyes, zigzagging from below normal to the danger point many degrees above. She sighed as she conned it over.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Prince," said a quiet voice from the bed.

She started and turned to him, the nurse's calm composure covering all emotion.

"I've a letter for you—one you want," she smiled, handing it to him.

"I wonder if it is to say she isn't coming!"

"Read and see—I'll excuse you."

She busied herself about the bungalow as he read, rolling up the awnings that had shut out the glare of the sun, smoothing out the cover of the dresser. But ever her eyes searched his face for a clue to the contents of the letter. She could guess nothing, till he threw it down, and turned to her as exultantly as a boy.

"She's coming. She was to leave the night she wrote this. She ought to be—why she'll be here to-morrow."

There was little rest for Gerald Harlem that night. The night was chill, but the cool, fresh air filling the bungalow was grateful to his flushed cheeks. It was two years since he had seen his wife and boys, and now she was hurrying to him through the darkness. The rumble of the train was in his listening ears. He wondered if she would bring the boys for a surprise. It would be quite safe to do so. There was not, he knew, as much danger of infection, as there would be in the train in which they would come. Yes, he decided, she would surely bring the boys, and his heart warmed at the thought. An eternity of yesterday seemed to lie between them, yet the parting was as vivid as if it had happened the day before. It had been a hurried, silent parting. He remembered how the baby had pleaded for the kiss he dared not give—the last good-bye—the waving hands—his wife's working face as the train shot into the night.

He lived it all over. He remembered every detail of his two year's wandering from place to place, seeking the fleeing phantom of health. It had seemed a useless quest. Then he stumbled on the sanatorium, nestling in the beautiful mountains, with its promise of hope, even for him. There was a hope. The doctors said so. It was strong within him as he fell asleep.

There were few early risers at the sanatorium. To begin with, the morning air was of a biting chilliness, and breakfast was not served till eight o'clock. To the bed patients, whose nights were often restless, awakening was usually late. But the sun did not lie, like a great golden globe, on the rim of the mountain, before Gerald Harlem's eager eyes had given greeting to the morning.

The forenoon wore away quickly enough. There was the cheering visit of the doctor and the nurse; the morning paper; the morning mail. It was luncheon time before he became seriously alarmed. With a leap temperature and pulse proclaimed the unrest of his mind.

The doctor came in answer to the nurse's summons—the doctor whose hands held healing, even when he must hurt. There were half a dozen doctors at the sanatorium specialists in this or that. But this was the Physician Beloved, adored by the sick and the well, whose sympathy knew no bounds, whose patience knew no end. Gerald Harlem's face lightened as he saw him.

"I'm afraid you think I'm a great baby, doctor, running up a 'temper' over something that's probably nothing, after all. But I am uneasy about my wife and boys. There's so often an accident on those infernal railways. I know nothing that would have prevented her coming, when she said she would, except disaster. And to lie here chained—you know, doctor—"

Yes, the doctor knew. Read by his own great heart, the human heart was an unsealed book. He thought a moment before he replied. When he spoke it was quite cheerfully.

"I shouldn't worry, Mr. Harlem, if I were you. It is quite possible," he paused, weighing his words carefully, as one who would not deceive, "probable, even, that there has been a mistake as to time. And it is almost certain we would have heard of an accident. Take this and rest. I am going directly down to telegraph to your home, and find out about your wife's leaving."

The feverish day was succeeded by another sleepless night. Like a little child, disappointed once, he could not believe readily again. He put the hateful telegram from him, with a man's loyalty, that the boy had promised ten years before. Yet it was ever with him in the darkness, peering with evil, yellow eyes, whispering its "All well. Couldn't get lower berth. Left next day."

In the morning the eagerness had faded from his eyes. He was white and haggard.

"I don't believe they'll come," he said to Miss Prince.

She was making the room bright with bowls of flame-colored geraniums. She did not meet his eyes.

But, as upon the day before, the weary hours wore away without word or sign. Twilight had fallen when the doctor's tall form darkened the screen door, and his voice, with a laugh in every note, said: "Unbeliever, if I should let a visitor come in, would you—?"

He stood aside, and the husband and wife were alone.

Mrs. Harlem threw herself wearily in the rocking chair.

"Oh, Ger, I'm so glad to see you, but I daren't kiss you, and I'm too tired, anyway. Such a day as I've had! Shopping, shop-

ping, shopping! I thought I'd never get through. Los Angeles is certainly the place for bargains, and—but tell me about yourself, you poor boy. How are you? And what have you been doing to get those dark circles under your eyes?"

The man steadied his voice with an effort.

"I don't know. It's such a relief to see you, but I can scarcely believe you've really come. The boys—did you bring them?"

"Gerald Harlem! Take those great boys out of school and lug them to California with me! The very idea! It would have spoiled the prettiest little romance, if I had. A man on the train thought I wasn't married, and insisted on making love to me. Wasn't that a joke—after ten years?"

"Yes," he assented, "it was a joke."

And yet it did not seem strange to him, as he searched her face with hungry eyes. She was made after a petite and vivacious pattern that wore well, as to looks. Her features were small and the face rose-tinted. The fluffy, fair hair was Nature's last gift from Ponce de Leon's fountain.

Long she talked, breaking into the dear home news, now and then, with incidents of her journey. The tinkling of the dinner bell, the entrance of the tray boy, came startlingly to both. She stood up.

"Oh, Ger, I wish you were well enough to come down to the dining room with me. I hate to go alone. And *do* the women wear hats? I don't like to take mine off, it's so becoming. And, Ger, I must say good night now. It's such a walk from the dining room that I won't come up after dinner. The doctor said they could give me a room in the main building. I'll be up early tomorrow."

Miss Prince, coming in with the mail, caught his face off guard, and noted with darkening eyes, the wistfulness of it. But she talked till the brightness came back; till, in his eager answers to her eager questioning about the boys, he forgot the present, and looked lovingly back on the past and hopefully forward to the future. When, later on, she made her last visit, she said, "You look better. You'll sleep to-night."

He pondered for a moment.

"Yes, thanks to you."

Upon the morrow, Mrs. Harlem was as good as her word. She was early, and she had a world of small talk. Nothing had escaped the observance of her light blue eyes. She praised the beauty of the place, the doctors and the patients, the excellence of the table.

"Some of the nurses are rather pretty, too, in a buxom style. Is your nurse pretty? Have you fallen in love with your nurse?"

She started guiltily at the quick, light step outside, guessing instinctively who it must be, even before Miss Prince appeared in the doorway. It was impossible for her not to have heard. The shrill, laughter-laden voice carried well, and the screened-in bungalows held little hope of confidential conversation. But she stood, slim and tall, her dark, untroubled eyes meeting the fluttering blue ones turned to her. Mrs. Harlem broke into quick speech, without waiting for an introduction.

"You're Mrs. Harlem's nurse," she said, extending her hand, "I'm so glad to know you. Is he a good patient, or does he make you lots of trouble?"

Miss Prince answered gravely, with no response to the tinkling laugh that accompanied the question.

"One of the best! I'm sorry for you with the others, then.

For he grumbles, I know. All of his letters have been full of his anxiety to get away. I can't understand it. It's a grand place, perfectly grand. And the finest climate. Why, there's snow on the ground at home. It's just lovely here, fruits and everything. I really can't understand Ger."

No, she could not understand him. From her must ever be hidden the beauty and the depths of a nature which were apparent to the most casual eye of a larger mind. The longing for home, when all wants were supplied, would ever be a mystery to her. The bravery that daily fought Death and that longing she could never know. Nor could she see that the little human bursts of impatience were underlaid with a patience so great that the one was forgotten in the other, even as Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Miss Prince felt a choking in her throat as she thought of it all. She walked to the side of the bungalow.

"Have you noticed the mountains, Mrs. Harlem?" she asked. "They are very beautiful, and there's a good view from here."

The other crossed over and stood at her side.

"No, I don't care for the mountains," she said. "They always appear to be frowning at me, as if they said, 'You little, little thing! We could crush you, if we would! I believe I'm afraid of them.'"

"And you, Miss Prince?" questioned Gerald Harlem's voice.

"I?" she said without turning, "I love them. To me, they tower above us not menacingly, but protectingly. 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.' I often think of that verse. This place should have been named. 'Hill-Hope.' I've always lived in sight of hills or mountains, and perhaps that has something to do with the way I feel about them."

"Yes," he said, "environment has much to do with the view point. I loved the rugged strength of the mountains, when my own matched it. I was a born fighter, I think. But, lying here, the valleys seem more to me—the peaceful valleys of home."

"There you go again, Ger. I don't see how you can complain so. I think it's awful to always be rebelling at Providence. Don't you, Miss Prince?"

Miss Prince did not answer. She was still looking at the mountains, though her eyes were too dim to see them.

The next day was the day of his monthly examination. All of the patients looked forward to being examined. It was an exciting time, a break in the monotony. Without it they would have felt vaguely conscious that they were not getting their "money's worth." A doctor and an assistant came up to those unable to visit the main building, and the stethoscope told to their trained ears its message of life or death. The patients could understand little, as the doctor called out "XXX" or "XX" or "NC" and the assistant wrote it down. They knew that one meant better, and another worse—how much they did not know, nor did the doctors enlighten them. They were frank as to the result of the examinations—seemingly, quite so. Yet there was ever a reserve through which the patients not improving could not break.

They came to Gerald Harlem in the morning, and upon Miss Prince devolved the entertainment of his wife. She ran down the steps with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, its good to get out. I feel so shut up in the bungalow. Then, too, I'm mortally afraid of taking the disease. Are'nt you?"

"No. There is no danger in a place as well managed as this."

"Come, let us forget about it. Show me things. Show me

everything. I want to go up on the 'sun deck', where the patients take—what is it they take? Ger used to before he had to stay in bed."

"Actinic Ray treatment."

"And I want to see the laboratory, and the dairy, with your wonderful germ-proof cows, your orange groves—oh, everything, while I have the chance."

Half silently Miss Prince led her from place to place. But the "sun deck," high on top of the main building, made her afraid of falling, and she did not care for the view. The doctor in charge of the laboratory, earnest-eyed, disinclined to small talk, did not interest her. She screamed at sight of the gentle, well-brushed Jerseys. It was only when they reached the orange grove that she blossomed into her garrulous self, and detailed her life to her abstracted companion.

"Why are you looking at your watch, Miss Prince?" she broke off to say. "It can't be luncheon time yet."

"No. But Mr. Harlem's examination will be over long since, and you must be anxious to hear."

"Yes, I am, but I hate to leave these lovely orange trees. It's the first time I have seen them growing, and they seem so wonderful to me—the flowers, green and ripened fruit all on the one tree. I don't think it's good for me to be inside too much, anyway. I feel that my duty to my children calls me outside."

"It is hard when duties clash, isn't it?" said Miss Prince as they started to walk back.

She pondered the words, after her enthusiastic assent, and searched her companion's face, till she turned relieved. No, it was not possible that the sentence held reproof.

Gerald Harlem greeted them with a smile that held all the frankness of speech, all the reserve of silence. No one in the sanatorium had been able to describe that smile, though all had mentioned it. The bravery of it was hidden in sweetness, and the sweetness lost in something dearer than any understood. It was as one who stood on a hard-won height and cheered on the strugglers coming up the hill.

"Just so," thought one of the watchers, "when the last hard hill is climbed—"

"Dear," he said, "I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. There hasn't been much improvement this month."

The next morning Mrs. Harlem separated herself from a little be-diamonded group, and approached Miss Prince. There was a hesitancy in her manner. She had confided to her husband a slight awe of his nurse. "Though why any one should be afraid of a girl who dresses her hair like that," she had concluded, "I can't for the life of me understand."

"Come somewhere that we can talk, Miss Prince. I've something that I want to say to you."

Miss Prince led the way to a shaded bench, for the moment deserted. Up on the hill some one was playing the phonograph. The sweet words, softened by distance, reached them distinctly. In a moment or so some one would shut it off. None but the gayest records were allowed to ring out uninterruptedly to the end. But for the moment it was welcome and sweet. "And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee." For a second both listened. Then Mrs. Harlem spoke, without preamble.

"Miss Prince, I'm going to take Ger away."

"Take him away?"

"Yes. I'd be glad if you'd talk it over for me first with the doctors. He's not doing much good here, and—"

"It's the one hope."

Mrs. Harlem laughed rather disagreeably.

"You'll all say that. But don't talk shop to me. I know there must be just as good places—Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico. Why, when the doctor wrote to me, he as much as said it was a desperate case. Else why did he urge me to come? And a case like that will do as well one place as another. The doctor wrote twice. It was awfully hard to get away. I just couldn't have done it if my brother-in-law hadn't threatened to come, if I didn't. I couldn't allow that. It's a wife's place. I felt it my duty to come."

She paused, but the eyes of Miss Prince were on the ground.

"And so I came. It was a terribly trying journey. Why, a young man on the train thought I wasn't married, and insisted on paying all sorts of compliments to me. Funny, wasn't it?"

Again she paused. Again there was no reply.

"So," she continued, briskly. "I'll be much obliged if you'll just talk it over with the doctors, and see to things for me. Of course, I want to pay you."

Miss Prince put the words aside with a gesture.

"Tell me," she said, speaking slowly, as if speech were difficult, "why do you want to take him away? He's doing fairly well here. It is a desperate case, but the doctors have hope. Worse cases have been cured. I could tell you—well, there was a man who came here once. He was most desperately ill—far worse than your—than Mr. Harlem. The physician who had charge of the case sent him here, that our doctors might turn his steps—ease him on toward home—and the grave. People so often wait too long before coming here. But they're fighting men, our doctors! They took the almost hopeless case, and they fought it out day by day and night by night. At first there wasn't much improvement. One doesn't get so ill with the disease in a day; nor do they recover in a day. But, little by little, he improved. He's a well man to-day and likely to remain so. There was another—"

"Miss Prince, I have no doubt your cures are legion. But don't you think a change is sometimes good?"

"Yes, when the doctors advise it. No—don't laugh—they have often done so, and the patient been benefited thereby. But, if against their advice, I think it may mean—death."

"Death! What a gruesome subject, and how solemnly you say it. I think death is terrible, don't you?"

"There is something worse."

"What?"

"It is a different thing to each of us."

From up on the hill the phonograph thrust its jarring, jubilant note.

"For I want what I want when I want it.

It's all that makes life worth the while—"

The eyes of the two women met. The elder spoke, half defiantly, as if in answer to an importunate question.

"Yes, that's how I am. 'I want what I want—' and I want him to go away. There must be cheaper places just as good. Of course," she continued, hastily, "it's not necessary for us to economize. The last year Ger did anything he made twelve thousand dollars! Quite a bit, wasn't it? But he always made money. He

was such a hard worker. And he was a magnificent looking man—once. I wish you could have seen him—fine, strong and tall. I've always been attracted by big men, perhaps because I'm so tiny. The man on the train who fell in love with me must have been over six feet. But, as I was saying, I feel it my duty as a mother not to throw things away; my duty as a wife to save my husband's money."

Something deeper and finer softened the pride in Miss Prince's face. She put out one of her strong hands, and touched that other hand, circled and re-circled by diamond rings.

"Oh, save his life. Money is such a little thing. You'll never forgive yourself—"

The other laughed her good-humored, tinkling laugh, which nothing could disturb.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't forgive myself, Miss Prince. Thank you for all you have said and done. I know you mean well. Now, if you'll just add the further obligation of speaking to the doctors—?"

Miss Prince spoke. They were sorry and disappointed. Even better than she, they knew what going away meant. If improvement had been slight, it had promised better things. To leave in the dead of winter was almost certainly a hopeless ending to a not hopeless case.

The arrangements would take a day or so, Mrs. Harlem said. She would be obliged to be away a great deal. While there she hovered as near to her husband as she felt safety allowed. And she cheered him with the prospect of the health he was going forth to meet. She talked long to him of his boys, how strong and fair they were, how well even the baby was doing at school. And the man felt better for it.

It was not an unhappy face he turned to the patients when they came to say goodby. For many came. Now that it was too late to do anything, too late to cheer, to comfort, to make the days less long or less sad, they came. And men went from the radiance of that inscrutable smile with higher, better thoughts than they had ever known.

Mrs. Harlem spent the last night away. There were many things to be seen to, and she was to come with the driver in the morning. She had scoffed at the necessity for the smoother running motor car.

The doctors came up to say the goodby, whose solemnity none guessed as well as they. Yet they spoke but cheerful, heartening words. The Beloved Physician lingered after they had gone. And the words he said, the clasp of his strong and tender hand, were to the other as a rod and a staff for his journey. Miss Prince came in last, to make things comfortable for the night.

"I won't say goodby," she said. "I'll see you in the morning."

"Now, Miss Prince," he objected, "I won't have you getting up at any such unearthly hour to say goodby to me."

"I want to," she answered, and he said no more.

The morrow dawned, chill and gray. There was no hint of the burning sun that a few hours later would shine over the place. It was a depressing morning. Miss Prince felt it as she hurried up the steep incline with the breakfast she had prepared. The going away took no account of the great chef's hours. The negro felt it as he pushed the wheeled chair up to the foot of the bungalow's steps. Gerald Harlem felt it as they helped him down the stairs.

They paused a moment. Far down they could see the mas-

sive gates and the road leading up. The buggy was not in sight. As they waited, searching the white, winding road, it turned a bend and came into view. At the sight the negro sobbed under his breath.

"Goodby, Massa Ha'lum. Goodby, suh. I's pow'fu' sorry you's gwine away."

Gerald Harlem took the trembling black hand in his white ones.

"Goodby," he said. "Goodby, you dear, ridiculous old Dan. I'm coming back to see you some day. And—Dan—you mustn't mind my going. We're from Kentucky, you and I! We mustn't let her be ashamed of her sons."

Then for a moment Miss Prince's hand lay in his own.

They went slowly down to the gates. No one in all the sanatorium was astir. As they reached the gates the buggy met them, just outside. Mrs. Harlem sprang out, shivering beneath her furs. The porter helped him in the buggy, and stood sobbing softly, little consoled by the size of the gold piece that lay in his black palm.

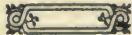
Mrs. Harlem turned to Miss Prince and half extended her hand. Her manner was patronizing, and yet held something else. She had never got over her fear of the unsmiling eyes under the carelessly dressed hair.

Miss Prince did not see her. She was looking into Gerald Harlem's eyes. In the chill, wintry morning the miracle had been wrought. The close-knit veil had fallen from soul and heart and eyes. From each to each there flashed an understanding of all things; a wonder of all things; the rapture of a greeting; the anguish of a farewell.

Then his wife took her place at his side, and the buggy started. The old porter blubbered out his grief without reserve.

"She done brung a buggy, cause de auto cost more. Massa Ha'lum gwine be jolted in dat buggy. She ain't our people. Miss Prince, think he ever gwine come back?"

But she did not answer. Her eyes followed the dilapidated old buggy, and the white hand that waved from it.



The Lost Pay Streak.

A True Story of the Sage-brush Country—Jim Buckley, stage driver
Relates the Tale of the "Six-bit" mine.

By Ross C. Miller

"Nipton, next station," called the negro porter, just as I had swallowed the last bite of my breakfast. Glancing out of the window of the dining car I saw the Searchlight and Nipton stage drawn up at the station with Jim Buckley on the box.

When I left the train and stepped out into the clear Nevada mountain air that morning, and caught Jim's smile across a stack of sample trunks and other expressage, I knew I was in for a pleasant ride over the summit. Jim did not always smile.

He was occupied with loading Uncle Sam's mail bags upon the top of the coach as I came up.

"Glad ter see ye," he said. "Climb up thar an' make yer self comfer'ble while I load these here mail bags fer ballast. Ain't much of a load terday."

He sprang to the box, loosened the brake with his right foot, gathered the six lines in his left hand, and with his right harmlessly cracked the long whip at the leaders, and we were off.

Buckley said very little until we were on our way up the incline grade that leads to the summit, overlooking the vast expanse of desert waste, where the coyote wanders at will, and the rattlesnake basks in the sunshine.

Jim was gazing off into the distant sloping country, dotted with a stunted growth of Joshua and sagebrush, seemingly trying to locate some hidden object on the distant hillside.

"See that hill over thar ter the right with a great black hole in the side?" he said, pointing out across country to a number of low mountains rising as a deformity on a dazzling plain.

"If ye look clost ye can see the buildin's; a couple of shacks an' an old gallows frame."

Jim paused, pulled a plug of tobacco from his hip pocket, wrapped the lines about his left forearm, and with a huge jack-knife cut a chew that would choke a horse. Depositing it in the side of his mouth, he continued:

"That place ye see over thar is what is left of the old 'Six-bit' mine. 'Bout ten years ago I wuz a-punchin' cows over near Barnwell fer the Spring Valley Land and Cattle Company, an' do'in purty good. My feet got ter itchin' in the stirrups an' I had a hankerin' ter do somethin' else. Jest 'bout that time a feller comes 'long with a proposition ter let a lease on that property over thar, an' I says ter myself, says I, 'Here's yer chanct Jim Buckley; an' wall, I takes it. I went inter Barnwell an' rounded-up 'bout five of ther boys ter work fer me.

"We looked the place over from bottom ter top, stopes, drifts an' main shaft, an' Jerry Kingsley, my foreman, horned some of the best lookin' rock, but couldn't git a color.

"When I took hold of the 'Six-bit' mine I remarked ter Jerry, I reckoned it wan't worth six-bits, but if thar wuz six bits in it we'd make it look like a dollar-thirty cents afore we got through.

Jerry wuz a real man, six feet tall, an' good timber all the way up, an' when ye got ter the top thar was branches ladened with good grey matter. A reg'lar brain tree, I reckon. An' say, good looker? Wall, you bet.

"I wuz doin' the cookin' fer the men an' generally superintendin' the job. One mornin' arter I had washed all the tin silverware up, an' laid it away, I got the bucket ter let me down ter the hundred foot level ter take some samples. From the level thar wuz a drift runnin' one hundred an' fifty feet ter the west, with a crosscut a hundred feet from the level landin'. I knowed Jerry an' the men wuz workin' in the stope off'en the crosscut. Jest as I reached the landin' an' stepped outt'en the bucket I heard the derndest yellin' an' carrin' on. Sounded like a lot of starvin' animules in one of them circuses. Unless thar wuz a cave-in I couldn't imagine what wuz goin' on. I hurried as fast as I could towa'ds the racket. I got as fur as the crosscut when I seen a bunch of flickerin' lights comin' towa'ds me. My candle went out, I wuz goin' so fast, an' I tried ter slack up an' hug the side of the drift, an' hollered at 'em, but they came a-runnin', bumpin' squar' inter me; down we all went in a heap; Jerry on top of me, an' the rest pilin' on top of us. All the candles went out an' we tried ter pull ourselves apart in the dark; bumpin' inter each other; cussin' ter beat the cars. Fin'lly we got pulled apart, an' somebody lit a match. Thar wuz Jerry clingin' ter a great hunk of rock. I took a candle an' looked at the rock, an' it dern near knocked me over. Thar, shimmerin' an' glitterin' all over, wuz free gold, fairly stickin' outten it.

We got on top, an' I tole the boys ter hitch up the team 'cause we wuz goin' ter Barnwell ter telegraph the world Jim Buckley'd struck it rich. Incident'lly, I tole the boys we wuz goin' ter have a cook, that herearter I wuz ter be chief mogul round thar, an' didn't wash no dishus.

"We gloriously celebrated fer three days, an' wired one of them employment places in Los Angeles ter send me a cook.

"We stacked up on a lot of provisions an' got two more men. One of 'em wuz a half-breed, one Piute Pete. He wuz tall an' had straight black hair. The only thing that didn't seem ter be straight 'bout him, wuz his eyes, he couldn't look a feller in the face.

"Wall, we couldn't take everything in one load, so I tole Jerry he could go back arter the cook an' the rest of the things. The cook ought ter be thar by the time Jerry got back.

"Them days at the camp run purty slow fer me, as I had ter do the cookin' agin. The day come fer Jerry ter git back. I had stood lookin' out inter that burnin' dust pan stretchin' 'cross the country fer an hour, when all at onct I seen a grey cloud way off in the distance that soon developed inter the form of horses and wagon. As they come nearer I recognized the outfit, an' hoped the cook'd git thar in time fer supper, as I wuz tired of the cookin' game.

"But what the Old Harry wuz that on the seat with Jerry? Somethin' red, glitterin' in the sunshine; I could see it long afore I recognized Jerry. When the wagon drew near, I seen it wuz a hat, and under it—a female woman!

"Then it dawned on me. I hadn't specified in the telegram what kind of a cook I wanted—male er female. Oh, what a bloomin' idjit I wuz! What'd we do with a female woman 'mongst all of us men, fifty miles from nowhar? That wuz a red an' blue halo 'bout that camp fer a week, 'count of my cussin', an' I wuz goin' ter have her sent right back, but Jerry wouldn't stand fer it. He put up a

fine song an' dance 'bout sendin' a poor woman way back thar, when she needed the work, an' Jerry must'a knowed 'cause he rode alone with her from Barnwell.

"Say, she wuz a fine looker, even if she war' a woman, an' did have red hair.

"It wasn't long afore the boys all declar'd Maggie Donovan the best cook they ever knowed, an', wall, I had ter own up, but it hurt me a heap, 'cause I didn't want no woman round—then."

Jim spat the tobacco out into the dust clouds that enveloped the side of the coach, and taking a canteen from beneath the seat offered me a drink. I took it; drank and passed it back. He took a good long "swig," and returned it to its shaded covering.

"Jerry went plumb crazy over Maggie, an' her over him, to all 'pearances," continued Jim.

"Piute Pete wuz a handsome young feller an' Maggie used ter 'kid him along cause it hurt Jerry, an' Pete liked it. Poor devil, he thought she really car'd fer him. When he'd see Jerry an' Maggie talkin' together, he'd look over at her like a starvin' coyote stealin' a drink of water.

"One day Maggie didn't pay no 'tention ter Pete. When we wur gettin' ready ter go down in the mine, Pete wuz missin' an' we seen him at the kitchen door, lookin' mad. I tole Jerry we'd better let that feller go, but he said 'No, he's a good worker let him stick.'

"Jerry an' me wuz in the blacksmith shop sharpenin' steel arter supper, when Piute Pete comes in. I wuz pumpin' the bellows an' Jerry wuz heatin' a drill, his back towa'rs the door, when all at once I seen Pete make a quick move, an' afore I could stop him he hit Jerry a sousin' blow with a pick handle. The blow struck Jerry on the shoulder er it woul've laid him low. As it wuz, it only staggered him, an' he turned ter grab Pete, who wuz tryin' ter git away. I blocked his passage; the two clinched an' fell sprawlin' mongst the drills, picks an' shovels on the floor. I fin'ly pulled 'em 'part an' tole Pete ter git out of camp. By this time he wuz all apologies, an' Jerry 'cepted 'em an' wanted ter give Pete 'nother chanct, tellin' me that he'd learnt his lesson.

"The next evenin' Jerry an' the cook went fer a walk. The night wuz one of them kind yer read 'bout in books, made specially fer lovers, I reckon. I watched the pair strollin' down 'mongst the Joshuas, an' then I sorter had a hunch ter look round fer the Piute. He wuz polishin' of a gun, settin' in the door of his hut, lookin' off down the slope whar the two lovers wuz walkin' arm in arm. He cussed as he seen me come around the corner of the shack, an' tried ter hide the gun. 'Thinkin' of goin' huntin'?' I asked. He grunted 'Ugh huh,' an' that's all he'd say."

Jim took another chew from his immense plug, and continued:

"'Bout a week later Jerry wuz with one of the boys in the stope off the west drift of the first landin' doin' some timberin,' an' Piute Pete wuz tendin' the bucket. Now jest off the west drift thar wuz a tunnel runnin' in from the side of the hill an' joinin' with the drift. We had closed this up on the outer end an' used it only as a temporary storage vault fer powder, caps and fuse. I had sent one of the men with the team ter Barnwell that mornin', an' the rest of the men wuz on the two hundred level.

I wuz doin' some work in the blacksmith shop, when Pete comes in an' asks me fer the keys ter the powder vault. He tole me Jerry wanted some powder. I thought it wuz funny 'cause I didn't think Jerry wuz goin' ter do any blastin' in that stope afore we moved the

powder inter a new vault. I give him the keys an' thought no more 'bout it.

"'Bout fifteen minutes later, I wuz lifted off my feet by a t'riffic explosion that brought the boards down on my head. I rushed out in time ter see the Injun makin' it fer the stables.

"Maggie come a-runnin' out with a broken dish in eether hand, screamin' at the top of her voice. I reached the shaft an' found the bucket wuz alright. The bell wuz ringin' ter beat the devil, an' I let the old kettle down ter the two hundred in one drop. Then I got one bell an' I hoisted away.

"The men come up talkin' an' shoutin' all at onet.

"I figured the explosion ocured on the first level, an' as that wuz whar Jerry an' his man wuz, it wuz a safe bet that somethin' wuz wrong er they'd put in thar 'pearance afore this. I had one man 'tend the bucket, an' I took the rest down ter the first level ter hunt out the stope whar Jerry'd been workin'.

"Say, thar wan't a word spoke. Every man thar knowed two human lives wuz at stake. Somewhar, buried under that mass of debris, or harmatic'ly sealed up behind it in a small compartment whar life'd only last a short time, wuz two feller beins. Our only thought wuz ter git 'em out. An' say, that dirt just flew. In 'bout two hours we heard a scrapin' sound, an' it wan't long till a faint voice like the squeakin' of a infant mouse in a hole come ter our ears, as we gained inch by inch. It wan't till then we felt a lightenin' in our hearts. As the last pick blow wuz struck an' a hole wuz made big enough ter pull the bodies of the men through, we give a shout of relief an' sunk down exhausted.

The men wuz both alive, but Jerry got a broken leg from a fallin' rock, an' Maggie took charge of him. She tole how Piute Pete had come ter her that mornin' an' wanted her ter elope with him. She refused, an' that's why thar's a great black hole in the side of the hill yonder."

Jim pointed off to the distant hill, with its great black chasm in the side opposite the houses.

"That's why the 'Six-bit' mine never paid arter that," he continued. "The explosion closed up the pay streak, an' its never been found since.

"Wal, we looked round fer the Injun, but he'd disappeared. He evidently thought of gittin' away on a horse, not knowin' I'd sent 'em away.

"We immediately organized a posse an' swar' ter string him up when we found him. We knowed he couldn't git fur on foot, an' with the wind that'd been risin' all day, it didn't look like he'd ever git very fur. As we wuz 'bout ter start I sez ter the boys: 'If we start now, thar won't be none of us come back, 'fer even as I spoke we looked out 'cross the parchin' sand loosenin' by the strong wind, an' thar in the distance a small grey cloud whirled 'round an' round on the baked earth, as it gathered in volume ter most reach the sky.

"'Boys, better git inside,' says I. 'Fer I pity the poor devil that'll be out in that sand-storm ternight.' An' we all went in an' closed the doors tight.

"I looked out inter the fast gatherin' storm; the winds drivin' over the plains, an' the clouds of loose sand bein' hurled inter the air like great grey blankets, ter be gathered up by more violent wind gusts, as the whole desert wuz enveloped in a massive black cloud of sand—sweepin' on ter hell all in its path.

"I stood thar lookin' out at it all as it beat agin' the house, even

tryin' ter force its way inside. I thought fo the poor devil, Piute Pete, out thar without even a drink of water, desarkin' of it maybe, an' maybe it wuz better'n gittin' strung up—but I think I'd take the stringin' fer mine.

"Two days the storm kept up; two days it howled 'cross that cinder-path of hell. At last thar come a lull in the madness of the hurricane, an' I knowed it wuz' bout over. I got the boys tergether. I knowed we had a solemn duty ter perform, fer if the poor devil that started out on the desert wuz still alive, he'd received his jest punishment, an' I wuz willin' ter help find him.

"When the wind stopped we started out. We didn't find him the first day, er the second. On the third day I pointed out in the distance what seemed ter be small black clouds in the sky. As we traveled mile arter mile, the clouds growed inter livin' things; great birds that circled round an' round always over one spot; always dippin' lower an' lower 'till fin'ly one of 'em braver than the rest lit on a large rock projectin' 'bove the ground. I says ter the boys, says I:

"'Thar's Piute Pete.'

"Sure 'nough, thar crawled up in the rocks, the drifted sand half coverin' his body, matted in his hair an' closin' his eyes, we found him. He'd crawled like the coyote he wuz ter the protection of the rock, an' died. His tongue swollen black fer the want of water; the marks of an awful struggle fer life wuz on him.

"We dug out a grave an' planted him thar, placin' rocks over the grave ter keep out the hungry coyotes an the buzzards, who now, seein' 'emselves robbed, went cryin' away through the sky in trace of new prey."

Buckley spoke sharper than usual to the wheelers, who were lagging, and cracked his whip at a huge barrel cactus growing by the roadside. I looked up the road a ways and saw the halfway house, with the smoke curling indolently from its terra cotta chimney.

"Wal," Jim continued. "Jerry had ter go ter Los Angeles ter have his leg 'tended ter, an' Maggie went along ter nurse him. Two months later I picked up a Los Angeles paper in Barnwell an' read this clippin'."

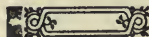
Jim produced a time-worn newspaper clipping which read:

MARRIED—Kingsley-Donovan—In this city, by the Rev. F. J. Blake. Jerry Kingsley, Barnwell, California, to Marguerite Donovan, Los Angeles.

Just then we pulled up at the halfway house, and the faint odor of delicious viands cooking came to me as I loosened my stiffened joints and descended from my lofty position on the box.

After luncheon, and we were well on our way into Searchlight, and the sun was slanting to the west in a cloudless spendor, bathing the bright sands in a rich golden glow and tinging to bronze the dark hills in the distance. Jim looked up and spoke for the first time since beginning the second lap of our journey:

"Say, do ye know?" he said. "If it hadn't been fer Jerry, I think I'd tried ter win that Maggie girl myself."



Pirating with Hate.

By Laura May Burgess

David Anderson, satchel in hand, was the first to cross the gang plank of the *Puritan* as she made the dock at Washington Island. He loitered a few minutes to exchange salutations with the loungers, many of whom he knew.

"What's the latest Island news, Captain?" he asked of Abe. Jorgensen, who occupied an upturned fish box, near by.

Abe, called Captain by courtesy, was a fixture at the dock except when he was hauling passengers back and forth to the remote parts of the Island. His position was one of great prominence and enabled him to act as bureau of information to all comers. During his unemployed time, he dispensed advice, without remuneration, to any who chanced to be within hearing.

Abe removed his short, black pipe, spat so that he successfully avoided David's neat, tan shoes, cocked his weather eye at his questioner and smiled a smile which might better be called a grin. At any rate it had a knowing quality and strangely suggested the idea that he wasn't so old that he had lost all his humor or that he had forgotten that young fellows are more than likely to be gay, young fellows.

"Nuthin's goin' on new. We come through the winter with the sails trig and taut. The ice carried away Sander's wood dork but he built her up agin. Nuthin's goin' on in the matrimonial line, either. He! He! Them Bucksine boys went off to larn farmin' to some college. Island methods wuz too slow fer 'em. Now they are puttin' their idees into practice and they've had a two headed calf borned when they'd set the register fer twins. Folks had the laugh on 'em when that happened. They couldn't even sell it to a circus fer it died inside o' three days. It had trouble nussin.' Just as soon as one head took a holt, the other would flop around and throw it off and the two kep' floppin' back and forth this way, 'til the critter as a hull wuz all wore out. Totherwise things is as mild as the bay in a calm.

"Hey, there!" he called loudly to the Cudgeau twins who were reeling nets near by. "Quit your yarnin' an go to work. Do you think Peterson wants to pay folks fer doin' their restin'? That reel hain't creeked once since the *Puritan* hove around the Pint."

Thus admonished, the twins hurriedly began to stretch their wet nets and Abe. turned again to his visitor.

"How be things down in Chicago?"

"Sizzling, as usual," said David laughing, as he stepped around the corner of the fish house, so that he could light his cigar. "A few breaths of this air would save a lot o' babies, down in Chicago."

Abe knocked the ashes from his pipe, but only for the purpose of filling it again. "I spose you're sellin' tents an' twine, same as last year."

David nodded.

"An, now you've got appinted Inspector fer this deestrie, besides. Hain't you pilin, up offices?"

David smiled. "How did you know?"

Abe's shoulders shook while a low, rumbling sound, which he intended to pass for a laugh, emanated from the brown, seamed chest where the blue, flannel shirt lay open.

"Do you see them gulls a flyin' over head?" and he circled the air with his pipe. "They have sharp eyes an' ears too, an' they sometimes drop bits o' interestin' news and settin' here, I catch it when it falls. I ain't afeard o' all the Inspecters the government can send out. I don't run no engine. I ain't even got a dory. My engine is up there an' it's warranted not to bust unless it gets loose in green fodder."

He accompanied these last words with a jerk of the thumb over his shoulder in the direction of a horse, standing half way up the hill and which was clothed in a hide which appeared to be moth eaten. The animal was attached to a dilapidated three spring wagon.

"I'm in the livery business," he said. "Do you want to be set over?"

"No thanks," replied David. "I'm going across lots."

Abe's eyes mellowed but he didn't speak.

"I guess I'll let you carry my grip across," said David upon after thought. "It's heavy."

Abe nodded. "No hurry, I s'pose? Mebbe if I wait long enough some more business may fall in my way."

David assured him that he shouldn't wish to interfere in any way with the increasing of his revenues and set out. He was followed with admiring glances from the twins though they took good care that the periodic groans of the turning reel shouldn't be interfered with.

David had a long climb before he struck the grateful shelter of the pine woods. Back from the water there was no breeze and as he was in white flannels, before he had gone far, he was carrying his coat and hat. When he threw away his cigar, at the crest of the hill, he turned to enjoy, as he had done many times before, the vast circle of blue water.

"This is surely God's country," he said to himself. "Was it only the idle dream of a fanatic that here should be peace and plenty and prosperity and righteousness?" Then he turned and putting on his coat and hat, plunged into the scented woods.

After an hour's swift tramp, David slackened his pace and began to note land-marks. There was a gnarled hemlock and a bit farther the twin balsam, then the felled beech and here the path! It led to a sylvan nook, the old trysting place where he had secretly met his sweetheart, Annie Hanson, so often. As he approached, he reverently uncovered his head. Would she be there? Had she forgotten him during the long winter months when no word had passed between them? Would she remember the day—the first trip of the *Puritan*.

His heart was beating hard but not from his swift tramp, for David was no weakling; but a heart having a certain affection is bound to act strangely, even if located in a most hardy breast. His eye scanned the spot which was to have been their meeting place. No one was there. It was absorbed by spruces and pines and carpeted with wintergreen. Splashed with spots of sunlight, it seemed best fit for a fairy's bower.

David sank on a fallen birch, too wretched to appreciate the beauty around him. Annie must have heard the whistle of the boat. What mattered it if summer had fulfilled all her pledges, if

she had forgotten hers to him? Was this the goal of all his hopes? Had he succeeded, only to fail at last? He threw his hat on the ground and buried his face in his arms, sick with the great heart sickness.

He sat that way only for a moment when a pair of soft arms stole around his neck. He tried to raise his head, but two hands covered his eyes. He caught the wrists and turned.

"Annie! How could you give me such a fright?" and he drew her down on the log by his side and peeped under her sun bonnet's ruffled brim to catch sight of the blue eyes shining underneath. "If you hadn't come, I think I should have gone mad!"

Annie was almost startled at his vehemence. "Why, Davey!" she pouted, "do you want a girl to wait an hour for her lover to appear? Wouldn't you give her one little chance to peep and see whether he really hadn't forgotten—"

"Nonsense, Annie!" David broke in. "Do you think I am that kind of a lover?" and he plainly gave her a chance to free herself from his embrace.

She didn't accept it but instead, snuggled closer up to his side. "I was just the least bit foolish, Davey," she said penitently. "For a minute it seemed almost too good to be true that you could love me at all, and I felt like running away."

He reached down and untying her bonnet strings, threw the bonnet among the hazel bushes. Now she had no defence from the blinding love-light in his eyes.

"Oh, Davey!" she said beseechingly. "I must have my bonnet for I must go and pick peas this minute. Mother is waiting for them now?" and she pointed to the basket.

"Mother wants the peas but I want you more." and he drew her to him in an embrace which had in it all the pent up passion of the separation of months. "Is it to be always the same old story—little snatches of heaven and long, long waits? Am I to have the kiss now—remember you promised last fall."

Annie's blue eyes looked frightened and she pushed her brown hair back from her forehead. "Oh, Davey, I can't—just yet. I've told you about that other David Anderson that wronged father. You know how I feel—it's all in the name. Father's as hard to hold when he gets started as the ice jam in the bay when a sou-wester is blowing. If you only had another name," and she clung to him entreatingly as if he could do something about it.

"Because some other rascal bore my name, it's no fault of mine," said David almost bitterly. "I've never wronged any one and I'm not ashamed of the name I bear. 'Twas you that first kept me from selling him nets but I can't play the coward any longer. I mean to go and ask him outright for his daughter.

Annie gave a little shriek. "Oh, Davey! Don't do it. He has no pity when his hate is roused. He never would stop to listen after he knew the name. Oh, Davey, spare him from doing—a crime!" and she buried her wet face on his breast.

"You needn't worry about me, Annie. I have a plan to put him where he can't do wrong until he does hear me."

"You don't know father," and she wiped the tears which had been falling. "He's been hit hard and he hits back hard when he has the chance. But there's the men?" as the shrill whistle of the tug threw in from the bay. "They have come back from Big Point with the boxes. I must be going. Mother will miss me," and she sprang up.

David's insatiable greed for the sight of her found small satisfaction in a visit short as this, but he had to submit. He took her chin between his two hands and raised her agitated face.

"Wait, Annie. Tomorrow when the tug rounds the point, I want you to listen and if two whistles sound instead of one, will you meet me here in this place which is consecrated to our love?"

Annie hesitated, but only for a second. "You know I can't deny you, David" she whispered and then ran for her sun bonnet and slipping under its sheltering brim, hurried away with her basket.

Hungry eyed, David watched her slim figure until she disappeared in the labyrinth of green. "And if she whistles but once, perhaps Davey Anderson, for all his boast, may lie with the stones under the blue water,"

He then put on his hat and sitting down, began to study a paper which he took from his pocket.

The next morning, Annie's father, Martin Hanson, threw off the hawser and jumped on board the *Annie*. The newly risen sun was rapidly brushing away the low lying clouds and changing the dull dawn tints to opal.

With his hand on the wheel, he carefully pushed the nose of the tug through the narrow channel, until she rode easily in deep water. Then he turned to light his pipe for a twenty mile run must be made before he could reach the first net. The men lolled in the aft cabin, their eyes not rubbed free from sleep, with only enough energy to suck their black pipes. It was too early to indulge in conversation.

Suddenly he turned to find a stranger carelessly leaning against the door of the tiny pilot house. Martin's eyes, bloodshot from long exposure to sun and wind looked him over suspiciously, but he didn't speak.

"I sell nets" the stranger said as if in answer to a question, "and I want you to drop me at Lobdell's point. I suppose I might have said 'by your leave' but I was so blamed sleepy I couldn't tell you from the smoke stack. Do you happen to know Peter Jesson over there?"

Martin grunted an affirmative. He was always a strangely silent man.

David took a flask from his pocket. "Is it too early to drink?" and he passed it over.

Martin shook his head.

"What! and you a fisherman! I couldn't sell nets without this bottle. It is a passport to good society up here."

"I drink mit frens."

David didn't resent the implication. "Well, I never drink anyway, so you wouldn't have to drink with me—only with yourself and that must always be good company. But suit yourself," and he returned the flask to his pocket.

"We lan' not a Lobdell's point," and Martin looked David over from his black banded straw hat to his tan shoes. "Mebbe you svim."

"Peter will put out for me. I telephoned."

"Hm! So?" and Martin blew the smoke from the corner of his thin lips.

"One has to use his wits if he travels in this water, unless he owns a private yacht as you do. Will you accept this for your pains?" and he handed Martin a folded bill.

It had been a hard year for the fisherman and Martin eyed the money with more friendship than the flask but shook his head.

"But haven't you a girl at home? You must have a girl or why the name?" and David pointed to the words *Annie* painted crudely on the port bow. "I expect she'll be wanting gew-gaws," and he flourished the bill so that its liberal denomination could be seen.

Martin's eyes softened and something like a smile illuminated his weather beaten face. "Mebbe for the gel?" and he overcame his reluctance sufficiently to transfer the money to his greasy wallet.

"And now will you drink to the girl?—this girl Annie?" and David again offered him the flask.

Martin raised it to his lips and handed it back.

"We're friends now, are we not?" said David.

Martin gave a sheepish smile.

"The girls gets us all," laughed David, "and I suspect this Annie is worth a dozen shifts. Perhaps you would like to know my name." and David took a card from his pocket and stuck it up before Martin's eyes in the edge of the window through which he was sighting the tug's course.

Martin's eyes travelled carelessly toward it. David watched him closely as he slowly took in the significance of the name printed upon it. Then the slumbering passion of twenty years leaped into a cruel devouring flame. Letting go his hold on the wheel he sprang at David with the fury of a wild animal. The attack was so sudden and fearful that had David been unprepared he would have been carried over the low rail as Martin gripped at his throat. As it was, his foot was firmly locked around a convenient stanchion and he was able to withstand the impact. Silently they fought in their cramped quarters, neither calling for aid to the men droning in the aft cabin. The sinews of Martin, toughened to steel by his active, outdoor life would have speedily brought the conflict to an end in his favor but David knew a boy's wrestling tactics and by a deft thrust followed by an undercut brought him to his knees. Before he recovered himself he was wearing a pair of handcuffs, panting and helpless.

"I arrest you, Mr. Hanson," said David briskly, "for resisting a U. S. officer. I am travelling for the Keystone Tent and Twin company but I am the newly appointed Inspector of Buck's Harbor. You have been carrying a passenger without a license and you have accepted the passage money. You know the amount of the fine and it carries with it a forfeiture of your present license. How many life preservers have you on board?" and David began searching under the seats. "If you have not the requisite number, this means an additional fine."

The crew, aroused to the fact that something unusual and interesting was taking place, lurched along the narrow passage and viewed the situation with wondering eyes.

"Take the wheel, one of you," ordered David, "and another get into the engine pit. I must make land with my prisoner."

Martin Hanson had been a hard man with his men and they gave no response to the mutinous appeal in his eyes. David marshalled his prisoner aft and pointed to a bench.

"Now," he said, "you are where you must listen. What's wrong with my name?" and David threw himself down on a coil of rope and leaned over the taffrail.

Martin cast a dazed look out of his bleared eyes. Anger had changed to despair. He had never before been without a fighting

chance but now he was chained and helpless—a hunted animal caught in a trap from which it was useless to escape.

"You like de oder," he said quietly, "a snake. You trap me as he did but I'll meet you bode in hell an' ve'll haf it out."

A feeling of mingled pity and admiration surged up in David—the pity and admiration which any strong heart feels when it has brought another strong heart to defeat.

"Tell me about it," he said kindly. "Can't you think that perhaps it is a mistake? Perhaps the other David—"

"A mistake!" and Martin's voice shrilled. "A mistake dat I trust him an' den trust you! Dat is good! Dat is so!" and he laughed a dry, cackling laugh as if the irony of it pleased him. "Ve Norsemen air brafe an' honest. Ve kill but it is by a fair fight. I come to Amerika because here ve can fight fair an' My God! no one is fair. I vork an' work until I haf a nice house in Chicago. Ve lif happy until dat oder defil, David Anderson cum. He make belief religion an' dat he get all good Norsemen togedder an' lif in a colony an' all vill be rich an' he vork me all up an' I mortgage mine place an' gif him de money an' he runned away an' nefer came back an' ve are turn on de street and mine wife an' liddle Annie"—and he bent his neck, seamed and browned over his manacled hands and David could hear that he was weeping.

David listened with the muscles working in his face. "Let mie finish," he said "since it seems to work you so. This other David was a dreamer but not a rascal. He thought to buy this whole Island and people it with honest Norse people. He was foolish enough to think that here every one would love his neighbor and all would have plenty and the great sins of Chicago could never enter here. After he had paid the money he found that the title was not good and he was ashamed to go back and tell you all, so he fought it all alone until his money was gone and then he died—" and David's eyes moistened but a gleam shot up in Martin's. Neither spoke for some minutes and the impatient chug of the engine was the only sound as the swift, little vessel ploughed its deep, blue furrow, throwing up a glistening, white drift on either side.

"But just before he died, he sent you an unsigned letter," (Martin's eyes began to wonder) "telling you to come here and live on your allotment of land and perhaps you might not be molested, and you have never told any one that it wasn't rightfully yours and you have lived here for twenty years under the shadow of a great fear because you are living upon land that you have no claim upon."

Martin's head went down, his evil spirit broken by the overwhelming calamities which had come upon him.

"But there's a silver lining to every cloud," and David's voice took on a new turn, "and we'll turn this wrong side out for a few minutes. This same David Anderson left a son, to whom he bequeathed only his religion and the cherishing of his honor. He took upon himself the task, when he had grown to manhood, of clearing the title which was disputed and giving it to those who had been defrauded. I have the pleasure of presenting to you a deed, duly attested, to the land upon which you live and which has been the foundation of all your subsequent profitable industry of fishing," and he laid a legal document upon Martin's knee.

Martin's eyes wandered over David's face, incredulous as if to find there whether those wonderful words were true. He was unable to put so many conflicting ideas together.

"Vat about de fine?" he whispered.

"I will come to that presently. A man is permitted to carry his own family without a license. Make me one of your family and the case will be *nolle prosequi*. I love your daughter and she loves me but never would I defame the honor of that old Viking, Martin Hanson, by asking him to link his name with mine unless I could make mine as free from dishonor as his."

David reached over and slipped the manacles from his wrists. "Do now with me what you will," he said. "I have won Annie's love while she herself, was ignorant of my identity. I admit the wrong. Can you ever forgive me and make me your son?" and he held out his hand, beseechingly.

David watched Martin while the hard hate of twenty years slowly softened and gradually disappeared from his eyes and the new expression of faith in man's desire to play fair, took up its abode there.

Martin hesitated only until his mind could make this remarkable readjustment and then he wrung David's hand with a grip that made him wince.

Annie was busy with her pudding in the clean, geranium decked kitchen when two sharp whistles came from the tug as she rounded the point, for once, empty of her catch.

"Don't let it burn, Ma," she said as she hurried out of the house.

What Polly Said.

Christiana Spencer

The green parrot hung in its great cage in front of the pawn broker's door and eyed its surroundings most disconsolately. In one window a life sized statue of Billiken grinned with eternal cheerfulness from among the litter of buried oil paintings, decrepit typewriters, damaged garden hose and battered water colors. While in the other flaunted the remains of my lady's ball gown, a mangy fur coat far past the aid of moth balls, and a pathetic little bonnet with its pitiful wisp of a crepe veil, suggesting that even grief becomes in time too expensive a luxury for the poor.

Trench street, once the leading business street of the country village had been almost abandoned by the wide-awake western city, which was even yet in a state of perpetual surprise at its own rapid growth. Its nondescript collection of old shacks and shells was emphasized by the fine new buildings which here and there were beginning to rear their heads in supercilious grandeur above their ragged companions. No, Trench street was not the most attractive place for a stroll on a fine June evening. To be sure, if one dared to lift his eyes as he picked his somewhat precarious way along its uneven and treacherous pavement there came a vision—snowy mountain peaks with their lavender grey shadows in fine relief against the pink of the western sky, while at their foot, separated by a fringe of dark green forest lay the blue water with its surface flecked with white caps which seemed to be aping in play the range of snow-capped peaks high above them. But Lloyd Grant's thoughts were of the earth, earthy, and so he walked draggedly along the dirty street, feeling a bond of sympathy with its general air of "had been."

The disconsolate parrot, dumping on her perch, all unconscious of the psychological laws of association, brought to Grant's mind a picture of a broad piazza, framed with the roses which overclimbed the pillars upon which a graceful little figure clad in crispy white linen with a touch of scarlet at the belt, was coaxing, yes, coaxing a green parrot to say the very phrase which Lloyd so many times had longed to say but never quite dared. The dainty head with its golden mist of unruly locks was poised coaxingly on one side, and as the coveted morsel was advanced temptingly near the cage, the parrot at last condescended to mutter the magic words, "Pretty Lady, I love you."

Lloyd Grant stopped with a start. The green parrot, the picture of indifference the moment before was reaching an imploring claw through the cage, shrieking wildly, "Pretty lady, pretty lady."

"Why I believe,—why, Polly, old girl, how did you come here?"

Polly with a plaintive attempt at her coquettish air of old, answered, "I love you."

Jim Bickerton was used to urgent callers, but usually they were those who came to sell rather than to buy. Never had he made so good a sale in so short a time as when this excited, wild-eyed, young man rushed into his shop demanding in one breath. "Where did you get that parrot? What will you take for her?"

"Well," said Jim, craftily calculating what this erratic young man would pay for an article which, up to this time, had bidden fair to rival the fabled white elephant. "I bought it of an Indian. He said he got it of a sailor who traded it for some baskets, but I specks he lied—they usually do. At any rate, Polly's a real lady. Can't get her to swear a darned bit, and a parrot wot can't swear is no good to sell to them sailors and low down dagoes. But for a real gentlemen, sir, like yourself——"

Jim Bickerton seldom made a mistake and the present case was no exception. For many a day, a grin of deepest satisfaction spread over his face when he looked at the vacant place where Polly's cage had hung.

Not until Grant found himself walking up Trench street, carrying at arm's length a huge gilt cage in which sat a bedraggled green parrot, which rolled an admiring eye at him and cackled at intervals an irrelevant, "Pretty, pretty lady," did he stop to consider the immediate demands of the case.

A down town hotel is not usually a domicile for pets, nor do young men affect green parrots. The clerk, as he gave him his key, asked if he would register for his guest. The elevator boy wanted to know if he had been hunting, while two acquaintances in evening dress inquired tenderly after auntie and asked where the poodle dog was.

When Lloyd Grant at last had Polly safely behind locked doors, he lighted his pipe and pondered upon the unexpected predicament in which he found himself. Misery loves company and in that respect at least both he and Polly were in happier circumstances than an hour ago. The bare hotel room seemed to have already taken on a tinge of comfort and homeliness from the presence of Polly, who with her head on one side gazed at Grant with quite a laudable counterfeit of one of her old-time attitudes.

"Well, Polly, how did you come here? You surely didn't quarrel over a silly dance at the golf house and run away to town to forget it all and then think of nothing else for the last six months, did you? And are you, too, ashamed to go back? At any rate you

look as sorry as I feel. Now what are you going to say to your mistress to explain your outrageous conduct."

And Polly well fed and in happy content in congenial companionship, drowsily chanted her well learned lesson.

"By Jove, Polly! That's good advice and I would have been better off if I had taken it long ago. And you always got your reward for saying it, didn't you? Polly, you're a brick."

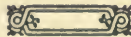
The passengers on the local out of the city the next night, smiled with amused interest at a well dressed, attractive young man and his strange traveling companion. Polly acquitted herself with due dignity, repulsing all attempts at familiarity on the part of inquisitive fellow passengers, evidently appreciating to the full the important role which she was so soon to play.

The golden head, resting against the green cushion of the slightly swaying hammock did not move as Polly and her attendant squire came up the gravelled walk. Its owner's gaze was fixed upon the distant hills and the thoughts within that sunny head were rather lonesome ones to judge from the droop of the pretty lips. Suddenly across the range of vision flashed a gilt cage which was set squarely in front of the hammock, while a determined voice said, "Speak up, Polly, old girl."

And Polly perchance to that note of mastery, so dear to all feminine hearts, obediently announced, "Pretty lady, I love you," ending with a peal of laughter from sheer delight.

During the next half hour, Polly played the usual part of the peacemaker, whose only reward is that of a good conscience, but showed her artistic sense, during the charming tableaux and tender speeches which followed by muttering at intervals, "Pretty, pretty."

"Well, Polly," said Lloyd at last, when he became conscious again of his powerful ally who sat eying him a bit reproachfully. "You will have to learn a new speech. You will never earn sugar that way again. I was a slow pupil, but now at last I have 'learned it by heart.'"



The Red Gods.

Marjorie Charles Driscoll

*"He must go, go, away from here,
On the other side the world he's over-due.
'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret
comes o'er you
And the Red God's call for you."*

Rudyard Kipling

The room was filled with tobacco smoke, bluish gray clouds that eddied and swirled sluggishly about, lurking in dense masses in every corner and almost hiding the men who lounged lazily in the big chairs. Barlow, the occupant of the little studio tucked up under the floor of the tall New York building, had travelled much in far and strange land, and as a consequence the room was littered with the thousand and one treasures that he had accumulated in his journeyings. On the mantel a squat Japanese idol and a villainously ugly African fetich grinned amicably at each other over a heterogeneous collection of odds and ends, carved ivory and jade from China rudely scratched walrus tusks from the far North, and clay pottery and intricately woven baskets from the great Southwest. Around the walls elaborately inlaid guns from Morocco. Eskimo harpoons, slender rapiers from Toledo, and wicked looking Malay krisies formed a fantastic frieze.

The night was warm, and the noise of the city rose in a muffled drone to their ears. Through the open window a little breeze from the bay stole in, and brought a whiff of freshness into the tobacco tainted atmosphere. Young Marston sitting near the window turned sharply as the cool breeze with its faint tinge of salt brushed his forehead. The other men were giving uproarious attention to a story that one of their number was telling. They paid no heed as Marston rose and slipped softly into the deep window seat, leaning far out over the sill.

Below him lay the vast expanse of the city, velvety black with vivid splashes of light here and there. The streets were thronged with gay crowds whose voices and laughter rose to him mingled in a muffled hum. He watched them for a few minutes, surging back and forth over the pavement under the hard glare of the electric light like ants whose home has been disturbed. A line he had read somewhere came into his mind and sang itself over and over. He found himself repeating it unconsciously:—

*"And little folk of little soul
Rose up to buy and sell again."*

Little folk by the thousand below him, each intent on his own little bargain, going, coming, here and there, swift and slow, cheerful and despairing, comedy and tragedy, life and death, side by side. It was the whole world in miniature and he himself on a lofty peak a thousand miles apart, watching it all.

His eyes ached with the strain and for relief he turned them to the broad expanse of the bay with myriad twinkling lights and spanned farther up the river by the glittering arch of the bridge. Unconsciously his gaze wandered on over the bay, past the great Liberty holding aloft her blazing torch, and out over the dark water beyond. As he watched, a tiny spark stole out from the mazes of other lights and slipped softly away over the edge of the darkness. He knew that it was only a pilot boat going out to the great steamer that waited outside but his imagination followed it on and on over unknown seas to strange shores.

The little salt breeze crept through the window once more bringing that indefinable scent and feel of spring that thrills the soul of every wanderer to set his feet once more on the old Long Trail. The city was blotted out from before his eyes and picture after picture rose before him.

Now he was out on the Banks in a dense fog, a fog that wrapped itself around him and clung to him. His little dory seemed very small and helpless in the midst of the clinging, all pervading grayness. Through the fog came now and then the harsh grinding screech of a conch, the signal of another tiny boat lost in this strange blind world. Suddenly out of the mist above him lurched tall gray bows and shining steel sides dripping with fog, slipping past like a shadow, silent and threatening.

Softly the walls of gray fog rolled in and hid sea and sky. Even the fog was gone now and he was far from the Banks. He was in Morocco where the vertical rays of the burning sun blazed on gaudy colored house, on stately mosque and slender minaret. Outside lay the desert, shifting and treacherous, with sharp black shadows on the yellow sands. In the market place of the city knelt complaining camels laden with strange Oriental wares. Noisy chattering venders thronged every passage way, haggling with prospective purchasers in the dramatic fashion of the East which involves much talk and gesticulation. Everywhere color and light and motion until the eye was dazzled with the kaleidoscopic brilliancy of the scene. From the summit of a glistening marble minaret boomed the sonorous voice of a muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. "Allah il Allah." rolled the deep cry over the suddenly silent city. "Allah il Allah."—but the voice died away and the picture changed.

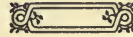
He was somewhere in far eastern seas now where the long, lazy ripples washed with a drowsy sound on the coral beach. Through the hot stillness of the jungle where the palms and orchids grew and the long creepers with their heavy scented flowers twined their sinuous lengths around the twisted trees, great butterflies with splashes of brilliant red and green and gold on their broad wings floated and wheeled lazily. A little black monkey slid down a long creeper to the edge of the sleepy little pond and chattered softly at his reflection in the water.

The sound broke the charm and the picture changed. The great Northwest held him now, the Northwest where men face death daily for very existence and grow strong in the struggle. Overhead the Northern Lights crackled and snapped, sending long, writhing serpents of fire across the inky black heavens, more black by contrast with the splendor. The great white waste of snow seemed to crowd close upon the camp, so small and weak to face the power of the North. Out in the darkness a wolf howled, a long shuddering cry that seemed to reach the cold stars in a long heart-broken wail

and to die away in low sobs. In the circle of their firelight a dog raised his head and answered the challenge.

The man in the studio window stared out across the darkness with wide unseeing eyes. From behind the edge of the horizon came a whisper, insistent, ceaseless—the call of the Long Trail, the call that troubles the heart of every wanderer. Sea, earth and sky called him with a million voices, compelling, commanding, irresistible. He felt his blood leap in answer to the summons. His pulses throbbed. His heart yearned for the delights of the Long Trail once more; to feel the wind and the stinging spray in his face, to hear the whistle of the gale in the rigging and the crash of the crested waves on the plunging bow, to see—

“Well, Marston, seeing ghosts or do you want to spend the night at that window?” It was Barlow, oppressively jovial and familiar. Marston looked around with a start. He had forgotten where he was. The room was empty and he looked out of the window again. Dimly in the east the dawn was breaking and the clamor in the streets began with renewed vigor. It was not the same. With a sigh he closed the window and turned away.



Vacation Memories.

Louise Culver

*The brook and merry oriole
Sang us asleep each drowsy night
And winds thro redwoods lulled our rest,
Our sentinels till morning light.
Now back within the city's din
My heart in quiet, hears it all—
The wind; the bird's sweet melody;
The brook's glad call.*

THINGS TO EAT

SEPTEMBER, 1911

Conducted by J. R. Newberry

The Jobber and the Retailer.

By J. R. Newberry

The jobber has got a right to live. I'm a jobber myself and I insist upon it. But he has no right to make it impossible for the retailer to live and that is pretty near what he is doing.

First and foremost, he charges the average retailer more for his goods by 5% than he ought to pay—and he has to do it under the present system.

Second, he levys on the retailers' time to a much greater extent than he ought. If a retailer treats every traveling salesman that comes into his store courteously and gives him a patient hearing, he has little time left to attend to his business. The jobber not only employs twice as many salesmen as is necessary, but encourages a horde of speciatly men, travelling with the regular salesman and alone until the dealer finds himself short of time and money and long on goods that don't sell very well.

I know one dealer who made this procession of salesmen a source of profit to his business. He had a bar in the back end of the place and he never bought any goods outside that bar and he was never what you would call a quick buyer.

Third, the jobber discriminates with his customers to the detriment of the great majority of them.

There are usually four or five dealers in every city that buy their goods from 5% to 7% cheaper than the average.

Now there is scarcely any one in trade that would not be pleased with a net profit of from 3% to 5%.

How is the average dealer going to get *any* net profit if he has to compete with dealers that buy from 5% to 7% less than he does?

Fourth, the cheapness of credit from the jobber encourages the retailer to slack credit methods and this has caused the failure of more grocers than anything else.

The conditions will be worse instead of better for the credit retailer, particularly those who are "easy" with their trade.

More "Cash" stores are opening every year and they are fast becoming the rule instead of the exception. The time is not far distant when the necessities of life will be sold upon a cash basis almost without exception and this means at smaller profits.

I am not urging that the jobber shall advance his prices to the four or five above mentioned—that is impossible. The manufacturer wouldn't stand for it, but I do insist that he should reduce his prices to the average customer.

He cannot do this, he says, and he is right, if the present unnecessary and expensive machinery is to be all retained.

The time was when jobbers were few and far between, when the market was distant and the opportunities for the dealer to get in touch with conditions were scarce, but now particularly in cities of 10,000 or over, there are jobbers right under the dealer's nose and transportation facilities are cheap and easy.

There is only one reason for the immense army of travelling salesmen that are continually scouring the country, two or three times as often at least as if necessary or even desirable, and that is the hope that the firm entertains, that has the most men and the best ones, will get the most business away from the fellow who is naturally entitled to it.

The extra expense of the jobbing business that could just as well be dispensed with as not, amounts to from 3% to 5% at least.

Of course the dealer would have to "buy" goods where now he has to fight to keep from buying. He would have to pay more attention to quality and markets and methods of manufacture and sources of production and a hundred and one other things that he really ought to know more about, but he would have time to do this and still have sometime to wait on a customer now and then, if he didn't have to wait on so many travelling men, and he would be a 100% better merchant than he is today, don't you think?

So the change proposed, would be a good thing for the dealer, but don't forget the saving to the public who more and more are studying these questions and who are going to demand a halt in the enormous unnecessary expense which they in the end are obliged to pay.

Unrest is universal.

The people want service, but not unnecessary service for which they have to pay.

I have no quarrel with the travelling salesmen. They constitute as fine a body of business men as there is in the country, but the thoughtful ones among them will tell you that the solicitation by salesmen is being run into the ground. It is everywhere apparent that it is enormously overdone.

What is the remedy?

The buying exchange or co-operative jobber.

The co-operative jobber who sells his goods for cash and without using travelling salesmen, as we do, can do the business on from 3% to 5% margin of profit. This is less than half the margin usually asked by jobbers.

The retailer who sells for cash and buys his goods through the co-operative jobber, can sell his customer for 20% above jobber's cost and make a fair profit upon his business, and this would save the consumer at least 10% upon the average, which means a great deal to a great many people.

POTATOES

Bavarian Klora or Potato Dumplings—Take half raw and half cooked potatoes; grate both; squeeze the raw potatoes through a cloth to get all the water out. Mix this with one egg, half a cup of flour and season with salt. Make into balls. Then take small squares of bread, fry them a nice brown, put in center of each dumpling. This makes them light. Have the water boiling, also salted. Drop in the dumplings, and when they come to the top let boil 15 minutes longer. They are delicious.

Potato Pancakes—Grate six large, saw potatoes and a little onion; add three tablespoons of flour, one teaspoon baking powder and salt to taste. Have the lard smoking hot. Fry a golden brown. Nice to be eaten with cold meat and fruit.

Potato Salad (German)—Slice warm potatoes very thin; add salt, vinegar, pepper and a mite of onion if desired. Now take some bacon cut very fine and dice. Fry crisp, pour over potatoes and mix. It is best warm, although it may be eaten cold.

TO KEEP TOMATOES WHOLE FOR THE WINTER

Take some nice ripe tomatoes and pare without scalding them. Use a wide mouth quart jar and place enough tomatoes to fill it in a steamer set over a pot of boiling water; steam till about milk warm, then place them slowly in the jar, put in snugly; cover with boiling water and seal up air tight. Tomatoes will then keep nicely for slicing or anyway one chooses to use them.

EGGS MEXICANO

One tablespoon butter, one teaspoon parsley, one chopped onion, one green pepper, six eggs. Put a large tablespoon of butter in an iron skillet, place it over a moderately hot fire; add a teaspoon minced parsley, one small chopped onion and one of green pepper, Stir well. Break six eggs; do not break yolks. When done on one side, turn carefully. Season with salt. Serve immediately on hot platter.

DAINTY CHICKEN DISH

Cut up a chicken; hammer breast-bone flat by placing on a meat board and striking once or twice; put in saucepan with a pint of cold water and a little salt; boil slowly 20 minutes. Take out chicken and place soup on back of stove; fry chicken in hot bacon, fat or butter; when well browned place in deep dish, have a very small onion chopped fine, fry it in the fat left from chicken and be very careful not to burn onion; shake about two tablespoons of flour into fat and onion; keep stirring; then stir in the soup slowly; cook a few minutes and pour over chicken. Serve with mashed potatoes. If it is an old chicken boil longer until tender before frying.

HASHED BROWN

Four medium sized potatoes cooked and chopped very fine, four tablespoons of cream, three-quarter teaspoon salt, half teaspoon pepper, a little onion chopped fine; put two heaping tablespoons of butter in a spider and turn gas low, so not to scorch; put potatoes in and cook moderately slow. Turn when brown. Serve with parsley.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

Soak half box gelatine in cold water; place one quart can tomatoes in saucepan, add one dry pepper (whole), one onion sliced, tablespoonful chopped parsley, tablespoonful chopped celery; salt to taste. Cook until onion is tender; push through strainer; bring to a boil and turn over gelatine; beat well; turn in to small molds and cool. Serve on lettuce leaves and mayonnaise.

Make sandwiches of rye bread and Swiss cheese; put in oven and toast; serve immediately.

DELICIOUS CREAM TOMATO SOUP

Take one quart of tomatoes, let come to a boil, add a pinch of soda to keep milk from curdling, one tablespoonful of butter; then add one quart of milk (canned milk may be used) and let just come to a boil. Add salt and pepper to taste.

POPULAR CLUB SANDWICHES

With a cup of coffee or cocoa it is almost a meal itself. Cut slices of bread about one-fourth of an inch thick, remove the crust and reserve half of the slices to be used plain. Toast the remaining half very delicately and butter almost imperceptibly, so little is used. Broil very thinly cut slices of bacon; place strips of bacon on plain bread and cover with a heart leaf of lettuce; add mayonnaise dressing, daintily sliced cold chicken and finish with toasted slice on top. Serve on leaves of lettuce, garnished with parsley, or on doily without any garnish.

BANANA FRITTERS

Take three or four bananas, mash, add one egg, one tablespoonful of milk and one of flour and a pinch of salt. Drop from a spoon into boiling butter and when browned serve hot. Apples may be substituted for bananas if desired.

FRENCH CREAM PIE

Yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, a little flavoring. Mix all in a little cold milk. Frosting for top—Whites to two eggs, well beaten with one teaspoonful sugar; set in oven until light brown.

PRUNE BREAD

Two cups of white flour, three cups of graham flour, two cups of sugar, one and a half cups of sour milk, half a cup of molasses, four cups of chopped prunes, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves. Mix to a stiff batter, stir three tablespoonfuls of melted lard or butter and bake as ginger bread three-quarters of an hour and bake slow.

ENGLISH HOT CROSS BUNS

Sift a quart of flour, half a cup of sugar, half a teaspoon of salt; melt a quarter cup butter in a half pint warm milk and add to the dry ingredients with the yolks of two eggs beaten well. Add a yeast cake dissolved in a little warm water; half a nutmeg grated, and the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff. This should make a very soft dough. Cover the bowl with a cloth. Put in a warm place over night. In the morning take pieces of dough the size of an egg, and with a little flour mould into a round cake. Place in a buttered tin and set to raise in a warm place; with a knife cut a cross in the center. Bake in a moderate oven for a half hour; when baked brush the tops with sugar and water, put in oven again and brown.

OLIVE OIL BISCUITS

Sift together two cups of flour, two large teaspoons of baking powder, one small teaspoon of salt. To five table-spoons of olive oil add one cup of milk and stir into prepared flour, using a knife to stir with; then turn on to board; roll very lightly with rolling pin; cut out in one half inch thickness and bake 15 minutes.

CREAMED MACARONI ON TOAST

Put one rounded tablespoonful of butter and one of flour into a small saucepan; mix over the fire until smooth; do not brown. Add one-half pint of cream; stir until it boils; take from the fire and add salt and pepper and 4 ounces of boiled macaroni, chopped fine. Place the saucepan over boiling water to re-heat. Pour over slices of buttered toast, dust with grated cheese, and serve hot.

TIMBALES OF MACARONI

Break in short lengths one-half pound of macaroni. Cook for twenty-five minutes in plenty of boiling salted water; dress it with butter and grated cheese; then work into this two eggs. Butter and breadcrumb a plain mold, and when the macaroni is nearly cold fill the mold with it, pressing it well down and leaving a hollow in the center, into which place a well-flavored mince of meat, poultry, or game; then fill the mold with more macaroni, pressed well down. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes; turn out and serve.

TIMETABLE FOR COOKING

Baking—Loaf bread, 40 to 60 minutes; rolls, biscuit, 10 to 20 minutes; graham gems 30 minutes; gingerbread, 20 to 30 minutes; sponge cake, 45 to 60 minutes; plain cake, 30 to 40 minutes; fruit cake, 2 to 3 hours; cookies, 10 to 15 minutes; bread pudding, 1 hour; rice and tapioca, 1 hour; plum pudding, 2 to 3 hours; custards, 15 to 20 minutes; pie crust, about 30 minutes; potatoes, 30 to 45 minutes; baked beans, 6 to 8 hours.

Boiling—Coffee, 3 to 5 minutes; corn-meal, 3 hours; hominy, 1 hour; oatmeal, coarse, steamed, 3 hours; rice, steamed, 45 to 60 minutes; rice, boiled, 15 to 20 minutes; wheat, granules, 20 to 30 minutes; eggs, soft boiled, 3 to 6 minutes; eggs, hard boiled, 15 to 20 minutes; clams and oysters, 3 to 5 minutes; soup stock, 3 to 6 hours; veal and mutton, 2 to 3 hours; tongue, 3 to 4 hours; potted pigeons, 2 hours; ham, 5 hours; sweet corn, 5 to 8 minutes; cabbage and beets, 30 to 45 minutes; carrots and onion, 30 to 60 minutes.

MEXICAN MEAT BALLS

One pound pork (or sausage meat); one pound beef, chopped fine; one-third as much bread as meat; one egg; one small onion, chopped fine; salt and pepper to taste; one teaspoon chili powder (if liked hot). Put meat, onions and bread (after being soaked in water and squeezed out) into a pan and mix all thoroughly. Then roll into balls the size of a small orange. Cook the sauce, which has been

made as follows: One quart tomatoes (canned or fresh); salt and pepper to taste; one chopped onion; one teaspoon chili powder. Simmer this sauce until onion is done. Place meat balls in the sauce and cook gently one hour or until done. Remove them to a platter, thicken sauce with a little flour, then pour over the meat. "Mexican rice" is a nice dish with the meat balls. Put a cup of dried rice into a hot frying pan containing one tablespoon of olive oil. Roast the rice until well brown, but not scorched. Add to this four or five finely chopped tomatoes, a little salt and one teaspoon of chili pepper. Pour in a cup of boiling water and let simmer until rice is soft.

CAKES FOR ALL OCCASIONS FUDGE CAKE

One cup sugar, two-thirds cup butter, three eggs, one cup milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, one-fourth cup of chocolate, one-half cup of English walnuts broken up coarsely.

Cream butter and sugar together, add the cup of milk and then stir in lightly the flour, in which the heaping spoonful of baking powder, has been sifted. Stir in the chocolate, which has been dissolved by placing in a cup and sitting in hot water; add nuts and lastly the eggs, which should be beaten, whites and yolks separately.

FUDGE FROSTING

One and one-half tablespoons butter, one-half cup unsweetened cocoa, one-fourth cup confectionery sugar, a few grains of salt, one-fourth cup of milk, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Add cocoa, sugar, salt and milk, heat to boiling point; let boil for eight minutes; remove from fire and beat until creamy; add vanilla and pour over cake.

BURNT SUGAR CAKE

One and one-half cups sugar and one-half cup butter beaten together, adding slowly one cup cold water until the sugar is all dissolved; yolks of two eggs; two cups flour; one teaspoon vanilla. Stir the above ingredients together until

very light. Then add one-half cup flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder (beat in lightly), and two teaspoons of the caramel (receipt for caramel given below). At the last fold in lightly the beaten whites of two eggs.

CARAMEL CAKE

Put in skillet one-half cup of sugar and burn until blue; remove from fire, pour in slowly one-half cup boiling water; put back on fire and boil until it is a thick syrup.

Frosting for above Cake.—One cup of sugar boiled until it will form a fine thread when dropped from spoon. Pour this over the beaten white of one egg, beating it very hard until cool, enough to spread, then put in three teaspoons of the above caramel.

A RICH, DELICIOUS CAKE' (NO EGGS OR MILK)

Cream together one-half cup butter and one cup sugar, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice and cloves; add one cup seeded raisins. Stir a teaspoon of soda into a little warm water; stir it into one cup sour apple sauce. Let it foam over the ingredients in the bowl; mix well, then add two cups flour. Bake in loaf. (Cook apple sauce without sugar.)

Filled Coffee Cake.—One tablespoon butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup milk, three cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder. Cream butter and sugar well; add eggs; beat well, then add the milk gradually, last the flour and baking powder; a little salt can be added and flavoring also. Put half this amount in baking pan, adding half a part two, then rest of batter with filling on top.

Filling.—One and a half cups of brown sugar, two tablespoons cinnamon, two tablespoons flour, one cup chopped walnuts; scatter pieces of butter on top of filling; bake in moderate oven.

PENOCHE CAKE

Two cups brown sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, two eggs, three cups sifted flour, two teaspoon-

fuls of yeast powder, half a cup of chocolate filled with half a cup of hot water, added last.

Filling—Two cups of brown sugar, half a cup of sweet milk; one cup of chopped nuts, butter, size of an egg. If filling becomes too stiff to spread upon cake add a little milk.

A BATCH OF GOODIES FOR 5 O'CLOCK TEA

Macaroons—Two eggs, use the white only, with two cups of chopped almonds, two cups sugar; moderate oven.

Anise Cookies—One pound sugar, six eggs, one pound flour, 15 drops of best anise extract and 15 drops of pure lemon extract and half a cup chopped citron. Beat yolks, sugar and citron together; add flour gradually; beat whites last; drop on a pan; when baked put in a sack and hang in cellar until soft.

Walnut Wafers—One cup brown sugar, two eggs, one cup flour, one cup walnuts; do not chop nuts, but break in pieces; drop on buttered tins.

Cream Puffs—One and a half cups of flour, two-thirds of a cup of butter, half a pint of boiling water; boil butter and water together and stir in the flour while boiling stir until the batter is free from the mixing bowl; when cool add five well beaten eggs, one at a time. Drop on tins and bake 30 minutes in a quick oven.

Filling—One pint milk, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of flour, two eggs; beat the eggs, flour and sugar together and stir them in the milk while it is boiling; flavor with lemon. Beat cream until thick and fill the puffs.

Almond Tarts—Make a rich pie crust, cut in rounds with a biscuit cutter and bake.

For Frosting—Blanch and pound two cups of almonds to a paste, mix with beaten whites of three eggs; spread on the tarts and put in oven for a few moments until brown.

Lady Fingers—Sponge cake batter of three eggs, beaten separately; one cup sifted flour, one cup sugar, bake in lady finger bake tins.

Kisses—Beat six whites of eggs to snow, and half a pound powdered sugar, pinch of salt and beat well. Grease paper and lay on a board. Drop the kisses on it and bake in a slow oven.

Scripture Cake—One cup butter (Judges 5:25); two cups sugar (Jeremiah 6:20); one cup milk (Judges 5:25); six eggs, beaten (Isaiah 10:14); three and a half cups flour (I Kings 4:22); spices to taste (I Kings 10:2); two teaspoons baking powder (I Corinthians 5:6); two cups raisins (I Samuel 30:12); one cup almonds (Numbers 17:8); one large spoon honey (Exodus 16:3); pinch of salt (Leviticus 2:13). Follow Solomon's direction for making good boys (first clause of Proverbs 23:14).

Easter Cake—Three eggs, whites; one cup sugar; half a cup butter, warm; half a cup milk; half a teaspoon baking powder of one teaspoon cream tartar and half a teaspoon soda.

Frosting: Twelve tablespoons pulverized sugar; three eggs, yolks. Beat together; put on cake while warm.

PICKLES THAT KEEP WITHOUT SEALING

Half box green tomatoes, sliced; six large onions, sliced; one dozen green bell peppers, sliced. Put in vessel in layers, with one cup of salt sprinkled over them. Let stand over night. In the morning put two quarts of hot water and one quart vinegar in the kettle; boil until clear. Drain again and put in jar. Scald one gallon vinegar (cider), two pounds brown sugar and two tablespoons each of cloves, ginger and mustard. Pour over pickles while boiling hot. These will tempt the appetite of the most fastidious.



AT ALL GROCERS

Some Sandwiches.

Whether for travelling, picnics or social entertainments, there is nothing more wholesome and inviting than dainty sandwiches.

In making them do not use bread which has been baked less than twenty-four hours. Home-made bread is always better for this purpose. Cut off all crusts; slice very thin with a sharp knife, and spread with good butter and whatever filling is desired.

In the spring of the year, water-cress sandwiches are much liked by many for luncheon and are very easily made.

Water-Cress Sandwiches—Wash the watercress thoroughly, then dry in a cloth, so no particles of moisture remains, and remove all stems; cut in small pieces and season with salt. Place these between thin slices of buttered bread and press together.

Lettuce Sandwiches—Lettuce, when tender and crisp, makes a delicious filling for sandwiches. Wash the small leaves; dry well and then lay one or two leaves, as the case may be, on a slice of buttered bread; spread with salad dressing, and then lay it on the other slice of bread.

Salad Dressing—Three eggs beaten lightly, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one large tablespoonful of butter, one dessertspoonful of flour wet in vinegar; one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-half

cupful of vinegar. Boil until it thickens and is smooth, stirring constantly.

Celery Sandwiches—When celery is in the market, an excellent filling for sandwiches can be made from it. Chop very fine several heads of nice celery and mix with salad dressing, so that it can be easily spread between pieces of bread. Made from this rule, they are particularly nice for travelling, as they keep fresh for three or four days, when kept in a small tin box.

Egg Sandwiches—Boil hard, several fresh eggs; plunge into cold water to cool, then remove the shells and chop the whites fine; mash the yolks adding a little salt, mustard and vinegar to make a dressing. Mix through the whites of the eggs and spread between pieces of bread.

Chicken Sandwiches—Chop cold chicken very fine; heat some rich cream and mix with it; season with a little salt and spread between pieces of bread.

Ham Sandwiches—Chop cold-boiled lean ham very fine, and mix with it a dressing made of melted butter, a dessertspoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of red pepper, and the yolks of two hard boiled eggs, rolled smooth.

Tongue Sandwiches—Chop cold boiled tongue, and mix with any nice salad dressing to spread between pieces of bread.

Lamb Sandwiches—Mince cold lamb fine; moisten with warm cream and add a little salt; then spread between thin buttered slices of bread.

All sandwiches should be wrapped in a wet towel to keep them moist. They can be cut in all sorts of fancy shapes, such as hearts, squares, oblongs, ovals, triangles, diamonds and stars.

Lettuce and cress sandwiches should not be made until a short time before using, as their crispness is gone if they stand long.

Other varieties can be made in the forenoon or immediately after dinner, if desired for supper or in the evening.

SWEET POTATOES WITH LOG CABIN

Parboil four pounds sweet potatoes, peel and cut into quarters and put in a baking dish, cover with water in which they were boiled, to which add one pint Towel's Log Cabin Syrup, with butter the size of an egg—bake until brown and candies. Delicious.

Look for another next month.

To Serve Old Potatoes.

When old potatoes are getting strong tasting and watery, and the new ones are yet a few weeks off, for the generality of house wives, who must exercise both ingenuity and thought to make this vegetable as appetizing and presentable as possible, these recipes are offered until the new ones can be procured.

Smothered Potatoes—Pare the potatoes and cut into small cubes. Put them into cold water for a few minutes, then into boiling water and let them boil about ten minutes. Then drain off all the water and put the potatoes into a double boiler, dredge them with a tablespoonful of flour, add about the same amount of butter and two cupfuls of milk. Cover them and cook gently for about twenty minutes. Season with salt and pepper and celery salt. Serve in a hot dish.

Potatoes and Cheese—Cut four or five boiled potatoes into thin slices and put them into a baking dish. Take two tablespoonfuls of butter and melt in

a granite saucepan; add to it one tablespoonful of flour and stir until thoroughly blended. Then add one-half pint of soup stock and the same amount of milk. Stir until well mixed, and then remove from the fire. and add two-thirds of a cupful of grated cheese, three eggs, well beaten, salt and a speck of cayenne pepper. Pour the whole over the sliced potatoes; sprinkle breadcrumbs over the top, and put in the oven to brown. Serve in the dish in which they were baked.

Potato Fritters—One pint of mashed potatoes, mash and beat until very light. One pint of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a little salt and enough sweet milk, to make a batter stiff enough to drop. Drop in hot fat and fry until done.

Potato Pancakes—Make the same as the fritters, only add enough milk to make batter thin as you do for other pancakes. If made according to directions they are delicious.

A la Planchette.

Roasts *a la Planchette* are always carefully timed to be done to a turn. Beef is garnished with a wealth of old-fashioned dumplings, in new-fashioned miniature dimensions and dressed, as they emerge from the pot, with minced onions browned in butter; or it is bordered with balls, an inch in diameter, cut from boiled carrots and white turnips and from potatoes, the latter plain boiled, and rolled in minced parsley or browned in deep fat. Other garnishes suitable either for beef or poultry, are made of hominy and farina, boiled soft and poured in shallow pans, or into bowls, to harden, and set on ice until stiff.

Cut into slices of fancy shapes, (cookey forms answer the purpose) or into balls an inch in diameter, they are dipped into beaten egg, dusted with sifted bread crumbs, and then crisped to golded brown in boiling fat.

Potato Nests—Slice raw potatoes lengthwise and cut them into straws. Lay these in ice water. Then dry on a towel and brown into deep fat. Drain, dust with salt and pile them into loosely built nests in which rest roasted ducks or chickens.

Birds *a la Planchette* are served in the scooped out shells of sweet potatoes, peel and divide them lengthwise

into halves. Scoop out of each a bed large enough to hold a snipe or a reed-bird. Brush each cradle, inside and out, with beaten egg, put a thin strip of pork in each cavity, lay the bird in it, breast upward and cook in a hot oven. Serve on a bed of watercress.

Squabs en canapa are delicious. Cut slices of bread an inch and a half thick, from the wide part of a Vienna loaf. Remove the crust; hollow a cavity, three-quarters of an inch deep and half an inch all around the edge. While the squabs are cooking, brush the bread inside and out with melted butter and brown in the hot oven. Spread the cavity with a thin layer of hot, mashed potato, slightly sprinkled with minced parsley; lay in the richly browned squab, breast up, pour over it a spoonful of gravy and serve hot.

SALADS

Salads are Planchette's particular pride; her genius revels here, and never does she serve two in exactly the same way. She hasn't any recipes, and she mingles seemingly impossible ingredients into delightful combinations.

Russian Salad—Four ounces each of boiled knob celery, beets and potatoes; two ounces each of smoked salmon, smoked ham and smoked tongue; four ounces each of white celery stalks, apple and walnuts. Chopping all of these into dice, Planchette seasons them with salt and pepper and some tarragon vinegar, and puts them on the ice. When

Ben Hur



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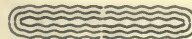
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ready to serve she piles all into the bowl, draining off the vinegar. Tossing it lightly, she masks it with a mayonnaise sharpened by a pinch of mustard flour. Around the outer edge she puts a crimson wreath of minced beets. Half way to the center is another wreath of chopped gherkins, sprinkled with minced parsley. In the middle rests a pointed star of lengthwise slices of hard egg, the yolk removed and the cavity filled with caviar. Sometimes she rubs the hard-boiled yolks into the mayonnaise, but more often she simply grates it into the finished sauce.

DAINTY DESERTS

The mystifying element is sure to be present in Planchette's desserts, and it always keeps in touch with the occasion of the dinner or with the season. Ice cream is rarely served in the ordinary mould. On St. Valentine's Day, little red silk hearts, looking like pincushions, are set before the pleased guests. Lifting each by its little ribbon bows, heart shaped box beneath comes into view, full of pink biscuit cream. At Easter a crouching hen, feathers and all, is brought in on a platter, from under her wings yellow chicks peep out. The whole outfit is of papier mache, from the nearest toy shop. Lifting Biddy, behold a nest full of eggs moulded of different colored creams.

Fruit Surprise—A pineapple is cut away from its plures. Its contents are removed without breaking the outer shell, and the cavity is filled with cracked ice. When chilled the ice is removed, and in its place ice-cream is put, in which various small fruits have been frozen; the plumed lid is set on top, and the base is surrounded with fancy cakes.

Sometimes instead of the pineapple, a muskmelon, with the seeds removed, and its stem end serving as a lid, is filled with plain ice-cream; or bananas are wiped clean, slit down one edge, their contents removed and used to flavor the ice-cream with which, later on, the skins are filled to their natural size.

Oranges have an upper slice cut away, the contents scooped out, and tiny slits cut into the rind near the top, through

which baby ribbons are drawn and tied, after the cavity has been filled with frozen cream.

For plainer dinners Planchette serves desserts no less dainty, no less original and often better liked than the ice-creams, which one sometimes tires of.

Bijou Muffs—Make a batter of a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of prepared flour (or of plain flour, into which a level teaspoonful of baking powder has been mixed) four yolks, a teaspoonful of vanilla and lastly add the stiffly beaten whites. Spread thin over a baking sheet or in square layer pans and set in a hot oven, when baked into strips, six and one-half inches long and two and one half wide and roll these while warm, over pieces of wood sawed off and an old broom stick—scoured well, of course. Overlap the edges slightly and hold them together by smearing the upper one with white of egg, when cold slide off the wood, brush them on the outside, with the white of an egg and sprinkle generously, with grated chocolate or grated cocoanut, or both, mixed or in stripes. Fill the hollow with whipped cream flavored with mocha, or with pistache.

Pommes Perdues—are served with a foamy sauce flavored with lemon or a liqueur. The desert looks like an ordinary well-baked cake. Cutting into it reveals the lost apples, hidden as follows:

Choose apples of even size, enough to fill comfortably a spring form. Peel and remove a slice from the top of each. Core and with a teaspoon, scrape out the pulp, but do not break the outer shell. Mix the pulp with sugar, cinnamon, grated lemon peel, chopped raisins, almonds and walnuts. Fill the apple shells and close each with its lid. Make a batter of four yolks, a cupful of sugar, a cupful of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a gill of milk and the whites beaten stiff. Butter the spring form and dust it with flour. Pour into it a thin layer of batter; range upon this the filled apples in close order; bury them in the rest of the batter, and bake in a good oven. Serve hot.

For the sauce, boil together a cupful of water, a half a cupful of sugar, the

juice of three lemons, and the well beaten yolks of three eggs. When thickened, remove from the fire and whip in lightly, the whites previously beaten stiff. Set aside in a panful of hot water until needed.

DELICIOUS BAKED HAM

A Reliable Recipe That Will Be Prized
by Housekeepers

Nothing is more delicious for luncheons and "high teas" than a properly baked ham. Take a ham weighing from seven to nine pounds, scrape and scrub the outside and rinse well, place it in good sized kettle over the fire and when the water reaches the boiling point, place it over the cooler part of the fire, where the ham will just simmer for two hours. Then take it from the fire and let the meat remain in the kettle until the liquid is just luke-warm.


Take out the ham and peel off the

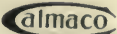
skin. Place the meat in a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven for two hours, using a cupful of wine, hard cider, or vinegar sweetened with brown sugar, to baste it with, pour on two tablespoonfuls at a time until the amount is used; then baste frequently from the drippings from the pan.

When the ham is baked, before it is removed from the oven, take a cup of finely rolled stale bread crumbs and two teaspoonfuls of brown sugar and one level teaspoonful of dry mustard and moisten with a little cider or wine to make a paste; spread this over the ham and return it to the oven long enough to have it nice and brown.

A sauce to serve with baked ham is made thus: Put into a saucepan over the fire a heaping teaspoonful of butter and an equal amount of flour; stir them together until they are browned, then gradually add a cup of highly seasoned stock and cook ten minutes; add one cup of wine or cider, stir until it is hot, then strain and serve.

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Nuts to Crack and How to Serve Them.

The most popular nuts are almonds, English walnuts, shellbarks and pecan nuts. The black walnut is common, and while some people dislike its strong flavor, many more prefer it to the milder English walnut in making cake. For recipes which call for English walnuts, in most instances a proportion of the black walnut may be used, and the result will be a decided gain in flavor.

Chestnut Stuffing for Roasted Chicken—Peel and blanch one pint of chestnuts and boil them in slightly salted water until tender; shake dry over the fire and put through a vegetable press, or mash them; add salt, a dash of white pepper, a grating of nutmeg, and one tablespoonful of cream; stir six tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs into two tablespoonfuls of hot butter, remove from the fire and add the prepared chestnuts.

Chestnut Sauce—Boil three-fourths of a cupful and cut the remainder into shreds; make a brown sauce with drippings from chicken, add one-eighth of a teaspoonful each of salt and of paprika and the chestnut pulp, and when it boils smooth add the nuts.

Nut Cake—Take a half a cupful of butter, three eggs, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a few drops of almond or vanilla flavoring, and a cupful of chopped nuts of any preferred variety. Add sufficient cold water to make a rather stiff batter and bake in a moderate oven. Ice with plain white icing, decorated with whole or chopped nuts, or spread with whipped cream ornamented with nuts.

Nut Frosting—Use one cupful of sugar and dessicated cocoanut to suit taste, or simply cocoanut if preferred. Add cold water to make soft enough to spread. This frosting will never dry or crackle. Add half a cupful of prepared cocoanut, or half a cupful of chopped nut meats.

Almond and Raisin Cake Filling—Blanch the almonds and chop them fine.

Allow two-thirds of a cupful for a three-layer cake, and the same quantity of seeded and chopped raisins. Mix together and spread between the layers, as soon as they are baked. Ice the cake on the top layer, and while icing is soft, cover it with almonds, blanched in four lengthwise strips. Let the almonds stand up at one end a little, by pressing the other end into the icing. The nuts and raisins may be mixed with icing or whipped cream for between the layers.

Fig and Nut Filling—Boil a cupful of sugar and one-third of a cupful of water, without stirring, until the syrup threads. Pour the syrup in a fine stream on the white of an egg, beaten to a froth; add one-fourth of a pound of figs, finely chopped and cooked smooth in one-fourth a cupful of water, and half a cupful of English walnuts or pecans, finely chopped. Beat occasionally until cold, then spread on the cake.

Hickory Nut Macaroons—Take one pound of powdered sugar, one pound of chopped hickory nuts, the whites of five unbeaten eggs, half a cupful of flour, and one rounded teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop on buttered paper and dry in the oven.

Nut Sandwich—Scald and peel some pistachio nuts and some sweet almonds; pound them together in a mortar, add three drops of essence of almonds, icing or powdered sugar to taste, and mix to a paste with thick cream. Spread between slices of nicely buttered bread or on thick slices of sponge cake, putting two slices together to form a sandwich.

Walnut Sandwich—There is a large variety of sandwiches with which walnuts may be combined. A plain bread and butter sandwich, with finely chopped walnuts between and just a suspicion of salt sprinkled over, is good. The same with the addition of a crisp lettuce leaf and a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing is better. A chicken sandwich, with chopped walnuts has a pleasant

flavor. Peanuts may be substituted for the walnuts.

Nut and Celery Salad—Wash and crisp a head of lettuce. Remove the shells from ten English walnuts; turn boiling water over the meats, drain and remove the skins and chop fine. Prepare one head of celery by washing and scraping; cut into very small pieces all except three stalks, these to be cut into one and one-half inch pieces, curled and used with some half walnut meats for garnishing. Mix the chopped nuts and the celery. Arrange on lettuce leaves, garnish and serve with mayonnaise.

Walnut and Apple Salad—Buy the best grade of walnuts, and be sure that not a nut is used, which looks as if it might not be perfectly good. Crack the nuts carefully so that the meat comes out of the shell in perfect halves. Line the salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves. Pare, core and cut into tubes four tart apples. Mix the nuts and apples together, place them in the bowl and pour plenty of good mayonnaise dressing over them; or, from a bunch of celery, take the white tender stalks and cut them into small pieces and use in place of the apples. Other blends such as nut and tomato, nut and potato and naval oranges will be equally delicious. These salads should be served at once.

Date and Almond Salad—Remove the seeds and white inner skins, from half a pound of dates and cut in thin strips; blanch a couple of almonds and cut in thin strips. Gradually stir three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, into three tablespoonfuls of oil, and pour over the dates and nuts; let stand in a cool place for an hour or more, and then serve on lettuce leaves. The salad will also be good, with mayonnaise dressing, to which whipped cream has been added.

Delicious Soup—Cook until tender two cupfuls of shelled and blanched peanuts with a slice of onion and a stalk of celery; press through a sieve, repeat with one pint of white stock and stir into a white sauce made of one-fourth of a cup each of butter and of flour and a pint of milk. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Almond Soup—Cut four pounds of knuckle of veal into small pieces. Break

or saw the small bones into small pieces, add three quarts of cold water, and and let cook just below boiling point, for about four hours; then add one onion, sliced, two stalks of celery, chopped, a sprig of parsley, a tablespoonful of salt and six pepper corns. Let simmer an hour longer; strain and when cold, remove the fat and heat again. Cream together, one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch; thin with a little of the hot soup, then turn into the soup and boil for ten minutes. Add half a pint of cream and season with salt and pepper to taste; then add one-fourth of a cupful of blanched almonds, pounded to a paste.

Nut Biscuit—One quart of flour, one-fourth of a cup of sugar, half a pound of ground nuts, one-fourth of a pound of butter, three eggs, two rounded teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Sift the salt, baking powder, sugar and flour together and rub in the butter. Beat the eggs stir them into the dry mixture with the nuts and add milk or water, if necessary, to mix to a soft dough. Roll out and cut as ordinary biscuit. Bake in a hot oven.

SOME NEW VEGETABLES

Stuffed Tomatoes—Scald and peel three large smooth tomatoes. Cut them in halves, scoop out the seeds and juice, without breaking the pulp. Scald the juice enough to strain out the seeds. To the juice add sugar to taste, and mix with it as much warm boiled rice as it will absorb; add salt and a little butter. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture. Place each half tomato, on a round of bread buttered. Put them into a shallow pan and bake ten minutes, or until the bread is browned.

Cream Slaw—One-half gallon of cabbage cut very fine, one cupful vinegar, one cupful sour cream, two tablespoons sugar, half a teaspoonful of flour, one egg, and a piece of butter half the size of a walnut, boil together the vinegar, sugar and butter, rub flour with cream, beat this with the eggs. Stir all into the hot vinegar mixture and boil, which must first be seasoned with a half teaspoonful of salt and some pepper, after which pour it over the cabbage.

Household Disinfection.

The best exterminator and cleansor is bichloride of mercury, or corrosive sublimate, as it is otherwise called. It is sold in tablets, one of which dissolved in a pint of water makes a solution in the proportion of 1 to 500 parts. In the use of it one has to be careful, as it such a deadly poison, and it also corrodes metals, if they are left in it too long. It may be used on metal beds if it is dried shortly.

Every housekeeper, should know how to prevent the spread of disease, in cases of illness. By disinfection is meant the destruction of those minute forms of life which cause disease. Sterilization has for its object, the destruction of all forms of life on or within an object. Antiseptic substances prevent decomposition and decay. A substance, which

has the power to destroy and neutralize unpleasant odors, is called a deodorant. Often the deodorizing substances used are not disinfectants. Heat is one of the best means of disinfection. In case of contagious disease, as far as possible, use in the sick-room old sheets, pillow cases and bedding that can be destroyed, and also clothing. All bedding and clothing taken from a person, suffering from contagious disease, should be placed in a sheet, which has been dipped in a solution of bichloride of mercury in the proportion of 1 to 2,000. The whole can be even boiled with soft soap for several hours. Stains of blood, should be removed before boiling; otherwise they will become permanent. The kitchen oven may be used to bake clothing, which should be subjected to disinfection.

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Floors and walls are best disinfected by being washed, the former with the bichloride solution of 1 to 2,000; the walls if not washable, may be wiped down with cloths rung out of such a solution.

Mattresses and pillows, are the most difficult of all to disinfect. It is necessary to have them thoroughly steamed. If in doubt of their being free, from the germs of disease, do not use them again.

In towns and cities, the boards of health takes charge of the disinfection of houses and rooms where severe contagious diseases have been. The use of sulphur and formaldehyde in such instances needs the intelligence which those regularly employed in such work have. The sulphur disinfection has to be done with care, as it destroys and discolors some metals and most fabrics. In the uses of these fumes or gases the rooms have to be sealed as tightly as possible. Strips of paper are pasted over the cracks of the doors and windows, before the rooms are filled with gas. The amateur can do little in the way of sulphur disinfection.

If it is cold enough, a good way to freshen and disinfect a room, in which mildly contagious cases have been, is

to open the windows, and let the cold air enter freely for two or three days and nights.

For the disinfection of stools and water closets, milk of lime is the best. This is made by the addition of slaked lime to water, in the proportion of one per cent. to eight parts of water. It should not be made too thick when poured down the pipes of a water closet, as it will collect in masses on the pipes.

Chlorinated lime is a powerful deodorant, which may be used in the country to disinfect outhouses, trenches and the like.

Italian Tutti Frutti

Take a large form for ice cream; have ready as great a variety of ripe fruits as possible, watermelon included; seed the watermelon, cut in into lozenges or squares, put a layer of it into the form, sugaring it well with granulated sugar; then a layer of varied fruits; sugar abundantly and proceed in this way until the form is packed full of fruit and sugar. Cover it, set in double boiler just long enough for the sugar to dissolve and the juice to be started, then let it cool; when cold, freeze.



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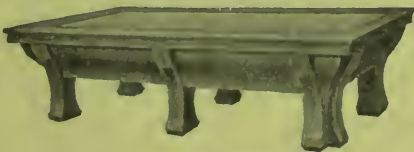


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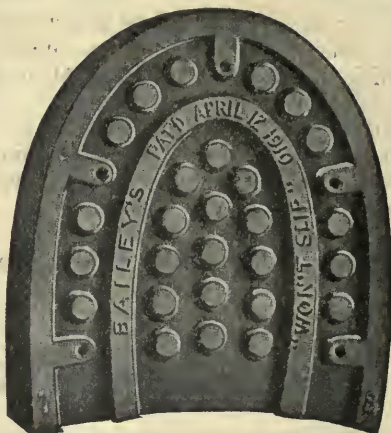
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OUT WEST

OCTOBER

Strange Vocation of the Bug Hunter

By John L. Cowan

If one were to pass through certain canyons of the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California, at almost any time between Christmas and the first of April, he might encounter two or three young, energetically engaged men in the collection of great quantities of ladybird beetles. These little creatures hibernate beneath the snow, dead leaves and pine needles; and it is during the winter months that the "bug hunters" must obtain an abundant supply, if the melon fields, apple orchards and peach orchards of California are to be protected from imminent destruction by devouring myriads of plant lice. In this collection of millions of "bugs" in order that they may be put to prey upon other "bugs" is seen one of the most remarkable applications of the new science of parasitism.

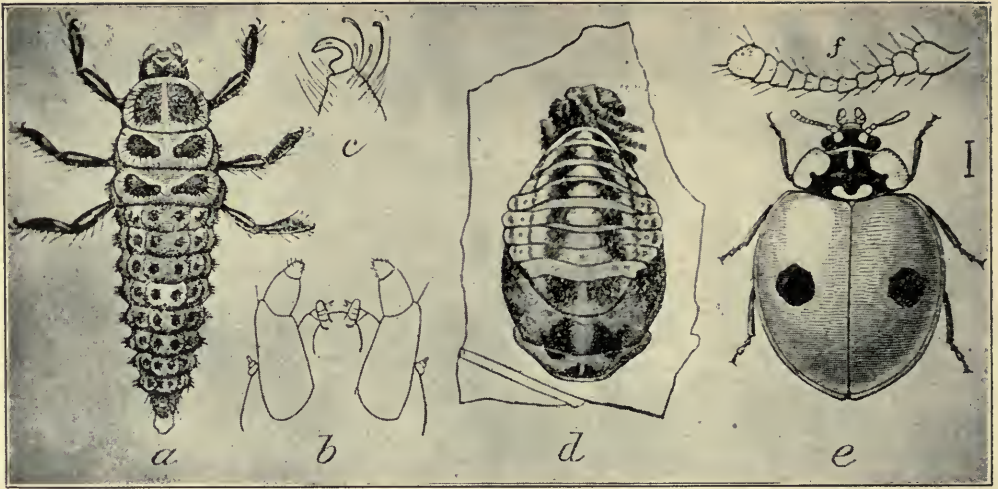
It was in the winter of 1909-'10 that the first great ladybird-hunt in the world's history took place, resulting in the collection of three-quarters of a ton of ladybird beetles, which saved the melon and cucumber fields of the Imperial valley from threatened destruction. Last winter an equal quantity of the useful little beetles were collected, and liberated during April and May, with results as important and beneficial.

There is little of fame and less of fortune in the vocation of the bug hunter; but the man who follows this strange calling may deserve more at the hands of his countrymen than many of those who achieve renown in war or statecraft. The business of the bug hunter is to search for parasite and predaceous foes of injurious insects, such as the

Hessian fly, the cotton boll weevil, the gypsy moth, the codling moth, the San Jose scale, and the thousand other pests that are estimated to destroy at least ten per-cent of the annual products of the soil.

The Bureau of Entomology of the National Department of agriculture has numerous bug hunters in the field, searching for beneficial insects. One of these, Prof. Albert Keobebe, introduced from Australia the species of ladybird (*Vedalia cardinalis*) that subdued the cottony cushion scale, which once threatened the ruin of orange growing. Another, Walter T. Swingle, introduced from Italy the fig wasp (*Blas ophaga grossorum*) that made it possible for California horticulturists to produce dried figs on a scale of commercial importance, in competition with the product of the Levant. Others of the Bureau of Entomology's traveling agents have justified their existence by achievements as notable, so that bug hunting has been amply vindicated in that it has made possible or has saved from ruin industries in which the nation is vitally interested.

Of professional bug hunters, few have had wider experience or greater success than George Compere, official explorer for the Horticultural Commission of the State of California, and for the Entomological Bureau of West Australia. It happens that, with very few exceptions, West Australia and California are afflicted with the same insect pests, so that Mr. Compere is able to serve the British province and the American State



Adalia bipunctata: a, Larva; b, mouth-parts of same; c, claw of same; d, pupa; e, adult; f, antenna of same. All enlarged.

to the eminent satisfaction of both. In the pursuit of insect enemies of orchard and garden pests he has ransacked the uttermost corners of the earth, plunging into jungle, morass, tropical forest or arid desert, with entire indifference to danger or discomfort, and hoping only to find some useful "bug." Now some people may be inclined to smile at the suggestion that there may be real danger in a bug hunt. Compere has faced danger of many kinds; but a single instance will suffice. Once in British India he found himself in a plague-stricken district, and five of his guides were stricken in succession with the malady, and died. That experience would surely be enough to deprive anyone of his nerve; but he stuck to his job of hunting bugs until he found just what had taken him to that particular region. Then, when he reached the frontier he was delayed for weeks in quarantine; and local officials insisted in fumigating all his baggage and belongings. Of course this killed every one of his precious insects, gathered at imminent peril of a horrible death. That left him no recourse but to return the next season, and perform the same labor over again.

One of the worst of Australian pests is known as the fruit fly. Long and patient search resulted in the finding of its natural enemy in the interior of

Brazil. Compere gathered a large number of the parasites, and carefully arranged for feeding them on the long voyage



1, 2 and 3, Parasites of the soft brown scale; 4, 5 and 6, branches and leaf affected with soft brown scale.



Frederick Maskew, Acting Superintendent of the
California State Insectary

to London. Before leaving London, he made similar arrangements for feeding them until Port Said was reached. There it was necessary to place them in cold storage for a time; and some one permitted the temperature to get too low, with the result that every parasite died. It was then too late in the season to get a new supply in Brazil that year, so he had to wait until the next season.

The essential features of the insect hunter's outfit consist of a large sheet of white cotton cloth, a stout stick, an insect case and a microscope. He approaches a tree or shrub, of a variety subject to the attacks of some insect pest for which he desires to find a check, spreads the sheet underneath its boughs, and beats its branches vigorously with his stick. Then he gets down on his knees, and with the microscope to his eye makes a careful scrutiny of the insects he has dislodged. Should he find an interesting specimen that he thinks worthy of further study, he places it in

his insect case. When sure that a parasite or predaceous foe of some injurious foe of some injurious insect has been found, he arranges for the transportation of specimens to the California State Insectary, at Sacramento, where Acting Superintendent Maskew subjects them to further scrutiny. If satisfied that the new insect is unquestionably beneficial in its operations, Mr. Maskew takes steps to breed large numbers in the insectary. These are then divided into colonies, for free distribution throughout the State wherever there is need of such services as this particular species is fitted to render.

It is believed by entomologists that every form of life has its natural check, in the form of either a parasite or a predatory foe. Nature, it appears, has made a careful provision for the destruction of life as for the reproduction of life. So, in its natural habitat, no insect ever becomes a really dangerous pest, because nature preserves the equilibrium between the various forms of life, preventing any particular form from



Geo. Compere, California's Official Bug Hunter

becoming redundant. But when man takes a tree or plant from Japan, or Australia, or South America, and plants it in California, or Florida or New York, he is very likely to take with it some insect that feeds upon its fruit, or bark or leaves, and not to take with it the natural check that preys upon it and prevents it from becoming redundant. In its new environment, with no natural enemy to prevent its indefinite multiplication, the imported insect thrives amazingly; and, with the enormous reproductive powers common to nearly all forms of insect life, develops into a pest that devours all before it.

California, with its vast area and its great range of climate and altitude, is adapted to the growth of every fruit, vegetable and tree of temperate climates, and many of tropical origin. It now boasts of a greater variety of farm, garden and orchard products than can be found in any similar area on the earth's surface. It is therefore, not strange



Sack containing 60 pounds (or about 1,500,000)
Ladybird beetles



A big load of Ladybirds

that it is cursed with a greater number and variety of insect pests than any similar area in the world. Insects from every tropical and temperate country have been introduced; and, in the absence of any natural checks, an amazing number of these have developed into ruinously destructive pests. That is why this State is compelled to keep an expert entomologist always on the search for insects to act as natural checks to the vast number of imported pests. Other States might follow California's example to their own advantage; but their necessities are not so great, and, as a rule, they leave the whole burden to the Bureau of Entomology, of the National Department of Agriculture.

Now it might be thought that to find the natural check to any particular form of insect life would not be difficult, but this is not the case. Consider the purple scale, for example—an importation from China, that, for a time, was almost as serious a menace to the orange groves as the cottony cushion scale itself. In regions in China where the purple scale



The California State Insectary

abounded, it was useless to look for its natural check. The very abundance of the pest proved that no natural parasite was present. Then when a region was found where the scale and its parasite both existed, it was next to impossible to capture the almost invisible wasp that used the scale as a host, and transport it to America in a form in which it was likely to prove useful. The method adopted with success gives a good idea of the sort of expedients the scientific bug hunter must adopt.

Several small lemon trees heavily infested with the injurious scale were potted with great care, boxed up and shipped to China. Then they were transported overland into the interior of that country, to the region where the parasite was known to exist. Here Mr. Compere unboxed them and exposed them to the parasite until microscopic examination proved that the parasites had deposited their eggs in the scale. Then the trees were reboxed, sent to Hongkong, loaded on shipboard and placed in cold storage (in order to arrest the development of the insects), and conveyed to California. On arrival

there, it was found that all the parasites had died in transit; and the whole process had to be repeated. The second trial proved successful; the parasite was introduced; tested in the State insectary to make sure that there were no secondary parasites (to act as a natural check upon the multiplication of the parasites); divided into colonies for distribution to infected orange groves; and through its activity the purple scale was brought under complete subjection. It sometimes reappears; but whenever this happens the State insectary supplies a colony of the parasite, so that it is no longer feared as a pest, and does no appreciable damage.

Similarly, the yellow scale on citrus fruits; the *pulvinaria innumerabilis* on apple trees, the brown apricot scale, the San Jose scale and several other horticultural pests that once inflicted incalculable damage upon California orchards have been brought under subjection and control, by the importation of other insects that prey upon them. The California bug hunters have amply justified their calling, and have repaid

the expense of their maintenance in the field a thousand times over.

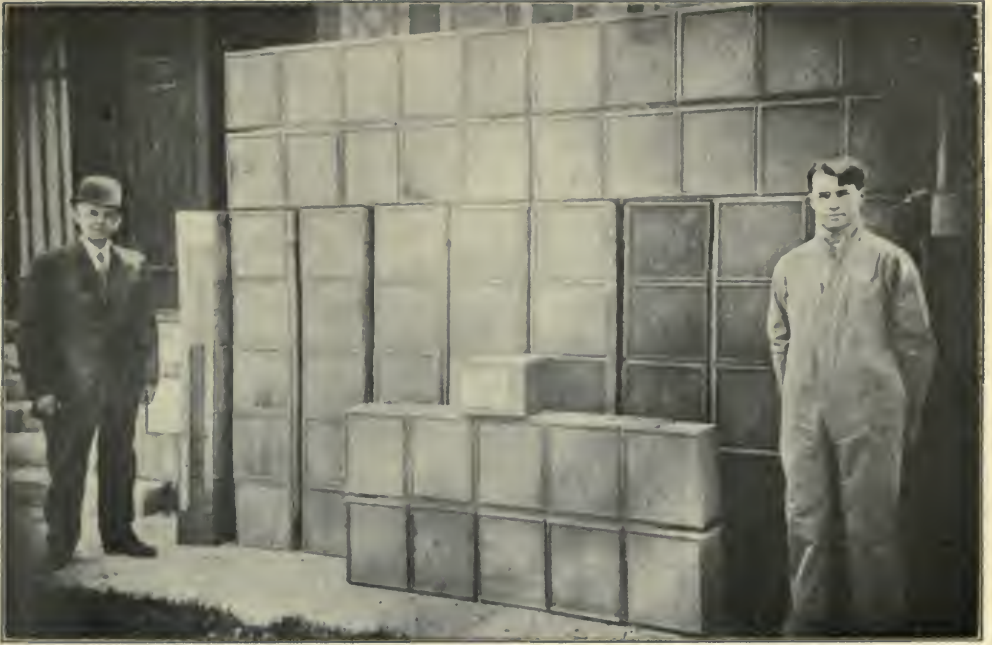
Of recent years, the production of watermelons and canteloupes has reached vast proportions in the Imperial valley, thousands of car loads being produced for the eastern market, where they command fancy prices, not only on account of their superior quality, but more particularly because they are the earliest melons on the market. With the rise of the melon growing industry, the melon aphid assumed the proportions of a terrific pest. The melon aphid has a natural check in the *Hippodamia convergens*, a native ladybird. However, the melon growers upset the natural life equilibrium of the Valley by irrigation, bringing the melon vines to the right stage for the activities of the aphid in April and May, whereas the ladybirds issue in January. In the absence of their appropriate food, they soon die, and when the aphid pest appears it has nothing to check its ravages.

That is to say, it did have nothing to check its pernicious activities until the

bug hunters and the State Insectary took a hand in the melon game. Away up in the canyons of the California Sierras the ladybirds breed in incredible numbers; and in January, February and March of last year, Messrs. Branigan and Whitney, field agents of the insectary, made bug hunting expeditions and collected three-quarters of a ton of ladybirds. These were found mingled with dead leaves, pine needles and other debris, from which they were carefully sifted, placed in bags, and shipped to the insectary, at Sacramento. There Acting Superintendent Maskew, in charge of the insectary, placed them in cold storage and kept them until needed, in April and May, when they were shipped in colonies containing 60,000 ladybirds each, to the melon fields. The mortality due to handling, cold storage and shipment did not average more than two per cent.; and as soon as liberated in the melon fields they attacked the pest with an appetite that was anything but ladylike. Last year's melon crop proved a record-breaker—thanks to the lady



Breeding Room in the Insectary

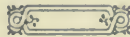


A shipment of Ladybird Beetles from the California State Insectary to the Imperial Valley

bugs, the bug hunters and the scientist in charge of the State Insectary.

It ought to be evident from these instances that bug hunting is a serious and dignified calling, of infinitely more importance to the welfare of the whole

people, and of vastly more interest to all as a bread and butter proposition than might be supposed, without due consideration of the results that have been actually achieved by the bug hunters.



Mapping the Pacific Highway

By A. L. Luce

The spirit of co-operation between adjoining counties and states in the matter of road building is constantly growing. The present agitation for a national highway from coast to coast is eliciting the support of prominent officials throughout the land, although the champion of this cause who is prepared to give his attention entirely to promoting the project has not yet appeared. Possibly one cause for the lack of aggressive interest along the Pacific coast has been the realization of what might be termed a more local need in the way of a good highway extending the length of our coast joining the principal cities

and affording easy access thru the wonderlands of our incomparable mountains, forests and streams.

With a view to learning the exact road conditions, Harry A. Lord, general manager for a Los Angeles automobile agency, started from Los Angeles in a Flanders "20" during the early part of September with Vancouver as his destination. The trip was completed in seventeen days, and Mr. and Mrs. Lord returned enthusiastic over the possibilities of a Pacific Highway and full of advice in regard to the condition of the road throughout the State, especially in Southern California. While the trip



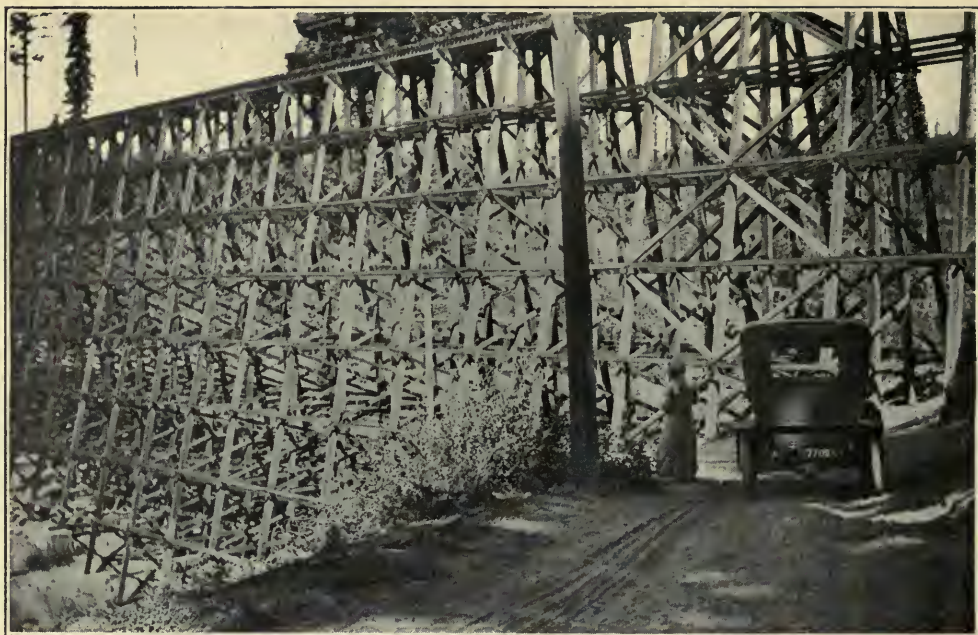
One of many mud holes found thru Oregon



Sacramento River Canyon, view taken from car

from Los Angeles to San Francisco includes some poor roads, there is more good road on this portion of the trip than on any stretch of equal length. There is need, however, of strong support at present for the Rincon Road

project, which if completed will be the first link in the chain of good roads extending northward from Los Angeles. Santa Barbara County still lacks a few thousand dollars to complete the fifty thousand which must be raised if Ventura



On road just north of Shasta Springs

County shall levy an equal amount. An opportunity is here afforded for those wishing to see the building of this scenic route which will prove a spur to other counties between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Subscriptions will be received by the Southern California Auto Club in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Lord left Los Angeles at noon on a Saturday, reaching Santa Barbara, 108 miles distant, before dark. San Luis Obispo was reached the next night and the third evening found them at San Jose, having traveled 206 miles during the day. On the trip between Bradley and Jolon the road was in bad shape, having been washed out last winter and vehicles now wind through a dry river bed. This stretch is badly neglected, as the only attention which it has received has been in the most sandy places, which have been bedded with straw. If this road is not improved it is doubtful whether the line of traffic will continue on this course, as there is now some agitation to have a new road follow the Southern Pacific tracks between these places.

Upon advice received at Salinas the



Covered bridge in Oregon. Many have doors at each end

trip to Gilroy was not made via Watsonville as tour book directed, but over the San Juan grade, a somewhat shorter route.

San Francisco was reached early the morning following and two days were spent touring about the city and visiting. Information as to roads and road conditions was exceedingly scarce. One may ferry across to Sausalito, but quite as satisfactory a route was found by crossing to Vallejo. This is a delightful

carrying a huge cinnamon bear which had been killed in the woods near Redding. A hog, quite a number of which are found running loose, very nearly caused a mishap. When it saw the machine approaching, it watched sullenly until the car was almost upon it when it bolted down the road. Not satisfied with its own side it tried to cross in front of the machine. One front and rear wheel passed over it and with considerable lament it hastened into the



Typical saw mill found in Washington and Oregon

trip of 34 miles. The ferry passes the Mare Island Navy Yards. From Vallejo to Fairfield and Woodland the roads are fair and are well marked.

The trip to Red Bluff was full of incidents and nearly included an accident as well. There are several fords to be made and some are quite deceptive. On one occasion the machine seemed to drop into a hole, the water came over the floor boards, but the car continued to pull ahead, though when it reached the bank only one cylinder was working. This occasioned a few minutes delay.

Shortly after this a machine was met

bushes, but the occupants of the car were nearly thrown from their seats, though the only damage was a severe shaking up. The good roads continued and the directions were clear.

Only thirty five miles were travelled on the next day. On account of the reports in regard to the shape of the road into Shasta Springs, Mr. Lord wanted a full day ahead of him. Some six or eight miles of bad going were encountered going into Anderson. A huge traction engine weighing 50,000 pounds is being used in hauling trailers carrying cement and lumber from An-



Among the big trees north of Portland

derson to Northern California Light & Power Company's new plant of 21,000 horse power twelve miles southeast. This train makes three round trips daily and the enormous weight has torn the roads up badly. No attempt to repair them will be made until the work is completed.

The road into Shasta Springs is every bit as bad as reported. There is in the

first place hardly a mile of straight road after leaving Redding, and the road bed consists of rocks and boulders and chuck holes. But perhaps the most nerve racking of all is the cordury road consisting of tree trunks laid side by side. Late in the afternoon Mt. Shasta's white cap became visible and the motorists felt that the scenery compensated for the discomforts of the roads. The need

for good roads through this part of the country is becoming more urgent. Here, as everywhere else one has to climb to get anywhere, but the surprises in store for the motorists as they top this grade or round that turn are worth the effort. The Shasta country is so beautiful that one is tempted to stop every mile and feast upon the view. The best of the country cannot be seen from the railroad, though anyone having passed through here will always remember it.

and it was some miles farther on that Mr. Lord learned that he had been "worked," as this was the common method of the ferryman to secure large fees.

The worst grade on the entire trip was found after leaving Coles. Reaching there about 7:30 in the evening and planned to stay there for the night. In spite of the fact that a storm was brewing and the nearest house was some twenty miles farther on, the landlord declared that he had a full



Traction engine, 120 H. P.; weight 50,000 pounds; used to trail cars carrying 20 tons each of cement or lumber

At Shasta Springs the weather was quite chilly.

Twenty-two miles north of Redding, after negotiating some very steep and rocky grades the party suddenly came upon the McCloud River, where a ferry was waiting. Big logs were almost filling the water way and the boatman had to handle his craft in a lively manner to avoid collision. There are tricks in every trade it is said. When the ferryman was questioned in regard to the charge he replied that with their good wishes he would feel amply repaid. A fee double the usual charge was given

house and could not accommodate them. Somewhat provoked, the party turned out into the road and proceeded though it was dark by this time. It was one long climb from Coles, where the elevation is 3,100 feet to the top of the Siskiyou Range. Seven miles farther on the elevation is 5800 feet. A rain the day before had put the roads in poor shape. One short hill was made much worse by having a stream flowing down the middle of it. A thirty per cent grade near the top made the going exceedingly difficult, and was sufficient to cause the gasoline which was very low to stop



Straw placed in road to make it passable

feeding. It was necessary to back the car until it stood sideways across the road so that the carburetor might fill to make a run of another few hundred feet. When the top was reached a new difficulty presented itself in the way of a slippery roadway due to a recent rain on the down grade. Of the four miles into Ashland the Flanders slid at least two miles with locked wheels.

Good accomodations were found at the Stewart Hotel at Grants Pass—the best since leaving San Francisco. About four miles from town two men were seen dragging a buck, which had been killed not five hundred yards away, to the road.

Motorists are advised to avoid the road through Cows Creek Canyon on the way to Roseburg. It is said to be very rocky and to include numerous fords. A road was found leading through Canyonville which by following the railroad to Wolf's Creek and turning to the left, was quite passible.

Between Roseburg and Eugene Mr. and Mrs. Lord met another Los Angeles man, Phillip Wiseman and party, who were touring from Chicago to Los Angeles via Portland.

It had not been necessary to use chains on the wheels up to this point but within a half an hour the mud became almost impassible. Four inches of rain the previous week had put the road in bad shape. One could force a stick into the ground for three feet quite easily. It required careful going and was necessarily very slow. Three and one half hours were required to complete the last seven miles into Comstock.

The next morning breakfast was over by 6:30 and 7:00 o'clock found the party on their way and at noon but six miles farther on. This was the least mileage made any day. Twenty miles had been covered when they put up at Eugene that night.

The party is still talking about that chicken dinner at Albany. Cream of

tomato soup, chicken and spring chicken at that, mashed potatoes, creamed carrots, English peas, sliced tomatoes, good coffee and a big cut of Oregon apple pie. There was a most remarkable sign on the wall "Have you had all you wish? There is more in the kitchen." All this for 25 cents.

"Ten miles of perfect road," is the way the going into Salem is described. They were now out of the mountains but surrounded by the hills. After leaving Salem Mt. Hood and its snow came into sight. Two days were spent in Portland. The Robert Stanwood Ferry took them to Carrolls Point where they arrived about one o'clock. A delightful ride of 88 miles took them into Olympia. There are long stretches of marsh land on this road which are well provided with bridges, one of them being twenty miles in length.

Thirty-two miles of elegant road were found between Olympia and Tacoma. The E-M-F and Flanders Branch at Seattle had learned of the approach of the party and a delegation of newspaper men greeted them twelve miles from town and escorted them into the city.

Bellingham, the destination for the next day was reached after dark. The approach to the city for some twenty miles is through an avenue of mammoth trees which close over ones head, shutting out the stars. Bellingham boasts of at least one very obliging policeman. When asked in regard to roads he volunteered to ride a mile and a half to

the city limits even though he had to walk back.

J. R. Vail, U. S. Custom officer at Lyndon, was able to give some information as to road directions, but the party was wholly unprepared for what awaited them in the way of bad roads enroute to the Canadian line. "A sea of mud and water," is the way Mr. Lord described it, with chuck holes so deep as to threaten to overturn the car.

Mr. Campbell, the Canadian collector of customs, is a very kindly man and directed the party to New Westminster. About eight miles from Vancouver three wagons completely mired were met within a mile. Victoria Drive is a fine road-way though somewhat narrow, and the Flanders was directed to the heart of the city by this road. While at the shipping dock, where the car was sent back, the Empress of India steamed into port, having just arrived from China.

During the last week of the trip the roads were all much more difficult to pass than they would have been had there been no rain. But even these conditions should not discourage the motorist with a reliable car. Great things are to be expected on the Coast when thousands of tourists will bring their thousands of motorists. That which is done now in the way of good road building will prove a valuable investment from which large returns will be realized.



To Joaquin Miller

By Robert Page Lincoln

Nor farewell yet thou rugged mountain oak;
 Still at the shrine of Life be with us singer grand!
 Who bore the flowers of song first to this land
 Of mountain solitudes—thy silver echoes broke
 On silent wilderness for to that voice thou spoke
 Cheery in answer when Youth gave his able hand.
 Ay! blessed to our hearts thou art to us who stand
 Eager with song to follow the fair light thou woke.
 I scarce can touch the pen upon the waiting scroll
 To pay thee homage for mine faltering voice
 Is like arisen to the skies—or on the mountain trail
 Sounds lofty for a moment but will quickly fail.
 Yet to the sweet soul call behest find this a choice,
 Between the wordless calm and Fame's poor toll.
 Oft on the wings of fancy I my short reprieve,
 Take simple hearted westward where the mellow light
 Of day bears constant sweetness and the night
 Opens to pleasure that which ne'er a heart will leave.
 And stealing to my thought a vision seems to weave,
 Across my fruitful mind and linger in my sight.
 'Twere thee hale poet! thee and thy splendid might
 Risen to greet mine eye—and why then voiceless grieve
 For lack of western singers when thou art our king!
 King of the stern, sweet song and tender melody—
 Of hoary mountains risen o'er the sea
 Of valley fruits and sunsets—ah, methinks this day
 Thou art another Wordsworth and will tuneless sing
 When day is done and all the land is gray.

The Piano Box Girl

By Jessie Davies Willdy

"If you're going along on your own business, ridin' sign, and you're on the trail of some fool suffragette cows that need turning back into their own range, and you come up over a little sandy rise, and you look down on the banks of that old mud pie, the Rio Grande river, and you see away off yonder a great big long box on a sand bar, about the size of a wagon bed, with a little mite of a girl setting on top of it cryin'; do you wait for her chaproom to come along to give you an introduction?"

"Oh, no, You just puts the spurs to your old Roan and plunges in, and you pulls up sharp by the side of said box, which same you see is wet and soggy like, and the little girl gives a scared scream, and looks up besechin' in your face and says she 'Oh,' and you finds yourself lookin' down the wobbly muzzle of a gun, and you says, jerkin' your bonnets, 'Here's how, ma'am' sorter feelin' embarrassed and getting things mixed. 'Oh,' she says, anxious like, 'WILL you help me save my piano, please?' And I thinks to myself locoed? sunstruck and ——— well, that's the way I did, and you'd do the same.

'Then' I says, sober like, 'where's your piano at, miss?' and she opens her big eyes wide and looks scairt and says she, 'this is it I'm settin' on.' Then I shore does blink and look around in all directions for a squint at the Osylum, but there's no such thing present, nor any livin' thing whatsoever, and I'm wondering what in peaches I'm going to do with the sweet little cryin' girl, an old bachelor cow-puncher like me.

"Would it please you, miss, to explain a few?" asks I, real tender, for she's sobbin' some more, and she looks so kinda little and lonesome.

"Well," says she, "I don't believe I'm scared of you and you look so big and kind, and those Mexicans are so cross."

"You see, I've just come out to Los Palomas, to stay with my brother, and help to make my living, and the only thing I can do is teach music and I was having my piano hauled across the river, from the railroad station. The Mexicans got afraid of the quicksand, and dumped my piano on this sand bar, and its wet, and ruined, and its all I've got. I rode over here from town, and my horse got away, and I've been here for hours, and I'm frightened, because one of those ugly old black Mexicans said I must pay for hauling it over, and he said he would be back soon, after he saw I had some money, and get his pay, or take my piano."

And I gives a whistle, real low, and says I "they'll be back, will

they? Well they don't take no piano with them. We'll just show them its *our* piano, and they don't want to get festive with yours with love. We camps right here, little girl, till the greaser shows up!" She looks so grateful happy, that I shure am glad them cows promenaded over here, for certain. Says I, "got any folks in town?" and she answers she has a brother that she was coming to live with, but the folks at the house where he lived, says he has lit out the day before she dropped off the stage, and so she has to follow him up.

"Pore Bud," says she, "I reckon he had to leave on business."

And says I, emphatic, "yes ma'am, that he did, for I knows him well, and he says to me, he says, he's mighty sorry to miss you, (making up the lie entire). Then I whispers real low to old Roan, "damn skunk! run away from the little girl, he did, to get shet of her."

"Well, miss," says I, we'll just wait here for Mr. Mexican ombrey, and see how he'll go to work to collect." I knowed well, there would be something acting, after the pore little girl's money.

I has a little snack tide on my saddle, and as its near noon, I spreads it out on our piano, and we eats as cozy as if we was already married, and housekeeping, to home.

She tells me that all her folks is gone, and nobody but her and Bud in the world. And then I thinks hanging down for a week ain't none too good for *him*. And she asks me if I supposes he'll be back soon, and you bet I assures her plenty that I think its most likely.

This here town of Los Palomas is some few miles from a railroad station, and the greasers freights over all the goods in ox wagons, fording the river when same contains any water.

So that's how the little girl came to be stranded on a sand bar with her tinkle machine, just waiting for me to come along, I reckon. Seems like we had been friends always, the way we confides in each other. I tells her all about me, and that I has a nice little shanty over at Dry Arroyas, and a bunch of cows wearing my brand, and there's grub aplenty, and a nice little garden with posies and such stuff in it. She looks so kinda sorry, and says she did wisht Bud would show up, as they could be so comphy together, and she'd keep house for him, and give music lessons to help out on expenses.

And I thinks to myself, there ain't nobody to take them lessons unless its some horned toads and a few ambitious jack rabbits. Well, we waits a long spell, but no Mexicans show up, and I didn't dare leave her alone there, and neither did we dare go and leave that soggy old music box to the ripplin waves.

She won't give it up, and she won't leave, so there we sat.

Then it gets dusk, and we are hungry, and stiff, and tired, and I tells her she better get on Roan and ride to town and send somebody with a wagon down to get the tinkle machine.

Seeing that she's so set on keepin' the thing, I mean to help her out on the deal.

After she strikes for town, and it gets dark, I lays down to wait. Bimeby I hears voices, and I gets out my gun, and listens sharp, and I hears a white man's talk mixed in with a greaser's lingo.

I makes out that they thinks its the little girl that's there on the music box, while I'm some confident its ME!

Knowing that she's got some money with her, I could bet accurate them skunks would be there on time.

They counts on robbing the little girl, now that its good and

dark. The water is flowin' some swift, but I hears 'em plunge in, and they splashes up to my roost, real close. They sees a heap of something layin' there, which they takes for the girl. Just as they gets close along side, I takes 'em short, and levels my gun, and roars "HANDS UP!" which you just bet they did, mighty obedient, at the same time sayin' some extra fine cuss words.

Then says I, "What you searchin'?" "Anything around here you've lost?" "Bud," I ventures, "get off your horse," and he climbs down, with his paddies elevated. I allowed that the gent would answer to the name, all right. "Now," I says, "leave your horse right here, and I'll take care of him. 'You pull up on the greaser's mount, and hit the waves due south, and don't bother none about that money; and don't you never stop this side the Mexico line, or, by ——, I'll kill you both.'"

Bud resists the action, and introduces a small gun play. So does I, and the consequence is that the greaser knocks a trail through the Rio Grande, by his lone, on his way to Mexico.

I makes my way to town on Bud's horse, which was stole, of course, and finds the little girl all safe and lookin' for me and I sends her to rest after assurin' her that I has left somebody with the tinkle machine, which I has, the same being Bud, or what's left of him. Long before daylight, I finds the sand bar and the piano, feelin' well as ever. I thinks for sure that them quicksands has swallowed up that black-hearted Bud for keeps, for the old river is ripplin' on, smooth and smilin'. But I'm some relieved, some months after, to hear of the skunk, alive and well, but he had the right notion never to bother the little girl none, and so I was right glad.

"Of course, her and me visits the preacher before we starts for Dry Arroyas, in a wagon with two good mules hitched to it, and our piano box reposin, in the back end of it, which we agrees will make a mighty good chicken coop, out home.



His Happy Fantasy

By F. E. Dannies

" Haven't you seen a little lass
 Trudging through the prairie grass,
 Say, boys, haven't you seen her pass
 Into the mining town?
 I sent for her yesterday morn, you know,
 I wanted to see her before I go;
 She's my little queen, no scepter to show
 But the fluffiest curls for a crown.
 " A kind little queen with a tender smile,
 She loved me well all that terrible while
 I was so wicked. She ran a mile
 For a kiss when I came away
 I have missed her so, I have missed her so.
 'Tis almost a year—ten years? Ah, no!
 My head is weak, it isn't that though,
 A year perhaps and—a day."
 The old man sank with his failing eyes
 Fixed as in hope on the sunset skies,
 As if from their glory she'd surely rise
 And greet him with soft eyes mild.
 He saw not the gleam of the heavenly gate,
 Nor the countless angels that there await.
 He only wondered why she was late,
 His beautiful, fair dream-child.
 God's messenger stayed his sword of might,
 In pity he folded his wings of white;
 For, lo, at the first of the morning light
 The hut door was opened wide.
 Ah, he had forgotten the years between;
 No little round-faced maid was seen,
 But a golden-haired girl of seventeen
 Crept to her father's side.

The Witch of Waikiki

By Edward Alexander Phillips

"That reminds me," said the clerk of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, of the day old Nanak Gnan arrived in Honolulu—him and his kid. Steamer day always found the whole native population, and most of the white, swarmed at the wharf to see the vessel dock, and this day was no exception. But as the white-haired old Indian strode down the gangplank, leading the boy, every man, woman and child in the crowd forgot all about the ship and stared straight at him. Why? I don't know. Certainly, I was as bad as any of the rest—perfectly conscious, and a little ashamed, of following him around with my eye glued to him as though I feared he might escape; but if anyone had tapped me on the shoulder and asked me what I meant by it, I'd have been forced to give him the same answer I've just given you—"I didn't know."

"There was something confoundedly queer about it. To be sure, he was a somewhat unusual-looking man, but the Islands were at that time full of queer-looking men—foreigners from everywhere. No, sir, it wasn't that. He was a man you just had to look at, whether you wanted to or not. At least that's the way it was with me.

Though at that time only a runner for this hotel, I entertained certain civilized views as to the treatment due strangers, and it made me hot to find myself one of that pop-eyed bunch of poi-eaters—mad at myself, y'understand.

"Well, sir, after trailing the old man like a blood hound till he got half way up to Queen street, and hating myself like an Apache all the time, I decided to break the spell, so to speak, and at the same time exercise the prerogative of a hotel runner to address any newly arrived stranger within the city gates. So, breaking through a gang of kanakas who ran alongside of him, with their eyes bulging out till you could have lassoed them with grapevines, I kowtowed and asked: 'Do you wish a hotel, sir?'

"Jerking his head around, he emitted something. Yes, it was a sound. I'm fairly certain of that. But what kind of a sound—I don't know. And yet, ding bust his hide, I knew he understood me perfectly and that-er-sound meant 'No.' Don't ask me how I knew it. I say I knew it.

"But recked I, think you, of the significance of his monosyllabic retort? N-n-no. Rather let us say that at the instant of its utterance Something Else claimed all the recks I had about my person. Was it a thunderbolt? I don't say—let's cut that out. Once for all, I don't know anything about the nature or whys or wherefores of anything. I'm simply stating what happened. The Something Else, as near as I am able to remember, flashed from the beady black eye which the old man turned upon me, and found its target—me. When I came-to it was dark. I went away from there.

II

"For a couple of months," continued the clerk, "prior to the arrival of the old Indian and his boy, the whole Island had been wrought up over the queer actions of a strange old woman, who, coming from no one knew where, had established herself in an isolated, tumble-down hut, away out there beyond the rice fields and taro swamps. The little cabin must have been built a great many years ago, perhaps in King Kamehameha's time, but by whom and for what purpose nobody seems to know. It's a couple of miles from any past or present human habitation. You can, if you look sharp, just see the tilted roof of it from the Waikiki road.

"Well, the old hag found this hut somehow and took up her lonely residence there. She didn't harm anybody. She kept to herself. As a matter of fact, her main purpose in life seemed to be to avoid contact with others. That it was that gave rise to all the gossip. Her mysterious comings and goings, skulking along hedges, dodging in and out of the shadows and scurrying across the open spaces at sight of people, as though the devil were after her, hot foot,—all that made folks talk, first the schoolchildren, who were the first to discover her, and then the whole gibbering population. Since she never came into town for supplies or anything, people got to speculating as to how she managed to maintain herself, who she was, where she came from, what she came to the Islands for. I'll stake my reputation there never was yet a woman struggling to keep out of sight who was so much in the limelight as was the Witch of Waikiki—that's what they called her, the Witch of Waikiki.

"Here at the hotel we had witch for breakfast, witch for luncheon and witch for dinner. The white guests were as bad as the fool kanakas. One woman especially, a Spanish lady, who lived in suite 22, seemed to be in constant fear that the old hag would float in through the open window on a broomstick, some ghostly, dark-o'-the-moon midnight and smother her. She had me jumping sideways keeping her posted regarding the latest developments in the solution of the mystery. When she couldn't reach me she'd sally forth herself, day or night, digging up 'latest developments,' as I supposed. It was about this time that I began to take myself seriously as a de-tective. I could see gobs of glory waiting for the man who solved the mystery of the Witch of Waikiki. I determined to be that man.

III

"Two days after the arrival of the steamer which brought Old Galvanic Battery to Honolulu I stood with Haki Yogi at the edge of his taro patch and looked across the swamps at the hag's hut. Yogi was reporting to me his long-distance observations of the mysterious woman's movements. I was making careful notes of all he said.

" 'Day before yesterday,' said Yogi, 'she put a bamboo pole up against the side of the cabin and crawled right up onto the roof.'

" 'She did!'

" 'Yes, and she had a spy-glass, or something, and she watched the steamer that came into the harbor that day, watched the passengers come ashore, and watched until it was too dark to see.'

" 'She did!'

" 'She did.'

" 'Uh-huh,' said I, 'uh-huh.' For I was a de-tective.

IV

"Old Galvanic Battery was as much of a puzzle as the hut hag. He multiplied public curiosity by two. After he had honored the Hawaiian capital with his presence for a month the unanimous decision was that all we knew about him was that we didn't know anything. Yet there was that cussed mystery about his movements and general conduct which gave rise to every conceivable kind and character of investigation with a view to getting onto his curves. The be-whiskered old mystic began to exercise an uncanny sort of influence over the people. Every once in a while something unheard of would happen to somebody and, in nine cases out of ten, it could be traced to the tomfoolery of this old spook. That's what woke our wrath.

"But, Holy Moses! We investigated till we were black in the face. Nothing doing in the solution line. Every time an indignant citizen got close enough to the old wizard to pass him a small decoction of public disapproval—biff! Something like a carload of electric volts and amperes and things would rush in out of the Nowhere and smite him hig and thigh. I stayed with the Committee of Investigation, in a purely advisory capacity, until four separate and distinct members of it, sent one at a time to interview Old G. B., came limping back with palsy, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, stringhalt, and things, and then I tendered my resignation, explaining to the Committee that the idea of prying into the private affairs of others, especially strangers, was exceedingly distasteful to me. Besides. I was de-tecting in another direction.

"Knowing full well that no sleuth, from Monsiur Lecocq down to Bill Burnes had ever achieved a great success without an almost superhuman exhibition of nerve, I now determined, come what might sink or swim, live or die, survi—etc., to beard the hag in her hut! You see, I wanted to find out how the old will-o'-the-wisp managed to exist out there in the swamps where nothing grew but cuckleburs and dog fennel. The determination of that point would make a rattling good clue to start with, wouldn't it? Oh, I'm Judge Wisey' eldest and brightest boy, all right, all right.

"Well, sir, there's a long-abandoned path leading from the Pali road off through the brush and winding around till it finally comes out at a point within a hundred yards of the old cabin. One bleak December night, as the crescent moon dropped behind the Oahu peaks, leaving all the eastern slope in inky blackness, I might have been seen entering this path. Armed with a dark lantern and a Bulldog pistol, I stumbled on, and on, through the night, my face scratched by the thorny boarbrush which grew along the way, my knees cut cruelly by the sharp stones upon which at times I fell in utter exhaustion. Well I knew that in the brambles which hung above the way the deadly centiped lurked with glistening, evil eye; that from the bull thistle which pressed the path on either side the poison-glut tarantula might any instant seize the fleeting chance to fasten his fangs in my pulsing neck. Turn back? He? Not on your life!

"Reaching at last the little open space in which the cabin stood, I prepared to cross it, when—something happened. The swish of a skirt—a human form outlined in the blackness. I leveled the dark lantern and tugged at the slide. In the agitation of the moment the blamed thing turned its glare on ME. A startled cry—a plunge into the thicket—I was alone. At least I hoped so.

"Calming myself, I gazed at the hut of mystery. It wasn't much of a hut, as huts go. Its roof was badly sway-backed and the whole wobbly structure seemed to draw itself back in disgust from the bad smell which assailed it from the nearby swamp. Only its dimmest outline was visible, but that somehow gave me the idea that it was about to topple over on its back. A faint light appeared through the chink under the door. I patted the Bulldog, readjusted the lantern, crossed myself and strode up to the barrel portal of the house of mystery. I knocked. No response. I knocked louder. Same result. I examined the fastening. It was a simple thing—not at all the sort of fastening you'd suppose would be used to protect a great mystery. I struck the door half a dozen resounding whacks with my fist and then, without any further foolishness, slipped the rope loop from the wooden peg and threw it open. Darkness there and noth—well, there were a few coals glowing in the old fireplace. The lady of the house was not in. To my great surprise the place was neat as a pin; but supplies there were none. Not a crust, not a grain of salt—nothing. I got a clue, however, a clue pregnant with suggestion, and you shall learn how I worked it for all it was worth. Poking about in the ashes of the old fireplace, away back in the corner where there wasn't any fire, I brought to light a sheet of queer looking letter paper. It bore a Calcutta date six months old, and this:

Vicinte:—

You still fail me. Your promises can no longer be trusted in. The formula I must have. I am coming to get it. Have it ready, or—

Nanak

"Resolving to keep my own council, I took another turn or two around the little room; then, stepping outside and fastening the door as I found it, I picked my way across the open space, settled myself in the bushes and decided to wait for the return of Madam. It was two o'clock by this time, and, though the night was black as a black cat, I had reasons of my own for keeping the lantern dark. I must have waited in the bushes there twenty minutes, maybe half an hour, when I caught the sound of a stealthy footfall at the end of the path, not a yard away. I determined to act. I'd flash the full glare of the light suddenly in her face—and grab her. I could barely see the outline of a muffled human form. My nerve was steady. I was calm. Rising slowly and noiselessly, I aimed the lantern deliberately at the head of the figure and—clicked the slide.

"At this point in my story," continued the clerk, after a pause, "I desire to ask that you eliminate, as far as possible, from your mind any idea that I am attempting to presume upon your credulity. I shall make a few, simple statements of fact, without comment. The distance, as the crow flies, across the swamps from the cabin to the Waikiki road is one mile and three quarters of another mile. Such a straight line would be at about right angles to the path by which I had traveled to the hut. As, over the entire distance, the ground is covered with a thick liquid mud, all the way from a foot to neck-deep, it might naturally be considered next to impassable for man or beast, on foot, even in daylight. Should one declare to you that *he* had traversed that sodden, slime-soaked and hitherto untrodden track, from hut to road, within a period approximating, we'll say, four minutes, you would incline, no doubt, to question his

veracity. Beyond the naked statement, made in all solemnity, that I am the man who did that thing, I do not care to press. When my lantern clicked, its glare fell full in the face of Old Galvanic, and I disdained to linger in the presence of one who once had snubbed me.

VII

"Before I was out of bed next morning the lady in suite 22 had a bellboy at my door with the request that I call at her apartments without delay. I made up my mind then and there that I'd talk pretty plainly to her; for, you know as well as I do, no solver of mysteries, especially witch mysteries, can afford to have his train of thought side-tracked at every turn by a scary, nervous woman. It made me hot. Immediately after breakfast, armed with a few well rounded bits of sarcasm and irony formulated by eminent cynics to discourage the meddler and the busy-body, I tapped at her door. Foiled! Without waiting for me to vent the venom of righteous indignation, she—she took the play away from me.

"'Come in,' she commanded, not unkindly, but with a firmness and assumption of superiority entirely new to her. 'Sit down. Don't speak until I have finished. You're on a wild goose chase.'

"'A wild—'

"'Silence. There are three persons on this Island who are laughing at your silly attempts to solve the so-called Witch mystery.'

"'But, how do you—'

"'Never mind how I know. I know. Now, mark you; There is one way, and one way only, that will lead to the success of your investigation, if your bunglings up to date can be dignified by the term. You must follow my directions—implicilty, unquestioningly.'

"'But, Madam—'

"'There must be no *buts*, I tell you. If you want to succeed you must do as I say. If not, go back to your hotel drudgery and ring the curtain down on the comic entertainment you are furnishing the audience of three. You hesitate? You doubt me? Very well, perhaps I may be able to dissipate your doubts. You made a visit to the witch's hut last night, by the old Pall path.'

"'Madam!'

"'You touched elbows with the Witch herself.'

"'What—How—'

"'You invaded the privacy of her home. Then you laid in wait for her, until you met another person, and you returned home by a different route—say we call it the swamp route.'

"'Madam,' I cried, 'I'm your slave. In fact, I'll be more than your slave if you'll agree to eliminate from our future intercourse all reference to the er-swamp route. The thought of it gives me poignant pain.'

VIII

"You've heard of the sinner who came to mock and remained to pray?" the clerk proceeded. "Well, the application would be superfluous. Before that woman got half through with me I was the wobbliest de-tective in these latitudes, and as the interview approached its close I was hollering for help. At first I couldn't help wondering what interest she had in the Witch of Waikiki, but all attempts to gain light on this angle of the tangling mystery were met by sharp reminders of my agreement. So, putting this and that together, I decided that my new colaborer was a clever secret agent for some government or big corporation and that the Witch

and Old Galvanic were fugitives from justice whom she expected to round up, with my assistance. But I balked, and balked hard, at her first order.

"‘The distinguished gentleman,’ she began, ‘whom you met at the hut last night—’

"‘Cut it,’ I broke in, ‘cut it right here. I quit. No more of that for me. Never—’

"‘Are you afraid?’ she purred. ‘You needn’t be. Listen—listen attentively. The distinguished gentleman has established himself in a quiet little temporary home, out at the end of Nuuanu street—second house from the bridge—the one that sticks up out of the water on stilts. You shall make a call at this little home—’

"‘Not yet!’ I roared. ‘Nope. Get another boy. No power on this earth—’

"‘Be calm, man, be calm. I say you shall visit the house, but you shall not see *him*. I’ll take care of that. Indeed, it would spoil our plans to have him even see you in the neighborhood. No, no, it would never do. So, pull yourself together. You will be expected at the house at eleven o’clock tonight.’

"‘Expected?’

"‘Certainly, by a friend—an ally.’

"‘Ally?’

"‘You recall the little lad who landed from the ship with your venerable friend? He is our friend, our ally. He will meet you—promptly at eleven. Now listen. An hour before midnight the old man will be at the hag’s hut. No, don’t doubt me. I know he would suffer torture rather than miss the appointment he has at that time and place. What you have to do is simple, but of vital importance. Be at the house a few moments before eleven, and, exactly on the stroke of the hour, toss a bit of gravel against the East window. There will be no light. At your signal the boy will step from the side door, hand you a small packet and return into the house without a word. Bring that packet to me and, three days from today, I will introduce you to the Witch of Waikiki, who will tell you all you wish to know about herself and—er—your venerable friend.’

"‘Ten o’clock that night,’ the clerk went on, ‘found me at the Pantheon saloon, attaching to my system a much needed brace. Half an hour later, a little unsteadily, perhaps, I was on my way. A minute before eleven I stood under the East window of the little house, pebble poised, waiting. As the clock in the belfry of the old Kaumakapili church clanged the first stroke of the hour, I thumped the bit of gravel against the shutterless pane. It struck the glass with a sharp click. Instantly the door opened and a youth thrust a tiny parcel into my hands. As my fingers closed upon it he disappeared, without a word.’

IX

"‘Next day the whole Island was in an uproar. Old G. B. was on the rampage. Three or four native policemen who had attempted to corral him had been ‘blasted’ in some manner they could not explain. They were out of commission. The whole force was demoralized. The people were terror-stricken. A mass meeting was called and six white men, all noted for unflinching bravery, volunteered to bring the disturber in and have him dealt with according to law. They scoured the city. Their quarry had dropped from sight. All day, all night and far into the next day they searched—in vain.

"The Lord knows what such conditions would have led to in time, and a very short time at that, had they continued. But they didn't. On the third day the joyful tidings came that the hoary old lightning juggler had got tangled up with a bunch of his own thunderbolts and had been reduced to a plain, ordinary corpse. Not that the death of him was plain or ordinary. Not a bit of it. It was anything but plain, and altogether extraordinary, inasmuch as it occurred on the very brink of the Pali and under circumstances as mystifying as had been the old Ran's life itself. And I shouldn't have said the corpse was ordinary either. Some sightseers found it kneeling up there, the hands stretched out over the edge of the precipice; and, though he must have been dead some hours, there was a life-like gleam in the up-straining eyes and his pose was that of a living man at prayer. And when they tried to straighten out the stiffened limbs and close the staring eyes, they couldn't move a muscle of that stone-like corpse. No, sir, not a muscle. Some say that he actually turned to stone when the breath of life went out of him, but I don't believe a word of it. It was just his blamed stubbornness and perversity that refused to die with him. That's what I say.

"And so we brought the body down the mountain and buried it in a square box, kneeling as they had found it up at the Pali. I stood there as they placed the cover on that thick square box, and (don't think me weak) I swear to you, I saw those straining, pleading eyes, eyes that seemed bursting from their sockets, as plainly when the heavy lid was tight nailed down as when I saw them staring at the sky up there where the dart of death had found a target in the old man's heart. I see them yet. Yes, sir, I see them right now.

IX

"Having no reason to doubt that my 'venerable friend' was good and genuinely dead, I began to understand and appreciate the foolishness and futility of fear, especially in a sleuth. Courage became my watchword. There was work to be done, work calling for a steady nerve, a clear brain, a brave heart. There was the personal interview with the dread Witch of Waikiki, and I determined I'd bring her to terms—ah, wouldn't I.

"The day dawned that was to be my day to shine. I rapped on the door of suite 22. Not in. I walked to the beach, returning an hour afterward. There was a crowd in the hotel office, ladies and gentlemen forming a circle about some one who was addressing them. I edged up to the crowd. There in the center stood my co-solver of mysteries, holding by the hand the boy who had given me the packet. She was telling the approving men and women how she had obtained permission of the authorities to take the poor little fatherless fellow back to his home in India. The kid seemed to like the idea first rate. As she finished speaking she caught my eye and darted at me a look full of meaning. Then, bidding the boy amuse himself about the office while she attended to some pressing private matters, she disappeared into the elevator. Three minutes later I joined her in 22.

" 'I see,' she began immediately, anticipating me, as usual, 'You want me to redeem my promise. Be a little patient. Before leading you into the awful presence of the Witch herself, I must acquaint you with a bit of her history. Listen.'

" 'A dozen years ago Vicente Sepulveda was the most beautiful woman—everybody said so—in India. She fell under the spell of

a certain great Indian scholar, Nanak Gnag. He was an Adept, all but a Master in esoteric knowledge. He possessed wonderful powers. Many declared he could even cause the suspension of certain laws of Nature. Though more than twice her age, he so wrought upon her that she finally consented to be his wife. He loved her dearly, very, very dearly, and told her many terrifying secrets about his powers and those held and exercised by the members of a certain secret society known as The Brothers, to which he belonged. She came to fear him, then to hate him. The Brothers, for some reason, appeared outraged by his marriage. They threatened dire things. She was secretly instructed to leave her husband, and the country, or suffer a terrible death. Fear of him only prevented her flight, for she knew that he had the power to wreak vengeance upon her, though she fled to the uttermost ends of the earth. Thus menaced from both sides, the poor woman was well nigh distracted. But in the height of her terror an inspiration came. She knew that Nanak possessed two wonderful formulas through the conjunction of the ingredients of which the force was developed which enabled him to perform all his seeming miracles. She watched for an opportunity, and, while he was on a journey to a distant city, she ransacked his private chests and drawers, finally bringing to light one of these formulas. Without this she knew he would be shorn of his power to do her harm. With it she left the country, leaving her baby behind.'

"Bereft by her act both of the wife he loved and of the power that made him secure from the evil machinations of those who would ruin him, Nanak Gnag began the long search which ended in locating the fugitive here in Honolulu. He wrote her many letters imporing her to return the formula. Had she done so she might have avoided any further meeting with him—she might not. His last letter you raked from the ashes at the hut the other night. Don't start—it was planted there for you to find. Why? Because, knowing that I knew of your possession of so valuable a clue, you would have been more amenable to reason when I called upon you for assistance. It would have been used, I assure you, if my knowledge of your flight from the hut had proved insufficient. Of course, it is plain to you now that the fugitive wife and the old witch are one and the same person, and that Nanak Gnag was the distinguished person whose remains you yesterday saw lowered to their last resting place. Here is the formula stolen from Gnag at Calcutta, and for a long time kept hidden under the floor of the hut in the swamp. Here is its companion formula, handed to you at the Nuuanu street house by my son.'

"Your son!"

"'Certainly.'

"And blast me if that woman didn't give a hitch to a sort of g-string at her back, letting her outer dress fall off, yank a white wig from somewhere about her person, pull it on in a jiffy over her own dark hair, give her face a dab or two with some powdery stuff and stood revealed—The Witch of Waikiki.

"I—I never said a word."

What *and* Why is Slang?

By Morris H. Crockett

Why is slang? Did you ever back yourself up into a fence corner, figuratively speaking, and ask yourself this succinct question? If you have, you found it to be a poser; and the more you thought of it the farther from a solution you seemed to be. Presently your "goat absconded," which, being translated, means you got "mad," In this state you vehemently protested that it didn't matter anyhow—we have it and that's all there is to it.

Yes, we most assuredly have slang, but that isn't all there is to it by any means. Listen.

For somewhere in the neighborhood of five thousand years that we know of, the world wagged along without slang—we wonder now how it ever managed it—and then we found that a slangless existence was no longer to be tolerated, and—presto—in a few short years we have become so fluent in its use and abuse that we are actually at a loss sometimes to give coherent expression to our thoughts without employing it.

Of course, there has always been provincialisms, dialects, idioms, and vulgarisms, but in all the histories of languages there is no trace of anything that matched our slang.

From whence came this pestilence? "Ask Sweeney." Its origin, for the most part, is as shady as were the characters of the people whom we are first told used it, and from them, in England, it is called "Thieves Latin," "Peddlars' French," and "St. Gile's Greek." On that side of the water these classes seem to have been the inventors and sole patentees of slang, but their brand never became popular over here. We went to work and made some of our own, which so far out classes their's that a denizen of Whitechapel would feel ashamed to engage in conversation on the East Side in Gotham.

Socially slang is a "climber" from Climbersville. No social eminence has daunted it, and to-day it walks as unabashed in the drawing-rooms of the elite as it does on the lower East Side in New York, as well as in all the gradations of society between. Its villainous propensities are unlimited. As a wolf in sheep's clothing, it has gained access to every calling in life, and wherever we turn there we find slang. It is yelled at us from the pulpit; stormed at us from the platform; thrust upon us by the newspapers and popular novels, and gently wafted to us 'mid the perfume of mothballs and make up "dope" from yon side of the foot-lights. Moreover, it seems to increase in the exact ratio in which any possible need of it is removed. From a few thousand words in Shakespeare's slangless time busy lexicographers have built up the list of words from

which we may choose our vocabulary to over three hundred thousand. But these aren't enough, or to our taste. We must coin and use some thirty thousand bastard words. We even have dictionaries of slang; and two writers, in "Fables in Slang" and "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," quite popular works that do not contain a line of pure English, sought to win for it immortality.

Is slang a cause or an effect? Are we lazy in our speech because we have slang—a little of which goes so far—to fall back upon, or did its introduction engender the linguistic inertia that has fallen upon us? I am inclined to believe the former to be true. To-day long speeches bore us. If our friends tell us long stories or are in the habit of discussing things to a considerable length, we assume an expression of extreme fatigue, shift from one foot to the other, and look away into the distance, thereby being very unmannerly besides losing the meat of the story or discussion. You see, it takes mental effort to follow him, and we are averse to it in any form. This is also the reason why moving-picture shows are so numerous, why ministers choose such subjects for sermons as "How to Be Happy though Married" (there is a suggestion of the sensational and frivolous about them that attract us), why lecture tickets have taken a slump, and why light story magazine stock is a good investment.

There is nothing beautiful or euphonious about slang. Now and then there is a word or phrase that clings in our memory like a bar from some jangling popular song by virtue of some peculiar arrangement of sounds it contains, but, for the most part, it is harsh and jarring to the ear, with no claim to the one sorry excuse that has been given for its existence: picturesqueness. for beauty is an essential requisite of picturesqueness.

"Words," once said a speaker before a Bostonian Society, "are a mirror of the people who coin them, and reflect the minds of the people better, perhaps, than architecture and other visible monuments."—(Dignified applause from the Bostonians.) If this is true of the coiners, it is just as true of those who welcome the coinages to their vocabulary. What, then, is to be said of the mental caliber of the group of "bachelor girls" from whose drab and purple conversation we catch such phrases as "wouldn't that rattle your slats?" "my, what a fright she looks!" "Gee, but ain't he a swell looker?" or that of the society lady whose friend is "in the swim" at a fashionable resort and who invites you to "cut in on a rubber of whist." This same lady uses "climber," "bounder," and kindred "picturesque (?) " words freely, but considers the use of "in the push,"—synonymous with "in the swim,"—"moak," "cove," et cetera, a subject for missionary effort.

Are we to ring for the keeper of the "boob hatch" if a friend bangs us on the back when we are caught wearing a thoughtful expression for a whole minute at a time and demands: "what's bitin' you, old top?" or when he asks to be "knocked down" to your best girl? Assuredly not; he is not a maniac, only a child of our "advanced civilization."

Century dictionary defines slang as the "cant word or jargon used by thieves, peddlars, and the vagabond classes generally." Accepting this definition, what are we to say of America and Americans? Ambrose Bierce says that to-day we mean by it something different and more offensive.

And this slang, this bastard argot, this philological monstrosity,

this slimy fungus growth of words is the only language outside of Redman's that dares wear the badge of pan-American. It is distinctly a home product, or at least of home adoption. Whatever taint of old world jargons it ever bore they have long since vanished, and it stands forth an undiluted Americanism. So much so, in fact, that European humorists have a great deal of fun with it. We, with our propensities for spending and otherwise being ridiculous, and our bizarre language are a laughing stock over there.

There is not a little irony as well as material for sober thinking in the fact that the most obnoxious of slang comes from our educational centers. They are, in fact, veritable mints of "queer" word coinage. Just why this should be so is hard to say; probably there is some complicated psychological reason. In one case, at least, it extended beyond the campus and dormitories. One of the professors in a certain university bemoaned the fact that slang was not yet in vogue when the bible was written, as, according to his opinion, the beauty of many of the passages would have been materially enhanced by a liberal sprinkling of slang. Thanks, professor, but we would not care for your version of the bible. Imagine old Solomon "handing this to us: "He is a bum and a loafer and won't hunt a job, so let him go broke and panhandle for the price of a meal ticket." And yet Paul asked the Lord if he should "go up against the Philistines."

Every walk in life has been behind in its contributions to our vocabulary. "Hiking" originated among the troops in the Philippines during our late unpleasantness with Spain and is a corruption of a native word meaning to move on, or travel. It is synonymous with "beat it," which is purely American and means to "hit the high spots." The soldiers also brought "cold feet" from their sentry duty in the Philippines. "Treking" came to us from far away South Africa, being adopted by the war correspondents who "wrote up" the Boer war. It is Dutch for "hiking." The expression "Great Scott" dates back to the Mexican war in which General Winfield Scott distinguished himself and is an example of the tenacity with which a phrase clings to our vocabulary long after the sense has departed from it. "Cinch" comes from the paddocks of the race course and means a "sure thing." A "lead-pipe cinch" is a doubly sure thing. For "ditch" "side track," "off his trolley," et cetera, we are indebted to the railroad calling. Chasing the word "brick," as affectionately applied to a human being, full cry back through the years it leads one into the gray mists of antiquity and to Aristotle and Plato. "Up the flume" was handed down to us by the forty-niners, as was "petered out," "up Salt Creek," a synonymous expression, defies research. "Roundup," a cow country colloquialism, has degenerated into common slang and needs no defining. "Cut of his jib" and "hard up" floated to us on the tides, being sailor expressions. "Graft," a very popular expression as well as occupation, probably came from the nursery. It is very well understood in its new sense. "Hello," shades of our Puritan ancestors, is of Boston origin. Ask the telephone girl its exact meaning.

But where, oh where did "put one over," "kibosh," "brace," "touch," "pinch," "swipe," "up against it," "hough," "on one's uppers," and a thousand and one others of their ilk come from? They are simply the natural fruits of twentieth-century training, or the lack of it. They are noxious weeds that have sprung up and are choking out the flowers in our language garden—the result of laziness.

ness and neglect. Instead of cultivating a vocabulary, people use slang; it is so much easier.

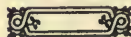
The life of most slang is pyrotechnic, adventurous, and, thank Heaven, short. A word or phrase is coined, just how or where no one knows. It ascends the sky of popularity like a skyrocket. But presently there is an explosion, a shower of sparks, and—it is not. The fashion has changed and this particular expression is heard no more. It has gone the way much of our popular music travels (there must be a large space at the other end of the road). Once in a while a word comes to stay. Such a one was "quiz," which, on a wager, was chalked on the window shutters of Dublin one night. The next morning it was on every one's lips, and to-day it is in the dictionary. Few fare so fortunately, however, but there is forever a swarm of questionable words hanging about the portals of respectable dictionaries, and once in a while one speaks in. Outwardly it looks perfectly good, but when its ancestral tree is sought for it is discovered that it has none. Hence, the English language has been "stung again," it has accepted another gold brick. Such words are "boycott," "humbug," "hocus pocus," "cove," et cetera.

In four hundred years the English language has grown from thirty thousand words, in Bacon's time, to over three hundred thousand. Its progress in the next four centuries will be even faster. It would require good hard application on our part to master the language of Chaucer's time (500 years ago), and the language of King Alfred's day (1000 years ago), would be as Greek to us.

Slang's part in this natural evolution and metamorphose of the language has been and will continue to be, small. Civilization has made long strides in the last thousand years, and our language, which must always march step by step with advancement along scientific, commercial and social lines, has been sorely put to it to keep up.

This is primarily a constructive age—an age when every day brings us something bright and new from the mint of human achievements. This keeps us forever on a "still hunt" for a word by which to designate this new thing. Such words are perfectly legitimate, born of a demand. "Aerogram," "automobile," "aeroplane," "taxicab," and hundreds of others are fair examples. Slang is the clown that plays along the edge of this busy crowd—a senseless, useless appendage to the show, but sometimes amusing by virtue of its extreme absurdity.

"Every cloud has a silver lining." Slang, like some other things that are the subject of a great deal of noise, is only a fad. Like the seventeen-year locusts, the hobble skirts, the seven-year itch, and the Japanese war scare, it has frisked boldly up the long road of the world, defying all of Nature's laws by gaining momentum as it came up; but, like these other pests, its tracks will be even farther apart in its career toward oblivion. God speed its going.



An Automobile Trip to the Grand Canyon of Arizona

By Fred Lynch

All summer there has been an automobile livery carrying sight-seers, principally tourists, from Flagstaff to the Grand Canyon of Arizona, a distance of seventy-three miles, and all summer I had been waiting a chance to make this overland trip. Finally the opportunity came. I took two days off for rest and recreation, but instead sandwiched in more real manual labor than I have undertaken since leaving the Indiana farm. For the trip was one of many unexpected adventures.

The livery car, driven by Mr. McLucas, carried a precious load of four female school teachers from the Normal. Dick Carman and myself trailed in a two-seated thirty horse power Firestone car. We left town at 6:30 A. M., ran to the "Cedars," which is only a clump of cedar shrubbery where a supply of gasoline is kept for automobilists, thirty-one miles from Flagstaff. Here a fire was quickly built and breakfast cooked. The journey across the plains was then resumed. Everything went bully until we came to the Moqui water hole, where water for range cattle is stored during the dry season, fifty-five miles out. This was the thirteenth trip Mac had made to the Canyon during the summer, and it was certainly a Jonah. The water hole had been dry all summer, but the rainy season had struck that country before, and there was considerable water in the hole. Mac did not suppose that the water was deep and thought the bottom must be solid, so started his car across. When about two-thirds through, one rear wheel fell into a deep rut, and the old horse came to an abrupt halt. The stop fortunately was near enough shore that the ladies landed without wading. The car's own engine was not powerful enough to move her. After sizing up the situation from all points, we tried hitching on both front and rear with the small car, but could not budge the obstinate thing. After exhausting every trick known to an automobile expert, Mac retreated about half a mile to a deserted log shack, not wishing to take chances with the old-maid school teachers, removed his suit and substituted an old tar-smearred one, carried for emergencies, came plodding back the rocky road in Nature's stockings and waded out in three feet of water. He slowly, but surely jacked the car up out of the mud, built a rock foundation under the real wheels, and after four hours strenuous labor, the three of us got the car out of the sink hole. Then we loaded in the women, who all this time had patiently watched our maneuvering, singing such inspiring ditties as "Throw Out the Life Line," etc., and bid a fond farewell to the Moqui water hole.

Fourteen miles beyond, while our cars were running beautifully through the wonderful Coconino forest, crack, went rear right-hand axle of Mac's car, piling the women up in a heap by the road side. More gloom. It was three miles to Pete Berry's hotel, Grand Canyon, and Mac took the females into the resort in two instalments, while Carman and I walked. A joy ride we were having, indeed. Had all gone well, we should have arrived at Berry's at noon, but with all our grief we made it at six. However, we caught a sunset glimpse of the Canyon, when its most beautiful. The next morning we were up at six repairing the broken axle and bringing the large car to the Canyon settlement, made up chiefly of Berry's huge log hotel, which is attractively ornamented on the interior in true Western style with Navajo Indian rugs and Moqui Indian baskets and plaques, with a fire place in one end of the building big enough to take in a log. A most cheerful corner to while away a chilly evening.

After dinner we drove from the hotel to Grand View point, and took a parting glance at the sight which can never fade from memory. Every one has read graphic descriptions of this greatest of Nature's scenic phenomena, but no pen or brush can do it full justice. It is eighteen miles from rim to rim, in many places. A rushing torrent—the Colorado River—is very distinctly seen on the opposite side of the Canyon from Grand View Point, 12 miles distant and nearly one mile below. Scores of stupendous domes and gigantic pillars—beautiful architectural objects planned by the Great Architect—are everywhere, showing many colors of rock formation—marvelous work of Nature's paint brush. The mysterious awed silence overhanging the whole scene is almost overwhelming. One may sit for hours on the rim, looking down, and there always appears something new and strange from the mossy depths. Building surrounding an abandoned copper mine at the bottom of the Canyon appear to be mere blocks of wood. Stray cattle imprisoned in the huge crevices of the Canyon seem but mere creeping things.

At two o'clock we started back over the seventy-three miles of the distance without seeing a single human habitation, and only by sheer accident a wandering cow-puncher or forest ranger, loyal guardians of the cattle king's herds and Uncle Sam's domain. We were congratulating ourselves that the return journey was going to be without mishap, when near the famous water hole, one of Mac's tires blew out going up a long steep hill. The women unloaded and hiked to the summit. We bound up the wounded tire with a rope, reached the top, and once more sped the school mams, singing on their way. While filling the canteen with water for the car engine at a wash, Mac, the rascal, ran out of sight around a hill, and was going like the wind for Flagstaff. In our extreme haste to overtake him, we ran off on a branch trail. Neither of us had been over the road before, except going out, and all roads look like brothers on that great Mesa of sage brush and sand. The vastness of this great out-doors cannot be conveyed to one who has not been over it. We discovered our mistake after running several miles, and only then when our car became stalled in a wash. We worked desperately to release her, for we knew Mac was fast reeling off the miles ahead, and we also realized we were lost on the desert fifty miles from civilization. I grabbed the field glasses, ran to a near-by hill-top trying to spy the cuss with the women, but not a speck of anything resembling an automobile was in sight—nothing but a stray steer here and there toward the horizon—and the shadows of night beginning to creep over the knolls—grim sentinels of the desert. Then I ran

back over the road we came and by close scrutiny located the road Mac had taken by the tell-tale mark of the rope-wound tire in the dirt. I gave Carman the high sign of hope; back he came. I boarded the car on the fly and we hit the trail after Mac like Burman on the Indianapolis speedway. Mac had waited at the Cedars, meantime supplying his machine with gasoline for the run home. Once more the women had shown remarkable patience, while waiting for us to come up to them, especially considering the fact that they were paying \$10 each for this automobile trip, and still they sang. Ten miles beyond the Cedars, the small car went dead. Gobs of gloom. Regardless of all we had said to Mac at the Cedars about again running away from a couple of novices, our last grief found us alone once more without a mechanic, and a cloud of dust about two miles ahead was convincing—he was waiting for no man—like the tide. We coaxed the dawn contraption for thirty minutes, when all of a sudden she decided to move on. We made a good sprint from this point until within twelve miles of town, when the blamed contrivance threw up the sponge and took the final count. Bunches of gloom. We tried the coaxing gag again, vainly trying to fan the critter back to life and action, but, alas! she seemed beyond human succor. We pictured Mac and the women snugly in their beds, and the thought matched up with our predicament—stranded in the pine forest, without food or liquid refreshment, was not comforting. We worked in shifts cussing, then in chorus, and the pines moaned with us. Exhausting our vocabulary, we held a sane mass meeting, it being unanimously agreed to hike to flagstaff. Therefore, leaving our baby dead in the road, at ten P. M. we set out through the deep woods, with just sufficient illumination from the friendly moon filtering down through the pine boughs to show us dimly the road as it wound among the trees. Such had been our tribulations for two days, we were truly grateful that rain did not drench us to the hide as we trudged doggedly along the lonely pike. Neither had tasted water since we left the Canyon and a swig from a horse trough along the road revived us greatly. At 12:30 A. M. we staggered in One Lung's cafe, Flagstaff, in a hushed condition. I am now familiarly known as the "walking kid," and I haven't struck the boss for a day off since.

Carman and I often speak humorously of the incidents of that trip, which were not jokes at the time. But we saw the Grand Canyon of the Arizona. Probably automobiles are the proper caper for some people, but next time, believe me, it'll be the good old horses and wagon for mine.



Editorials

The months will soon pass and "exposition year" will be here almost before we know it. This *The San Francisco fair.* The whole state will feel a vital interest in it. Its success will redound to the glory and advantage of every county from Siskiyou to San Diego. We shall all boost for it. We all shall co-operate with the city by the Golden Gate to make it a mighty success. The sight-seers coming from all countries shall find warm hearted welcome here, and the famed California hospitality shall make them all happy. Whatever sectional jealousies may now exist, they shall then be forgotten and the entire state shall stand open-armed before the world to entertain our guests.

Los Angeles is gaining an enviable reputation as a convention city. Within the next two years between 30 and 40 national or international conventions will be held here.

The committees having these conventions in charge are no longer afraid that Los Angeles "is too far west," nor fear that the distance will make the attendance small. There is a magic in the word "California" and "Los Angeles" is a name to conjure with. Its glories are known wherever the English language is spoken, and there breathes but few men or women with souls so dead that they have not looked longingly toward this land of romance and enchantment

and felt a deep desire at least to visit this wonderworld of beauty praised in song and story. A convention offers a good excuse and opportunity to see this famous land, at small expense and in company of friends and comrades. We prophesy that conventions will find Southern California more and more attractive, and will come again and again to look upon the wonders of our beloved southland and to enjoy our hospitality.

There is not a section of the country so rich in its natural beauty, so varied in its scenery, so unique in its native wonders, as our Southern California.

How regrettable it is that so few of our many tourists take time to visit all the points of interest and appreciate the glories of our southern wonderland. Residents of many years are not always acquainted with its multitudinous beauties. Avalon, with its marvellous marine gardens, Balboa Bay, with its fascinating vista of sea-colorings, Mount Wilson, with its panorama of mountain peak, valley and ocean, Redlands, with its fairy-land of flowers, a thousand varieties in a mile, Mir-a-mar, with its luxurious cottages surrounded with gardens of exquisite loveliness, Imperial valley, with its cotton fields, the wonder of modern agriculture, San Gabriel mission, rich in historic association, a reminiscence of the days of the padres, Mojave desert with its astounding irrigation systems,

and so much else—in so small a compass. The east has nothing similar to offer. How many have seen it all? Too few, alas! How amusing that so many of our citizens hie them away to Europe while here are wonders and beauties fit to tempt the brush of the artist or the harp of the singer.

The gullibility of the investing public is phenomenal. A thousand lambs are
Wild Cat fleeced and tossed outside
Schemes. the fence without anything
 to temper the wind, and
 a new flock of innocents

will gambol gaily into the pen to be sheared. A thousand get-rich-quick concerns are exposed and yet the office of the next charlatan is thronged with people trying to give away their money. Another thousand oil or mining companies are subjected to hydraulic pressure and the remaining assets are of doubtful value, leaving the sorrowing investors with gaudy certificates as mementos of fond hopes faded, and yet the man who goes forth with some more pretty stock pictures has no trouble to dispose of them at fancy figures. Said the cynical Barnum, the people like to be fooled, and when we see how skeptical people are concerning legitimate investments and how eagerly they possess themselves of worthless stock and unmarketable securities we are compelled to admit that the showman was right.

The wise man sitteth in the bank and giveth sage advice but the populace passeth him by with contempt for lo, he dispenseth wisdom. The knave getteth him mahogany furniture and much jewelry and speaketh plausible, and lo, the multitude do run and pour their hard-earned money into his lap, for he speaketh a language that they understand, even folly. Thus hath it ever been, thus shall it be so long as man loves the tinkle of silver coins falling upon one another.

Few states offer so promising a field for investment as California. Its natural wealth is fabulous. Treasures to enrich an empire lie buried in hillside and plain. It is to be deplored that so many fake schemes and fraudulent concerns have used California resources as an excuse to mulct and rob the public;

thus bringing discredit on the state. Let us hope that stringent laws may soon be passed making this kind of exploitation impossible. Great fortunes have been made here and greater fortunes will yet be made. California needs the development. Every reasonable inducement should be offered home and foreign capital to invest here, and every legal protection given. The unscrupulous promotor and stock-jobber, the parasite and outlaw of the financial world, should be placed under the bar. The law must protect the investor, large and small, against his own fatuous credulity, against misrepresentation, and manipulation, to the end that legitimate business may be fostered and capital enabled by the development of the native wealth to enrich the community as a whole.

The annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church and the organization of the sixth Christian Science church in the city last month served
The Religious to emphasize once more
Spirit. the deep, earnest religious spirit of Los Angeles. Without being Puritannical and without being "unco' guid," the people are devout and have a profound appreciation for religious things. It would also seem as if the balmy climate carried its salubrity into the very religious nature, because while the people are pious, are firmly convinced of the correctness of their own church and its beliefs, and are earnest in their efforts to propogate its doctrines, yet the religious life of the city is pervaded with a sweet and sympathetic tolerance, that sees the good in every creed and is willing to wish Godspeed to all movements seeking the betterment of society and the uplifting of the human soul. Bigotry and sectarianism are dead in Southern California; a gentle spirit of sympathy and goodwill animates the church in all its branches.

Former President Roosevelt during his recent visit to California declared that the legislation this
Popular year by the California
Government. legislature met with his hearty approval, and was more in harmony with his ideas of govern-

mental policy than the legislation of any other state. This legislation had for its object the establishment of popular government. It was an earnest attempt to create a real democracy "broad based upon the people's will." The amendments passed upon by the citizens on October 10th were designed to make the state government in fact as well as in theory a popular government. Governor Johnson by his recent swing around the state explaining to the throngs that assembled in every city to hear him, was another appeal to the popular judgment. In olden days legislation was acted upon more or less in secret, and the people's representatives were conspirators rather than legislators. But things have changed. The reference is always and everywhere made to the will of the people.

All legislation should be subject to revision by the people. The people should have power to initiate legislation and such initiation should be mandatory upon the representatives. The people should have power to recall public servants who prove themselves unworthy of the public trust. These are fundamental principles in the progressive, democratic thinking of today. In establishing truly democratic government California is among the leaders.

The people can be trusted—that is the keystone of the arch of direct legislation.

Perhaps nothing so accurately gauges the prosperity of a town as the bank clearings and the building permits. In both these particulars Los Angeles ranks high. There was an increase in bank clearings in September, as compared with the same month last year of \$14,497,022, very nearly 25 per cent. The total for the current year may crowd its way nearly to a billion dollars.

During the month, 1,230 building permits were issued, calling for construction of an estimated cost of \$2,813,247. Over 500 of the permits were for frame houses. Thus September added, as did August, over five miles of new homes to the city's growth. The record for the month exceeded that achieved in Sep-

tember last year by over a million dollars and, with one exception, is the largest in the city's history. These figures are sure indications that good times prevail in Southern California, that the growth of Los Angeles is of a permanent character and that we have every reason to look to the future confidently.

The newspapers tell us that Europe is convulsed with war, industrial troubles,

Land of Peace and political upheavals
and Plenty. and tribulation.
Bloodshed, riot and
turmoil rule the na-

tions of the continent. But the news comes to us in this western empire like vague memories of an unpleasant dream. It seems so far away, so unreal. Soft shimmering sunshine floods the land with genial warmth. Innumerable flowers scatter their petals on our paths. The earth gives forth plentifully and good fortune showers upon us her choicest gifts. Peace broods over our hearths and offices. It is difficult to realize that our fellowmen overseas are locked in fratricidal strife, or are striving against ancient forms of tyranny to obtain liberties that to us are commonplace and unappreciated. The battle cries and shocks of war reach us like belated echoes of forgotten conflicts. But how many of us have offered a prayer of gratitude that our lines have fallen in such pleasant places? Or remembered in tender thought and sympathetic affection our brothers of other races and other climes manfully fighting the age-old battle of freedom?

Los Angeles is a city without a slum. We have our "courts" where cholos huddle together in

A City wretchedness and
Without A Slum. squalor, but we have

no congested districts breeding crime, disease and misery as have nearly all the eastern cities. Our care must be that the slum never gain a foothold. Its advent is insidious, and unless we are vigilant we may awake some day to find that the fearful thing that menaces the peace, health and order of eastern cities, becoming a baffling problem to civic government, is a reality among us. Just as we guard

against the plague, just as we put up barriers against undesirable classes, so must we oppose every interest, every condition that would foster a slum. With our climate, with our economic conditions, with our opportunities for unlimited expansion in all directions, it would be a disgrace and a wickedness to allow a slum ever to establish itself. We have an excellent Housing Commission, capable, energetic, humanitarian, and we must give all the needed support in their efforts to save us from the slum.

One of the most powerful forces at work combating the white slave traffic and its sodden depravity is the American Purity Federation, composed of well known and public spirited men and women from all parts of the country. The Sixth International Purity Congress which convenes this month in Columbus, Ohio, expresses in some measure the practical efforts of this body in arousing public sentiment against a disgraceful condition existing in most of our large cities. One result of the vigorous educational campaign which they have waged is the greater freedom in which questions of sex hygiene are discussed in public schools. That this matter, so pertinent to children's welfare and so important to their moral development, should so long have been neglected is a wonder to thinking men and women.

We are glad to commend to the attention of our readers the article "Practical Hygiene in One of the California High Schools" by Augusta C. Bainbridge, in the current issue of *Out West*. And we would suggest that parents who hold the interest of this matter at heart should heed Miss Bainbridge's advice and visit one of California's High Schools to learn at first hand the valuable work which is being done in this direction.

The laxity of public morals has been, we believe, due more to ignorance of conditions than to placid toleration on the part of citizens. That the American Purity Federation deserves the support of every public spirited man and woman

goes without saying. With such well known people as Dr. Madison C. Peters of New York, Commander Miss Booth of the Salvation Army, Bishop McDowell of Chicago, Wiley J. Phillips of Los Angeles and Judge Ben B. Lindsen of Denver, associated with it, the practical and efficient character of its efforts will be readily understood and appreciated.

Nor is the prosperity of the community lodged in the hands of a few individuals who fatten by the impoverishment of others. The prosperity is well distributed among the people. As proof we need only cite the savings bank records. As the Los Angeles "Tribune" so well says:—

"The postal bank of Los Angeles ended its second week with close to a thousand depositors. There were on deposit nearly forty thousand dollars. This is a remarkable showing, considered alone, and proves beyond cavil the popular demand for the new government department. It is still more remarkable showing considered relatively.

"The four great cities of New York, Chicago, Boston and St. Louis reported deposits of about \$250,000 in the first three weeks—a weekly average about the same as ours. But New York has about eighteen and Chicago about eight times the population of Los Angeles; so that, reserving the comparison, we have done about fourteen and eight times, respectively, as well as those cities.

"It is another demonstration, taken in connection with the showing of local private banks, of the high average of individual prosperity in Los Angeles. The postal savings showing certainly has not reached high water mark in America here because of any need of such service. The city is famed for the number and strength of its private institutions, and one of them has just decided to increase its capital by a million.

"An occasional easterner of superficial information talks of Los Angeles as a 'boom town'. Here's his answer."

Practical Hygiene in one California High School

*Augusta C. Bainbridge
In Sierra Educational News*

Any honest man or woman who doubts the possibility of practicability of teaching physiology and hygiene, even to the subject of personal or sex hygiene, in the public schools of our state, should visit the Polytechnic High School of Los Angeles.

This school was favored for many years in having a level-headed school man as principal, Mr. J. H. Francis. His object in conducting the school was not merely to keep the grades intact, the classification complete, and so grind out graduates squared and trimmed for college; but he realized that human beings were in his care. He studied how best to prepare them for life. When Mr. Francis was called to take the superintendency of the Los Angeles city schools, his position in the high school was filled by Mr. W. A. Dunn, a fellow teacher of several year's service, whose ability to continue the sane policy of his predecessor has been fully proven by the increased attendance and interest.

Having been invited to visit the classes in physiology and hygiene at the Polytechnic, we chose the first hour in the senior class-room, where, under the guidance of Miss Ross, vice-principal, and Dr. Laura B. Bennett, special teacher and lecturer on hygienic, the girls of the twelfth year selected the subjects they would like to consider during the closing semester of their high school life.

In her introductory remarks, Miss Ross informed the girls that they were at liberty to choose twelve topics for the twelve periods that had been set apart for the subject. She also gave a short review of the advance made dur-

ing the nearly completed four years these girls had been attending the school. First, there has been a noticeable decrease in mouth, throat and nose diseases since the bubbling fountain has been substituted for the public drinking cup. Second, skin and scalp diseases have almost entirely disappeared since the towels have gone to the rag man, and the combs have been consigned to the ash barrel. These girls had received instruction in this branch during the ninth, tenth, eleventh years and one-half of the twelfth year. While the attendance was optional, it was noticed each term that the classes were filled to the limit.

After stating her entire approval of the plan, Dr. Bennett, in her quiet, convincing way, said pleasantly, "Yes, girls, I see the question in your faces. We shall have two talks on sex hygiene; then you may ask all the questions on that topic you want to." The nods and smiles of satisfaction in response, showed the deep respect with which Dr. Bennett was regarded by the class, and the perfect sympathy existing between them. The attitude of the girls was optimistic and gave the impression that a noble womanhood was the goal they were trying to reach.

To see those sixty bright young women, so well informed, so wide-awake to their needs, so anxious to gain further knowledge on this important subject, so earnest in their requests, so free and frank in the expression of their desires, so clear in their reasons for their questions was a treat never to be forgotten.

Hands went up faster than their

owners could be called upon. It was something like this:

"Well, Mary?"

"I've forgotten what you said about headaches, Dr. Bennet."

"Very well, write that down, Susie, for number three. We all want to learn how to live without headaches."

"What is it, Anna?"

"I would like to hear something about the stomach and food."

"How to have and keep a healthy stomach," said Dr. Bennett; "put that down, Susie."

"The care of the hair is one I should like to hear," answered Minnie.

"Very well," said Dr. Bennett, "a fine head of real hair, glossy and abundant, belongs to every woman."

And those girls looked smilingly at once to Miss Ross, whose pretty brown hair, rolled away from her face and coiled at the back, gave no lodging place for "rats." Smiles and nods passed up and down and across the aisles. For the tidy, becoming way these girls, themselves, dress their hair, showed conclusively that they had profited by former lessons. Rats, puffs and frowns were noticeable by their absence.

"What is it, Josie?"

"What shall we do for black-heads, pimples and such things on our faces?" asked Josie.

"Put those two together," said Dr. Bennett to Susie, the scribe; "The care of the hair and the skin, for you will remember we found out that if we live as we should—eat, breathe, bathe, exercise and so forth, in harmony with the laws of nature, we shall have fine skins. For the complexion is only the skin of the face. Now, Kate."

"The brain, please; for I want to study a whole lot, and I must have a strong brain to go through the University."

"Yes, the brain and the nervous system, Susie," said Dr. Bennett, smiling at the earnest face turned so trustingly to her.

And so the talk went on, as a mother with a large family of daughters, until the twelve topics were named and recorded by Susie. The spirit of the call was suggestive of the morning glory song, "Keep on Climbing." They all entered into the discussion sincerely and heartily.

After dismissal they hovered around Dr. Bennet like bees around a honey jar; and her replies to their questions were fitting and encouraging:

An hour with the girls of B 11 in their regular physiology class, under Miss Mary C. Meredith, showed how well they were prepared for the more advanced work under Dr. Bennett. For she used not only the text book and the microscope but every other available means in order to make the lessons clear and impressive, while she herself is strongly and sweetly feminine. We spent another hour with the boys of B 10, under Mr. Alphonso W. Tower, who by the same means, prepares them to hear Dr. Lindsay, who carries them along the same line of thought that Dr. Bennett takes the girls. It was plain that boys as well as girls are interested in making the very best of themselves.

While the moral point of view was not given directly to the pupils in words, it is so clearly lived by the teachers in their very presence, lesson after lesson, and day after day, that they do not fail to catch the spirit of it. It always will be true as it ever has been: "You teach more by what you are than by what you say." And the subject of personal hygiene is no exception. Coming naturally in its place in the study of the organs and functions of the human body, it excites no morbid or even undue attention. Having dealt with the organs and functions of the human body, it excites no morbid or even undue attention. Having dealt with the organs of the nervous system, digestion, respiration, circulation, and elimination, it was not a long step from the kidneys and bladder to the organs of sex. And as each organ and its function was given its place in the life of the individual—obedience to the laws of nature bringing health and disobedience bringing disease and death, it required no strain of thought or word to impress the young people with the idea of the more vital place occupied by the organs that made them men and women. The very honor of their manhood and womanhood was touched, and it seemed incumbent upon them to preserve these organs for their own good, as truly as for the well being of those who should one day call them

by the endearing names of father and mother.

The sexes having been separated in studying every topic of the subject, there was no difference from the start, and by the time the sex question was reached, a real spirit of friendliness was fully established that insured success.

Since the Creator, in His infinite wisdom, chose the pathway of sex as the means by which the very best things of life present, as well as the life to come, should be brought to mortals; we, who know this, should look upon the study of the subject from a higher plane than simply a way to escape disease, or even to live a pure life. And, as these ideals are perfected in our own lives, we un-

consciously impart them to our pupils. While, as parents, we give them definitely to our children.

But to the children of those fathers and mothers to whom this higher conception has not been revealed, such teaching as this given by these noble men and women in the Polytechnic, is the very best that now is. We need not, however, halt here, as if we had reached the goal. We should advance carefully and steadily along the highway of truth, until every boy and girl in our public schools has learned of Man, the Master-piece and Woman, the Help-meet for him, both made in the image of Him who created them.

East and West

By Fred O. Bradley

*When the heavy hand of Winter lies
On eastern hill and vale
And the shivering earth neath leaden skies
Is scourged with sleet and hail,
When snow-drifts bury the barren fields
And mourning winds lament,
Ah, then, disheartened, the spirit yields
To a restless discontent,
For beyond the plain, o'er mountain wall
And the desert wastes between
The hum of the bees and bird notes call
To a land that is always green;
To a land of orchards and fruitful vines,
Of olive and stately palm,
Where the softest radiance warmly shines
From a sky serenely calm;
Where valleys are fragrant with perfume shed
By flowers that hedge the ways
And myriad blossoming branches spread
To the sun's caressing rays;
Where mountains tower to wooded heights
From the blue sea at their feet,
And landward the gentle breeze delights
And the ocean winds are sweet.*

Women's Department

Felt Hats in Parisian Millinery

Our milliners here continue to follow eccentric paths. They began covering hats with velvets at Midsummer and July has seen quite a lot of business done in felt hats. And this not by way of furnishing advanced millinery later on, but for immediate use.

The importance that felts have already attained is an innovation without precedent. Did it only concern hats specially prepared for traveling and for wear at the seaside, there would not be much in it; only an advance of three or four weeks on the usual date of their appearance.

But it is far from being only this. Felt hats are actually being worn with the smartest and most summerlike dresses I saw two yesterday morning in the Rue de la Paix, and mind you, the thermometer was standing at 90 degrees. A silky-looking black plush hat with its wide brim pressed down in flutes so that its edges almost touched the shoulders of the wearer, was worn as the complement of a cool-looking pink foulard costume. Such a contrast! And how hot and uncomfortable the pretty head underneath it must have been, though it did, not look it. Moreover, this hat was rendered all the more remarkable by the almost complete absence of trimming, the only thing on it being an inch-wide band of satin ribbon secured in front by a small, jet buckle.

White Kid Hats Popular in Paris

Another novelty is the hat covered with white kid. The specimens I have come across so far are mostly of the niche shape, coming low down over the ears and turned up at the back. One of them has the brim faced with emerald green velvet, and is trimmed with white cock's feathers—the broad

kind being used, mounted in Amazon form, one fastened to the right side and sweeping across the crown, and the other set up at the back.

A very elegant white kid Gainsborough hat ordered for Trouville is lined with white velvet and trimmed with long white trumpet lilies, also in white kid, mounted on green stalks and mixed with unopened green buds.—

Wide Brim Hats Coming

A large number of the hats are very much wider than they are deep. Well nigh 30 inches of breadth is attained by some of the very largest which do not measure much more than half that from front to back. Sometimes the brim is wider on one side than the other and the wider side is often more pointed than the other. When this is the case one side may turn up while the other curves down, but not always to the same extent. The crowns of such hats are almost invariably domed.

Trimmings for the Fall Hats

In previous issues mention has been made of fringe. Now as a rival for chenille fringe we have silk fringe and fringe of tiny beads, such as adorn the edges of a lamp shade. In just the same way is it used on the hats, although silk and chenille fringe appears around and over the crowns as well. Then, too, there are worsted fringes for the worsted fad. While it has made no strides forward towards the ranks of fashion, it is still a fad. White worsted as a trimming for black velvet hardly seems appropriate, yet it is used.

Wide silk braid used as a binding as well as trimming is also in evidence. White silk braid, the kind usually associated with the dressmaking instead of

the millinery trade, is used on velvet and velour hats, white on black or a deep purple, blue or green being smartest. Sometimes a band of braid is put over a high crown, giving it the appearance of being divided. This is a curious effect on one of the police helmet crowns, which by the way is a popular crown; buttons are a natural accompaniment to this braid and are usually used right in the braid.

Speaking of crowns, while of course high crowns lead, it is not at all unlikely that the dress hat of the better grade will be large and comparatively low. Crowns in any event are important and are curiously shaped, being rounded for the most part, although some go to an extreme point like a dunce cap. Brims are not every wide and roll up at front and back or else form a decided peak at either of these points, pokes being very well liked, that is, the close-fitting poke of the first and second empire which periods are being freely borrowed from for the up-to-date hat.

It is time for fur to put in an appearance if it is to be worn, and the indications are that it is bands of fox and other long-haired furs that are introduced on many hats and turbans. Mole and seal-skin are also used. There are not many all fur hats being shown, however, but a touch of fur is regarded as a smart touch and is frequently introduced.

And now for fruits. It was to be expected from indications earlier in the season that velvet fruit would make its appearance among the good things for Fall and it has. Perhaps limes are the most unusual of all. These are used with foliage singly or en masse or are used in combination with other fruit, such as small apples, pears, oranges,

grapes, peaches and berries. Indeed there are wreaths that contain all of these. Just how good fruit may prove is a question, but Paris is sending us hats trimmed with it, as well as boxes of very attractive if not at all real looking fruit, and buyers are nibbling so to speak, at it.—*The Millinery Trade Review*.

Very large buttons are considered quite fashionable on long coats.

One-piece street dresses for wearing without a wrap, are seen in serge with a border of wool satin with bright-colored threads woven in it. This serves to relieve the plain appearance of the dress and makes a handsome trimming.

Skirts are not appreciably wider than last season.

The tendency in all dress goods lines is towards heavier weights and broad-cloths continue to grow in favor.

Traveling and motor coats are made of heavy, napped and double faced goods. The wrong side is being used as trimming for the collar, cuffs and the pockets. The wrong side is usually bronze brown, dark green or gray in different shades. It is quite an assured thing that next winter there will be a great variety of long plush or velvet coats either in brown or black with long broad collars and held in the front only by a large ornamental frog placed at an angle.

Evening gowns have fuller skirts, longer trains and side drapery effects in endless variety.



Book Notes

A Weaver of Dreams

Myrtle Reed may always be depended upon to write a story in which poetry, charm, tenderness, and humor are combined into a clever and entertaining book. Her characters are delightful and she displays a quaint humor of expression and a quiet feeling of pathos which give a touch of active realism to all her writings. G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York and Boston, Publishers.

Rainier of the Last Frontier

By John Marvin Dean

Colored frontispiece. 12 mo. Net \$1.20

This book is a narrative of the exciting adventures of a "war special" and Y. M. C. A. field worker in the Phillippines after the close of the Spanish war and during the Filipino insurrection. The hero falls in love with a young girl who is acting as an army nurse, and to save her from the insurgent force he becomes a hostage in the camp of the rebel chief. His varied experiences make a great story. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, Publishers.

Monna Lisa

Or, the Quest of the Woman Soul. Translated from the Italian by Guglielmo Scala. Colored frontispiece. 12mo., Net \$1.00

In his preface the author of this fascinating work states that the original of his translation was a dilapidated manuscript found in an old palace in Florence. It proved to be the personal diary of Leonardo da Vinci, painter of the famous picture in the Louvre Museum called "Monna Lisa." In it the great artist reveals the circumstances of his first meeting the noble Florentine lady and of his painting her portrait. Enter-

taining in every way, the journal has for its main interest the absorbing story of love which is unfolded. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, Publishers.

The Mountain That Was God is the striking title under which John H. Williams of Tacoma sends out a splendidly illustrated volume. It is a masterpiece of descriptive writing and every line is interesting. Some of the pictures have the appearance of rare water-color paintings and to the nature lover the book will prove a treasure.

A Reversion of Form and Other Horse Stories

By George W. Harrington

This book is intended for horse lovers—for those who feel that they owe something to the generous animal that gives so much and receives so little. Almost from the beginning the horse has been man's companion. He has been his co-worker in tilling the soil, his ally in battle, his friend in leisure and sport. He has often self-forgetfully saved his master when all other help has failed.

What would chivalry have been were it not for that eager, powerful steed beneath the mailed knight? Or pray tell, would Paul Revere have descended to posterity as bravely had he not galloped down the pages of history on his willing horse? And what of that fateful day at Winchester, when Sheridan's fleet black charger helped to turn the tide of battle? And what of Balaklava? Would the "gallant six hundred" have carved with sabre and breathed with dying gasp their immortal message had it not been for those dumb heroes who dared and suffered in perfect faith?

Remember, it was a horse that brought the doctor when you were struggling into an unreceptive world; it was a horse that took you out into the country where you revelled in the bright sunshine and wonderful green fields; it was a horse that carried you to the little church and brought you back with your bride at your side; it will be a horse that will take you to God's Acre, when all is over.

If you are a lover of the horse these stories will heighten your pulse and stir your blood. Cloth 12mo. \$1.20 net by mail \$1.30. Sherman, French & Co., Publishers. 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

Fifteen Thousand Miles By Stage.

By Carrie Adell Strahorn

In this book the primitive West is depicted in all its lively contrast to the present. The narrative, which has all the charm of romance, is nevertheless the record of an actual experience, a story of travel and exploration made many decades ago, in company with the author's husband, over nearly every highway of the country between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean and from the British lands to Mexico. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2, 4, and 6 West 45th Street, New York. \$4.00 net.

Edmund Lester Pearson

Edmund Lester Pearson's *The Believing Years*, a story of boys in the long summer vacation.

Someone evidently under the impression that an author needs a particular stimulus for writing, recently asked Mr. Pearson how he came to create the extremely life-like youngsters around whom the story of *The Believing Years* is centered.

"Why I am just fond of the out-of-doors and of children and I was trying to make a cheerful, out-of-doors sort of volume," he replied simply. And then the humor which is so charming a feature in *The Believing Years* became uppermost. "If I could only say," he joked, "that I wrote it during a cross country journey in my biplane, or in the wildest surroundings, seated in my tepee amid

the Littleneck Indians, of which tribe I am an honorary chieftain."

The General Reader's Ideal Scientific Book

W. E. Castle of Harvard University in his three page review in *Science* of R. C. Punnett's *Mendelism* which was published a few weeks ago, states that Dr. Punnett has shown that "a scientific book need not be dull," adding that "*Mendelism*" is as entertaining as a novel."

That the volume does not sacrifice scholarliness to easy reading is in Professor Castle's opinion, a notable achievement. Of the accuracy of the work the reviewer says: "It contains the clearest and best account of the rise and present condition of the science of genetics that has yet been published in any language."

For the beginner or the general reader who wants within moderate compass a sane and well balanced account of what has been accomplished in this field the book is almost ideal."

Early Fall Fiction

The first novel of the long list of fiction which the MacMillan Company has announced is a book for children—Edna Turpin's *Honey Sweet*, a sympathetic chronicle of the adventures of Anne, a little orphan girl, and her rag doll.

Following this work of fiction comes Richard Washburn Child's *The Man in the Shadow*. In this book are collected some of the best short stories of this author who is generally recognized as one of the strongest writers of short stories among the younger generation of American authors.

Among the new books by MacMillan Company are the following:

The Book of Woman's Power published Sept. 27th.

Principles of Insurance, by Dr. W. F. Gephart. Published Sept. 20th.

Dairy Cattle and Milk Production, by Clarence H. Eckles. Published Sept. 20th.

Old Lamps for New, by Edward V. Lucas. Published Sept. 20th.

The Conquest of Nerves, by Dr. J. W. Courtney. Published Sept. 13th.

THINGS TO EAT

October, 1911

Conducted by J. R. Newberry

The Retailer's Responsibility

By J. R. Newberry

There has been a great deal of the high cost of living laid to the retailer and he is entitled to bear his share of the responsibility and all of the excess of his cost that he makes his business above cost twelve and one-half per cent. He is responsible to the consumer for such excess.

The present system has been allowed to drift into its present conditions through what is nominally called competition. It has been said that competition is the life of trade. The present system of competition is the death to honest merchandising. There is a small portion of trade that demand extraordinary service and a smaller proportion of the trade that can afford to pay for the service that they are demanding. It is but a few years since soliciting and delivering has been made an art and this is caused by a few people who can (or think they can) afford to pay for this extraordinary service. The ordinary soliciting and delivering costs in this city from ten to fourteen per cent.

This is a burden on all the people. Fully eighty per cent. of the consumers do not want this, if they could get just

recognition when they wait upon themselves, but the present system does not give them this recognition. Therefore they all demand everything in sight.

Wherein the retailer is technically dishonest is not through any wish of his own, but just the system. His neighbor solicits and delivers free. He not only does the same, but tries to do a little better, gives more delivery, gives more solicitation; then gives more number of pounds of sugar, gives cheaper prices on hams and a lower price upon flour and coal oil. He will say to you that he makes no money of these articles and he is telling you the truth.

Then how does he exist? He at once places a doubt in the consumer's mind, because if he was absolutely telling the truth, he would not remain in business long, but he does not tell them that upon the goods they know nothing about that he makes an abnormal and an unjust and a dishonest profit. This is not only technically, but absolutely a deception and he considers this business, and you, not knowing the difference, accept these conditions. The average retailer costs

him from seventeen to twenty-two and one-half per cent. to do business. Upon fully half his business he does not make ten per cent. Therefore he must deceive the consumer and charge them thirty to fifty per cent. on the balance of his goods. This is a part of the business that we would like the consuming trade to thoroughly understand, that not through a wish of his own the retail dealer is placed in a technically dishonest position and is apparently done to satisfy the great consuming public.

What the idea of these articles are is to correct the general impression and prove to the consumer (that is the thoughtful one) that the retailer is only following in the wake of a system created by the present dishonest system of merchandising and it only needs the thorough awakening of the public opinion to place this whole fabric upon an honest and a reasonable basis. This system is the outgrowth of the great central organizations who do use one line of goods as a bait, or a bribe, to get people into their stores, in order to sell them other goods that they do make an unreasonable and a dishonest profit.

Barnum has said, and it has been used as one of the cardinal points of American commercialism, that the people want to be humbugged. There never has been a more falacious and a dishonest quotation, because there isn't a scintilla of truth in it and is only manufactured and used by the deceiver to gain money dishonestly from the great consuming class of this country, but as the consumer has no basis to go on, only conjecture, he is driven to be a shopper.

The object of "*Things to Eat*", is going to be to thoroughly post the consumer upon what goods absolutely cost from the manufacturer to the jobber and therefore the one page that has been used in "*Things to Eat*" as an ad in the future will contain what goods do cost the jobbing trade.

Now to this price you must add a compensation to the jobber of at least six and one half per cent. and the compensation of the retailer from seventeen and one half to twenty-two per cent., (where both parties do business on time and solicit and deliver.)

These are figures that give absolute costs. This provides for no profit for the jobber and no profit for the retailer, and hereafter an article will appear on this page using each item and giving you where it is made and the part that the transportation company gets from it, as well as the average publicity and the cost of raw material to the manufacturer.

This is to be a campaign of education and we can assure our readers that the present system of merchandising is all against every effort we make on this line and therefore we take up this work, feeling and knowing, that we shall get no commendation from certain middlemen, but we propose to give you as near as we know, the absolute truth and this will be an education, not only to the consumer, but to ninety five to ninety eight per cent. of the retailers and to many of the jobbers.

The Fixed-Price Plan

By J. R. Newberry

The great American public have come to realize more firmly to-day than ever the great value of public opinion, so much so that one of the eminent judges upon the federal bench in the last few days has said that the future decisions in this country will be based more upon public opinion than any other one influence and the courts will be secondary.

Public opinion demanded an Interstate Commerce Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission to-day, sanctioned by the supreme court of the United States, is the greatest settler of intricate questions between the producer and the consumer making fixed rates that allowed no deviation. It matter not how large or how small the

shipper. This is of vital importance to the producer and the consumer of this country. Public opinion does not consider this as parental government. They consider it an absolute necessity.

The result of the Interstate Commerce Commission in handling the great railroad problems has been to eliminate millions of dollars expended by railroad companies for useless and unnecessary middlemen, besides practically annihilating the preferential class that is, giving everyone a square deal. Now there is an urgent and a necessary reorganizing of the food distributing points beyond the railroad transportation.

There are three factors between the producer, or the manufacturer and the consumer. These are, first the transportation company, second the wholesaler and the retailer. The matter of transportation company is definitely and permanently settled. There is no ambiguity or secret today in what it costs to transport stuff. We believe, as a rule, that 95% if not 100%, are actually squarely dealt with. Therefore, in order to bring the producer and the consumer in closer contact, or with as little expense as possible, it is necessary to eliminate just in the proportion as the railroad people have their solicitors and extra preferential class, in order to bring both these necessary factors to a thorough understanding of their condition.

The facts are the producer must have more for his production and the consumer must have his consuming demands for less and what is to be accomplished is the elimination of middlemen. To go back to the old barter and trade system is absolutely out of the question, because the business should not be done that way, but it is absolutely unnecessary and dishonest that there should be the difference between the producer and the consumer that there is to-day and the part that the great trusts figure in this matter is very important. For instance, take the sugar situation. With a tariff duty of \$1.68 per 100 on refined sugar, does that in anyway protect the producer? It is only an extra burden upon the consumer.

California is one of the largest beet sugar producing sections. The farmers

to-day are receiving \$4.75 for 15% sugar beets. Now you can readily see that with 15% beets, that a ton of beets makes 300 lbs. of sugar, for which the refiners pay initial cost of \$4.75 or approximately \$1.60 per 100.

Give them all that is possible. In a manufacturing way their expense and the up-keep and allowing them 10% per annum for deterioration, you cannot figure this sugar to absolutely cost the refiners more than \$2.60 per 100.

Now we are paying today in car lots for this sugar \$5.75. Can any astute figurer consider that with this great differential in the cost the producer is receiving any benefit and is not the consumer the one that is bearing the burdens of the day, without benefiting the producer in anyway. Then look to the transportation and see that the transportation company has made a rate on sugar from California points to Eastern terminal points of 50c per 100. This, according to the latest schedule is less by 20c a 100 than it absolutely costs to move these goods, therefore the burden of keeping up the present expense of the railroad company must be placed upon other products that it hauls, in order that the railroads shall continue to pay dividends and running expenses.

When you understand that in ordinary times 40% of the average groceryman's sales consists of sugar, flour, packing house products and coal oil and that in times where money is close and labor is not employed, that it runs fully 50% of the average groceryman's sales and upon all of these products the three factors between the producer and the consumer, viz., the transportation company, the wholesaler and the retailer handles these four lines of goods on an average, at a loss of from 3 to 8%. Therefore, on the balance of his sales he must make up what he loses upon this proposition and whatever profit that he expects to make on his entire business. All three of these factors seems to be working for the benefit of these great combined capitalists and that is the reason why the money power today centers practically in these people's hands.

Now the question, will public opinion ever get to a point and to fully realize

the necessity of a close investigation and buy their goods so intelligently that they will not allow these three factors to deceive them further?

When the great money question of 1896 came up, probably no nation on earth ever was more thoroughly posted or went into the subject of money matters more thoroughly than the intelligent American people at that time. They sought a solution and found it and we believe that the greatest issue today before the American people is the solution of eliminating the unnecessary middlemen between the producer and the consumer. Do not misunderstand me. The three factors that we have named, viz., the transportation company, the wholesaler and the retailer, are absolutely necessary factors and will always be so long as commercialism exists. They are all economic necessities, but there is fully 30 to 40% consumed with unnecessary middlemen, which must be eliminated and the great public, when they thoroughly understand this matter, will absolutely demand it.

The high cost of living and the cost of high living, are both vital subjects and will be more so to the people of this country in the next two years, and the great American people have always solved intelligently and honestly any proposition that has ever been put up to them, and when the public demand that there will be an equitable and an honest profit allowed these three factors they can know the facts, they will accept and approve of the situation, but today the amount of deception and dishonesty occasioned by the system upon which we have been working, are on a par with what the great railroads did during the palmiest days of rebates and preferential customers.

This is the secret and the elimination of this will take strong men; will take fearless men; will take men who see the right and do it because it is right—not because it pays. America has been too much commercialized, everyone grabbing for everything in sight, and the "Devil catch the hindmost."

These things cannot continue under the republican form of government. We are having insurgents in politics, insurgents in religion, and we need a

good sprinkling of insurgents in business—men who are not afraid to express an opinion and prove their opinion by their utterances, lay bear the commercial dishonesties, admit their wrong and correct it.

This is the great commercial necessity of the hour and we mistake the temperament of the people if they do not bring it about themselves in the next few years. We will admit that to do the pioneer work, the swamping, that the more particular and scientific men can get their instruments so that all can see their way through on the line and correct the abuses, is the proposition and opportunity of "*Things to Eat*."

Now in "*Things to Eat*", we propose on one page to give the consumers of this country the absolute jobbers' cost that jobbers pay manufacturers and producers for their product, giving the freight rates to this city the cost laid down here, so that you can intelligently know just what these things are. We will try and give you as near as we can what the producer gets for the raw material, what the manufacturer then charges and wherein the expense between the producer and the consumer lies. This will be upon the last page of "*Things to Eat*," and we believe will be of intense interest to every consumer, as well as producer in this country. We know that this will bring down upon our heads the criticism of the system and the system are those who are keeping the price as high as it is possible to, so that they and their supernumeries may get the profit.

We have made the statement repeatedly in these columns that it costs fully seventy per cent. to get the average groceries from the producer to the consumer and say now it is fully thirty per cent. more than it ought to be and more than it ultimately will be and if we could reduce the cost of living thirty per cent. in the city of Los Angeles and Southern California, we would have as near a Utopian condition as the world has ever seen, because we have the climate and we have the people, now we want the living and the living economically, and this will be the object of "*Things to Eat*."

Some Suggestions for a Dainty Meal

It is sometimes very useful to be able to select without search a sweet dish that is rich in nutriment. The following collection of recipes contains only those which are above the average in this respect. All will serve to supplement a light meal.

Ambrosia

Ingredients. Sweet oranges, fresh or dessicated cocoanut. Lemons and sugar.

Method. Remove the pulp from the oranges and mix it in a bowl with fresh cocoanut. Add sugar and the juice of a lemon. Allow the mixture to stand a little and then fill the orange shells with it. Serve on a fruit plate.

Fig Cakes

Ingredients. Five eggs, a cup of sugar, a cup of chopped nuts, a half cup of raisins, the juice of a lemon, a pinch of cinnamon, a cup of fine bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a half pound of figs.

Method. Beat the eggs and add the other ingredients to the eggs; bake in a thin sheet and ice with a plain boiled icing, into which may be stirred chopped figs and nuts.

Date Foam

Ingredients. A quart of lemon jelly, whites of two eggs stiffly beaten, a cup of stoned chopped dates.

Method. When the jelly is nearly settling, whip it, adding the whites of eggs and a cup of chopped dates. Mold and chill.

MACARONI A LA NAPOLITAINE

Break one-quarter pound of macaroni and throw into rapidly boiling salted water; boil rapidly for 10 minutes, strain, and put into a saucepan; cover with good beef or chicken stock, and boil for 30 minutes. By this time the stock

will be nearly absorbed. Strain the macaroni and place it where it will keep warm. Add to the stock 2 tablespoonfuls of thick tomato sauce; mix until smooth; add a chopped sweet red pepper, half a cup of toasted pinolas, a teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of white pepper; boil for 3 minutes; then add the macaroni, cover in a double boiler, and stand over the fire for 15 minutes, until the macaroni is nicely seasoned. Just at serving time add a cup of very thick cream or 2 tablespoonfuls of sweet butter. Turn out on a platter and serve with it, in a separate dish, grated Parmesan cheese.

DROP CAKES

One cup sugar; one-half cup butter; one egg; one-half cup sour cream; one-half teaspoon soda; two cups flour; one cup chopped raisins or dates, and one cup chopped walnuts; one teaspoon vanilla. Drop with a teaspoon in a pan, leaving about two inches between the cakes.

COOKIES

Put two cups sugar in flour sieve; fill with flour, about three cups, and one-half teaspoon baking powder. Sift all together. Work through this with the hands a slice of butter one-half inch thick. Add two eggs well beaten and one-half cup milk. Roll out thin, sprinkle with granulated sugar, cut and bake in a quick oven.

DEVIL CAKE

For the custard part take one cup of brown sugar, one cup of grated chocolate, one-half cup of sweet milk, yolk of one egg and one teaspoon of vanilla. Stir all together, and cook slowly in a granite pan. Set aside to cool. For the cake part cream one cup of brown sugar and one-half cup butter; add

beaten yolks of two eggs, one half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour (sifted) and the two well beaten whites of eggs. Beat well together and then stir in the custard. Lastly add one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Bake in layers and put together with the following: One cup of white sugar, one fourth cup of boiling water. Boil six minutes; then pour it on to two beaten whites of eggs slowly; and a small quantity at a time, beating well. When all the syrup has been used, beat until a little cool; then add one fourth teaspoon of cream tartar and one teaspoon of vanilla and beat until cold. Spread on each layer, adding one fourth pound of pink marshmallows sliced fine with a sharp knife.

Fruit Junket

Ingredients. Fresh whole milk, junket tablets, assorted fruits or berries.

Method. Warm the milk to nearly blood heat and add the junket tablets according to directions; add a little nutmeg and sugar. Half fill some sherbet glasses with assorted fruits, pour the junket into these glasses; let it set for an hour or so and last of all set on ice.

HAM WITH CURRANT JELLY

Heat together half a tumbler of currant jelly, a dust of cayenne and a tablespoon of butter. Into this lay thin slices of cold boiled ham; leave just long enough to be heated thoroughly, and serve on hot dish.

DOVE CHICKEN

Boil a large chicken in just enough water to cover it. When tender re-

move from the fire, and add to the chicken water a half can of tomatoes, some minced parsley, two red pepper cones, two chopped onions, a little black pepper and enough salt to taste. Stew down to a rich gravy. Then make a stuffing of mashed Irish potatoes moistened with this gravy, adding a teacup of raisins. Stuff the chicken and brown inside of the oven. When done serve with what was left of the tomato gravy.

Stewed Apples and Dates

Ingredients. Some apples which need not be especially sweet or ripe; dates, lemons, sugar.

Method. Stew two quarts of apples with plenty of sugar and some thin cut lemon rind. When the apples are nearly cooked, add a cup of dates stoned and sliced. Simmer together for a short time, add a little lemon juice and a trace of ground cinnamon and serve.

Cocoanut Candy

A fresh cocoanut, a cup of brown sugar, a cup of syrup, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a tablespoonful of butter.

Method. Shave the cocoanut and spread on tin dishes in a warm place; make a syrup of one cup of brown sugar, one cup of syrup, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of butter. Do not stir this while cooking it. When the syrup is sufficiently cooked to become brittle when dropped into cold water, stir the cocoanut lightly into it. Pour upon buttered tins to set.

Children need sugar, and if they are given plenty of good home-made sweets at home they will not be so liable to indulge the taste that is an indication of a real physical need at irregular times and in undesirable ways.

Honey is a splendid predigested sweet that should be given to children and adults when it can be secured in a pure state.

CLUB STEAK

Prepare vegetables as follows: Potatoes mashed and beaten with a little cream until light and smooth, button mushrooms fried in butter, creamed



AT ALL GROCERS

cauliflower, French peas and some button onions stewed until tender, then fried in butter. Broil a large porterhouse steak under a clear flame and put on a hot platter. At the two ends and middle of the sides make four large potato roses by squeezing the mashed potatoes through a pastry bag or paper cone. Then arrange the cauliflower, mushrooms and onions in little piles, leaving places for four turnip cups filled with the French peas. These are made by cooking thick slices of white turnips until tender. Then with a small vegetable knife scoop them out and shape the bottom by removing some of the turnip until it is in the shape of a shallow cup. The peas, which have been cooked with a little cream and butter, are piled in these cups, and add with a few sprigs

of parsley the finishing touches. Nothing could be more acceptable than this steak when the man of the house brings home company to dinner.

Honey Apple Butter

Ingredients. One gallon of good cooking apples, one quart of honey, one quart of vinegar, one heaping teaspoonful of ground cinnamon.

Method. Cook several hours over a moderate heat or in a fireless cooker until it is of the right consistency.

Nut and Honey Butter

This can be made for table use by simply stirring together liquid honey and milled nuts adding a little lemon juice from time to time. It should be spread on bread and butter.

A Pointer on Personal Beauty

There is a saying that, "Every time a sheep bleats, it loses a mouthful of hay." Every time a woman worries she loses a little of her attractiveness and takes on marks of age.

If your servant scorches the soup or overlooks the meat, never mind. You cannot afford to worry about it, and if you scold her, you may make up your mind to lose some of your beauty, to let go some of your magnetism.

If the members of the family are habitually late to meals, try to remedy it, but don't worry about it. If you do you will grow older in the process.

If your husband or children do things, which do not please you, don't nag at them. This will only aggravate the evil you complain of, and it will cost you some of their love and respect. Every time you nag you will lose a little of your power to charm and attract them to you.

If the cleaners spoil your favorite dress, don't get angry about it. An outbreak of hot temper, will take away much more of your attractiveness, than your dress could supply.

If you lose your pocketbook, don't worry about it. Worrying will not bring it back, but it will take out of your face and disposition that which money can never replace.

If you meet with bitter disappointment, don't fret, don't cry over it. If you do, you pay the penalty which you can ill afford. No woman can fret and nag and worry, and keep away the marks of age—retain her beauty and power to please.

LOG CABIN GINGER SNAPS

Two pounds flour, one pint Towle's Log Cabin syrup—a dash of cayenne, one cup of chopped pecans, one large tablespoonful of ginger, one-third pound sugar and one-half pound butter. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add ginger and cayenne next, the syrup and last the flour. Knead and roll very thin.

Look for another next month.

KNOCKING ON WOOD HAS A RELIGIOUS ORIGIN

The popular superstition, as you call it, of knocking three times on wood, to ward off some ill one has just stated oneself to be free from, had, I believe, a religious origin.

The three times of knocking, originally signified an appeal to each of the three persons of Blessed Trinity, and the substance knocked upon, was always of necessity wood, because it was of wood that the Cross was made.

And yet, to-day, we go through a little form lightly enough, with never a dream of its more serious original symbolism. It is, perhaps, one of the most universal of our every day superstitions, almost everyone, with varying degrees of seriousness and belief, "knocks on wood." I often wonder how many of our other little superstitions originated. Why, for instance, it is considered bad luck to walk under a ladder? And why should peacock's feathers be supposed to signify ill fortune any more than hen's feathers, or ostrich plumes?

INTERESTING HINTS

Now that the season of beach and country life approaches it is worth while to know, that a way has been discovered, by means of which Japanese lanterns, may be preserved from destruction by dampness. Of course, in our beloved climate we need give little consideration, to the question of rain; but fog and dew are apt to injure the colors and the fabric of the pretty trifles, which add so much to the attractiveness of the summer cottage.

This help to their preservation, is nothing more nor less than our old friend, paraffine. Melt a sufficient quantity, and immerse the lanterns, and it will be found that they resist the inroads of moisture, and retain their shape much longer.

For cleaning silver, a bath of sour milk is found to be efficacious. The articles should be left to remain for some time in the milk, when all discoloration will disappear.



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New Ways to Entertain

The entertainment at one missionary social was three-fold. In the first room into which the guests were ushered, three ladies dressed as gypsies, served bouillon in tin cups, and wafers from wooden plates; the bouillon being made in a kettle suspended from a rustic tripod in the centre of the room. It was kept hot by a small alcohol lamp. In the bay window a tent was made of gray blankets, and in this tent another gypsy gave palm readings.

As soon as all of the guests were served, the folding doors between the first and second rooms were opened, and all passed to the next room—a Japanese room, with decorations of fans, pictures, parasols, screens, and so on. A large rug covered the center of the floor and cushions galore were piled against the walls; no chairs being in the room, the guests were invited to seat themselves on the cushions. In one corner a table held the dishes, necessary for serving refreshments, and a large Japanese screen hid this from view. In the center of the room, seated on a small rug sat a lady dressed in a Japanese costume, making tea, the utensils being placed on a closed sewing-table covered with a

white cloth; two other ladies attired in the same way served the tea and sweet cakes. Japanese curiosities were scattered about for inspection.

After being served the guests were invited to enter the third room, where all were given seats facing the doors opening into still another room. Music was furnished during the seating of the guests and throughout the tableaux that followed. When the doors were opened a small platform was seen at the end of the room, opposite the doors. This was covered with black, and black background had also been arranged. The lights in the room were shaded with dark paper, throwing all the light to the platform. Several pieces of statuary were represented in the tableaux that were shown. The marble whitenesses of those posing, was secured by the lavish use of flour. White rope, unwound and braided and sewed on a muslin cap, closely fitting the head, after being powdered with flour, simulated hair. Black shawls hanging from the shoulders to the floor, gave the effect of pedestals. Draped in white, with colored lights thrown upon them, the statues were most realistic.

Some Oriental Ideas

A pretty decorative idea for a Japanese sociable, is to cover the entire walls of the room, with branches of trees, with cherry blossoms made of pink paper—their color in Japan—scattered profusely over them, the scene representing the beautiful gardens of Tokio. If musicians are to occupy the platform, they may be screened by a lattice covered with gold paper, and vines intertwined, while tiny incandescant lights shine through.

Large plants should stand here and there about the room, and Japanese lanterns hang from the ceiling. Souvenirs may be distributed from a jinrikisha

covered with the cherry blossoms.

The invitations to a Japanese social, should be written as the natives write, up and down, instead of across, and have a cherry blossom or a Japanese lady in water colors in one corner of each. ■

The guests should be informed beforehand that each one is to tell something or read something about Japan, any little item of interest, that may have been heard or read, a pretty poem or a little story. The hostess and whoever assists her in receiving, should wear kimonos, and have tiny fans in their hair.

A Russian Dinner

Tchai—Black Japan tea is brewed in a brass or copper samovar, poured into beautifully decorated cups and served at the end of the meal. It must be very strong, and several cups of tea are consumed by the native Russians. Cream is not used, but lumps of sugar are rubbed on lemon, dipped in the tea and nibbled as a sweet.

Roasted Pig—Fill a milk pig with bread dressing highly seasoned with onion, sage, butter, pepper and salt; sew up the roast; baste with butter; when tender slash back; serve on silver dish garnished with celery foliage, tart baked apples, lemon and cabbage balls.

Russian Beef—Chop fine two pounds of lean raw beef, one-fourth of beef suet, twelve canned mushrooms, two onions, parsley, salt, pepper, herring; add one cup of beef broth, half a cup of bread

crumbs; saute until heated and browned; garnish with boiled onion rings and caviar on toast points.

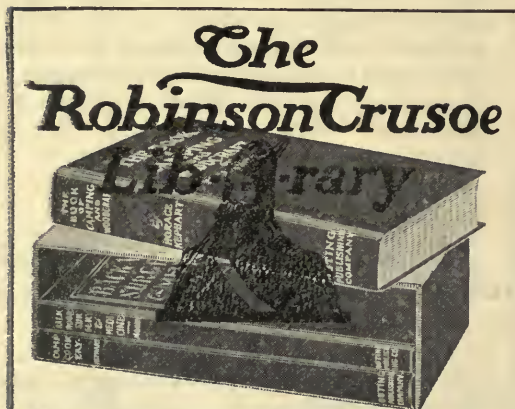
Taganrok—Add to two cups of hot hominy, one cup of sugar, pinch salt, tablespoon butter, cup currants and raisins, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one tablespoon Tokay wine, stiffly beaten whites of three eggs; steam in mould lined with angelica thirty minutes; set on ice; cherry garnish.

Russian Punch Tart—Bake loaf of sponge cake. Flavor with arrack; remove center and crumble. Thin crab apple jelly with a little brandy; add crumbs; fill cake shell; cover with icing flavored with almonds; decorate with walnuts and cherries, pineapple, orange and other candied fruits.

"MAGIC MUSIC" FOR THE LITTLE ONES

A novel but not too noisy game with which to amuse children between supper and bed time, is "Magic Music." This is merely a variation of the old favorite, "Hunt the thimble." Some object is hidden, while one of the children is sent from the room. Then, while he hunts the object, some older person seated at the piano, indicates by her playing whether the child is "warm" or "cold." She plays very softly as he wanders away from the object, and triumphantly loud as he approaches the exact spot. I think you will find that the interest of the children is held, by this little game, but that they will not become too excited and noisy to sleep well after it.

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Unusual Recipes

MOCHA CREAM CAKE

One and two-thirds cups of sifted flour; one cup sugar and one and one-half teaspoons baking powder. Sift all together. Break three eggs into a bowl and add one-half cup of milk. Pour eggs and milk into the dry ingredients and beat all together with an egg whip. Then add one-third of a cup of melted butter and one teaspoon of vanilla. Bake in two large layers.

Filling—Two tablespoons coffee, one cup boiling water. Boil down to one-half cup. One pat unsalted butter beaten to a cream; add gradually one cup powdered sugar and beat well. Add two tablespoons black coffee and one teaspoon vanilla, a little at a time,


to prevent curdling. Beat all until very light and creamy and place between the layers.

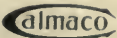
Frosting—One and one-half tablespoons black coffee, add powdered sugar to make it thick and spread over top of cake.

DEVIL CAKE

Well beaten yolks of two eggs; one scant cup grated chocolate; one-half cup milk. Cook until creamy, stirring two-thirds cups sifted flour, one scant cup sugar, one-half cup milk, two tablespoons melted butter, one and two-thirds cup sifted flour, one scant teaspoon soda dissolved in a little hot water and one teaspoon vanilla. Stir well. Bake in two large or three small layers.

A New Way to Cook Macaroni for Lunch

First a layer of  Macaroni, then a layer of butter and grated cheese, then a layer of meat fish, crabs or lobster repeat to edge of dish. Brown in oven.

Always insist on  ---the clean Macaroni made in the clean factory that's always open to visitors.

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Filling—One and one-half cups white sugar; one-half cup boiling water; one-fourth teaspoon cream tartar. Boil until it hairs. Test by dropping from a spoon. Add eight white marshmallows, boil up again and then pour over the beaten whites of two eggs and beat until it thickens. Reserve enough to frost the outside. Add one cupful of chopped walnuts to the rest and spread between the layers.

Prune Loaf

Ingredients. One-half a box of gelatine (enough to make a quart of jelly), one-half cup of cold water, one pound of prunes, one cup of sugar, juice of one lemon, orange juice.

Method. Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes, cook the prunes until tender, remove the stones and pass the pulp through a sieve; add the kernels from the stones, a cup of sugar and the softened gelatine; stir over the fire until sugar and gelatine are dissolved, then add enough orange juice to make a quart in all.

Pecans in Jelly

Ingredients. A very nourishing and delicious sweet can be easily made from pecans and jelly. Chop or mill the nuts and set them in orange or lemon jelly.

A DELICIOUS SOUP

Rinse lightly one cup of rice; cook in two quarts of salted water until the kernels burst; stew can of tomatoes one-half hour; season when put on stove with one teaspoonful salt, a level salt, spoon pepper, one tablespoon of sugar, one medium sized onion, sliced, three cloves, a small bay leaf and a little nutmeg; rub tomatoes when done through sieve into the rice starch; add one cup whipped cream and serve.

Strawberry Batter Cups

Ingredients. A quart of strawberries, a pint of water, a batter made from a cup and a half of flour, two eggs and a cup of milk, butter, whipped cream.

Method. Make the batter and place alternate layers of the batter and the berries, mashed with sugar, into batter cups. Fill two-thirds full. Steam or

bake for forty minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

MACARONI PIQUANTE

Break spaghetti into very small bits less than an inch in length; boil these for 20 minutes, or until tender, in salted water, Drain and keep hot while the following sauce is made: Cook together in a saucepan a heaping teaspoonful each of butter and browned flour, and when these are blended to a reddish brown pour upon them a pint of beef stock and stir until smooth; now add 4 tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, 6 drops of Tabasco sauce, a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet, a pinch of salt and a dash of paprika. Turn the boiled spaghetti into this sauce, stir all together, and pour the mixture into a greased pudding dish. Sprinkle buttered crumbs and grated cheese over the top and bake until brown.

CAULIFLOWER COOKED SPANISH

Take one large cauliflower, boil until tender. Then set aside on a platter. Make a batter of six to eight eggs beaten well and add one tablespoonful of flour to thicken. Cut cauliflower the size of an onion, dip into batter, fry in buttered pan until brown.

Sauce—Take a large onion, also garlic, and three small chili peppers, chopped fine, and one large piece of butter; brown together in frying pan; add a tablespoonful of flour, half can tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, cook 10 minutes, pour over cauliflower and serve.

HAM TOAST

Boil a quarter of a pound of lean ham; chop it fine with the yolks of three eggs well beaten, half an ounce of butter, two tablespoons of cream and a little cayenne pepper. Stir it over the fire until it thickens and spread it on hot toast, with the crust off; garnish with parsley.

CHERRY SALAD

Stone and remove stems of ripe but firm cherries. Shell as many hazel nuts as required and place a kernel in center of each cherry. Any preferred nut can be used. Place on lettuce cups and cover with mayonnaise dressing, using lemon juice instead of vinegar.

Fruit Jelly

Make a rather stiff lemon jelly and set fruits in it after cutting them into convenient pieces. Chopped pecans can be alternated with the fruits if extra nourishment is desired.

Apple Custard Pie

Ingredients. A pint of apple sauce, a piece of fresh butter, the yolks of two or three eggs well beaten, a pint of hot milk, lemon, clove, sugar, three or four whites of eggs.

Method. Make a custard and stir into it the apple sauce sweetened and flavored. Over it place a meringue made from the sweetened whites.

Taffy

Ingredients. One cup of syrup, one cup of sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup butter, one-half cup milk, one-half cup grated chocolate. When it is crisp, on being dropped into cold water, pour into buttered tin and mark in squares when sufficiently cool.

Chocolate Jelly

Ingredients. One-half box of gelatine, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one and one-half squares of chocolate, one pint of boiling water or milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla, a pinch of salt.

Method. Cook the milk or water, the chocolate and the salt in a saucepan until the chocolate melts. Let it boil for five minutes. Soften the gelatine in a cup of cold water and pour the boiling mixture over it. Stir until the gelatine is dissolved and add sugar and vanilla. Serve with whipped cream.

Prune Souffle

Ingredients. A pound of stewed prune pulp, the juice of two lemons, two cups of sugar and the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs.

Method. Mix all these together and turn them into a souffle dish, sprinkling sugar over the top and baking in a brisk oven for ten minutes. Serve very quickly before it falls.

Sponge Cake Jelly

Ingredients. The remains of a sponge cake, some orange or lemon juice or both, two eggs, one-half pint of milk, four sheets of gelatine, some fruits

that can be used to decorate the mold.

Method. Decorate the mold with fruits and fill it loosely with cake crumbs soaked in juice. Pour in a custard made from the eggs and milk and stiffened by the gelatine, which should be dissolved in cold water before it is added. Set in cold water or on ice.

Banana Cream

Ingredients. Six small bananas, four sheets of gelatine, one gill of whipped cream, one white of egg, stiffly whipped, sugar and lemon juice to taste.

Method. Mash the bananas with a fork; melt the gelatine in a very little water; add to it the bananas and cream; add the egg and the flavoring and set in small molds.

Cocoanut Cream

Ingredients. One-quarter cup of gelatine, one-quarter cup of water, one-quarter cup of sugar, three eggs, two cups of milk, one cup of cocoanut, a pinch of salt.

Method. Beat the yolks of the eggs and add the sugar. When the milk is about boiling, stir in the eggs and sugar; cook them until the mixture thickens slightly. Remove from the fire and add the gelatine, which should have been soaked in cold water for five minutes. When cooled and beginning to set, add the cocoanut and whites of eggs, beaten stiff, and the flavoring. Line a mold with sections of orange and pour in the custard.

MEAT RECIPES

Ham or Meat Rolls—Make a rich pie crust, roll thin, cut in strips three inches wide and four inches long; spread with finely minced boiled ham or meat, moisten with egg and milk, season to taste and roll up like a jelly roll, pinching the edges together; bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Meat Shortcake—Roll a biscuit dough about half an inch thick, spread with butter, put one layer on top the other, and bake; when done, split the cake and cover with a mixture of meat and gravy seasoned to taste and warmed. Put on the top crust and serve.

Meat Omelets—Beat three eggs with three tablespoons cream, salt and pepper

to taste, add one cupful cold minced meat; mix well, and drop by spoonfuls on a hot buttered spider and fry light brown on both sides. This is a nice way to use up odd bits of meat.

FOR DINNER

Tomatoes on the half shell—Cut six smooth tomatoes into halves and place them skin down in a baking pan. Cut one tablespoon of butter into bits and put in the center of each tomato; dust them with salt and pepper and bake in a slow oven half an hour. When done dish each tomato on a round of toast. Dissolve a tablespoon of some meat extract in half a pint of boiling water, moisten two tablespoons of flour with a little cold water and add it to the pan in which the tomatoes were cooked. Then add the dissolved meat extract. Stir until boiling and strain over the tomatoes. This is a fine dish for six persons. It takes 35 minutes to cook.

Consomme a la Colbert—Dissolve a

teaspoon of meat extract in a quart of boiling water, add a teaspoon of celery salt and a dash of pepper. Turn the mixture in a chafing dish, and when hot break in four fresh eggs. As soon as the eggs are sufficiently poached serve.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY HINTS

Sweet spirits of nitre, is used for slight fevers.

Use witch hazel salve for sores, bruises, burns, abscesses, etc.

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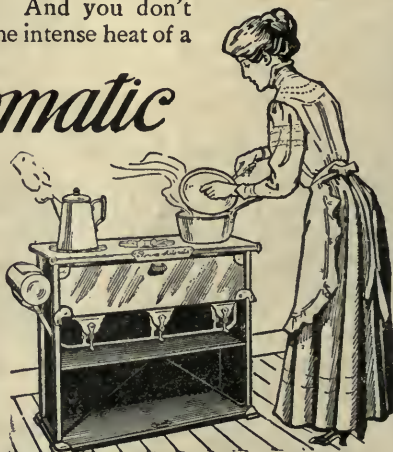
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PRODUCER RECEIVES AND WHAT CONSUMER PAYS
SHOWING THE DIFFERENCE WHICH IS ABSORB-
ED BY MANUFACTURERS, TRANSPOR-
TATION AND MIDDLEMEN

SUGAR.

The highest price that we have any knowledge of that
farmers are receiving for Sugar Beets (15%) is.....\$4.75 per ton.

15% beets means 300 lbs. of sugar per ton of beets,
showing that the farmer receives 4.75 for 300 lbs.
of sugar, or 1.60 per 100 lbs.

The wholesaler pays today for the same sugar, F.
O. B. San Francisco..... 5.75
freight from San Francisco here 20c, making here..... 5.95 F. O. B.
L. A.

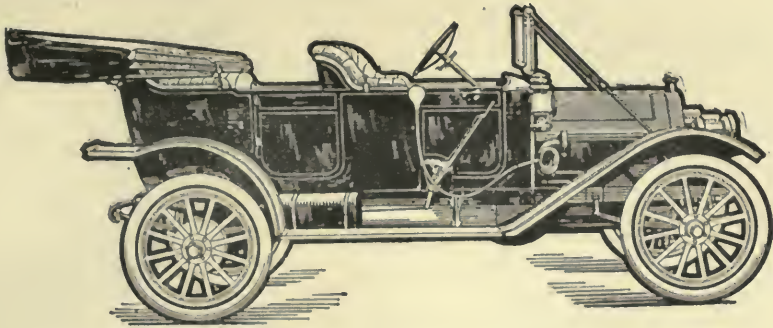
The consumer pays from \$7.25 to \$7.50 per 100 lbs., showing that the
wholesaler and retailer's profit amounts to about 55 cents at the outside,
and taking into consideration that it costs these two factors at least
25 per cent of absolute labor, therefore they are receiving less than
ten per cent. to be divided between both factors, and mind you, this is
upon a basis that they do get seven and one-half cents for their sugar
and we are creditably informed that you can buy this sugar for \$7.00,
showing the middle-men make a loss of at least 15%.

Now when these two factors lose fifteen per cent. on one article, they
must make it up on something else, or fail. This is the dishonest
and hypocritical part of the grocery business. We middlemen, together
with the transportation companies, stand convicted as co-conspirators.
robbing the consuming public—not upon sugar, but upon other lines.
in order to handle the great trust sugar for nothing, giving them all
the profit between the producer and the consumer, amounting in this
case to \$4.35 per 100.

Do you wonder that the great sugar trust wields such a mighty in-
fluence and they are assisted in this matter with \$1.68 per 100 of duty.
Can any reasonable man see how the present tariff benefits the producer
in anyway, or is in anyway a solace to the consumer? Do you wonder
that the sugar refineries clear their plants every year, or every two years
at the outside. Do you wonder when you hear that certain factories
here in Southern California last year paid 40 per cent. dividend on their
stock and put 40 per cent. to surplus in one year. What will they do
this year and is this not a part of a solution to the high cost of living.
The great public opinion is the leveler of all of these things, but they
must have the facts.

Our next article on this page next month will be, "Coal Oil."

J. R. NEWBERRY.



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Total assets.....	\$47,173,498.51

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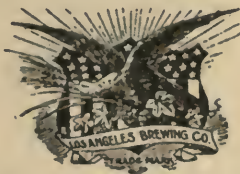
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NOVEMBER, 1911

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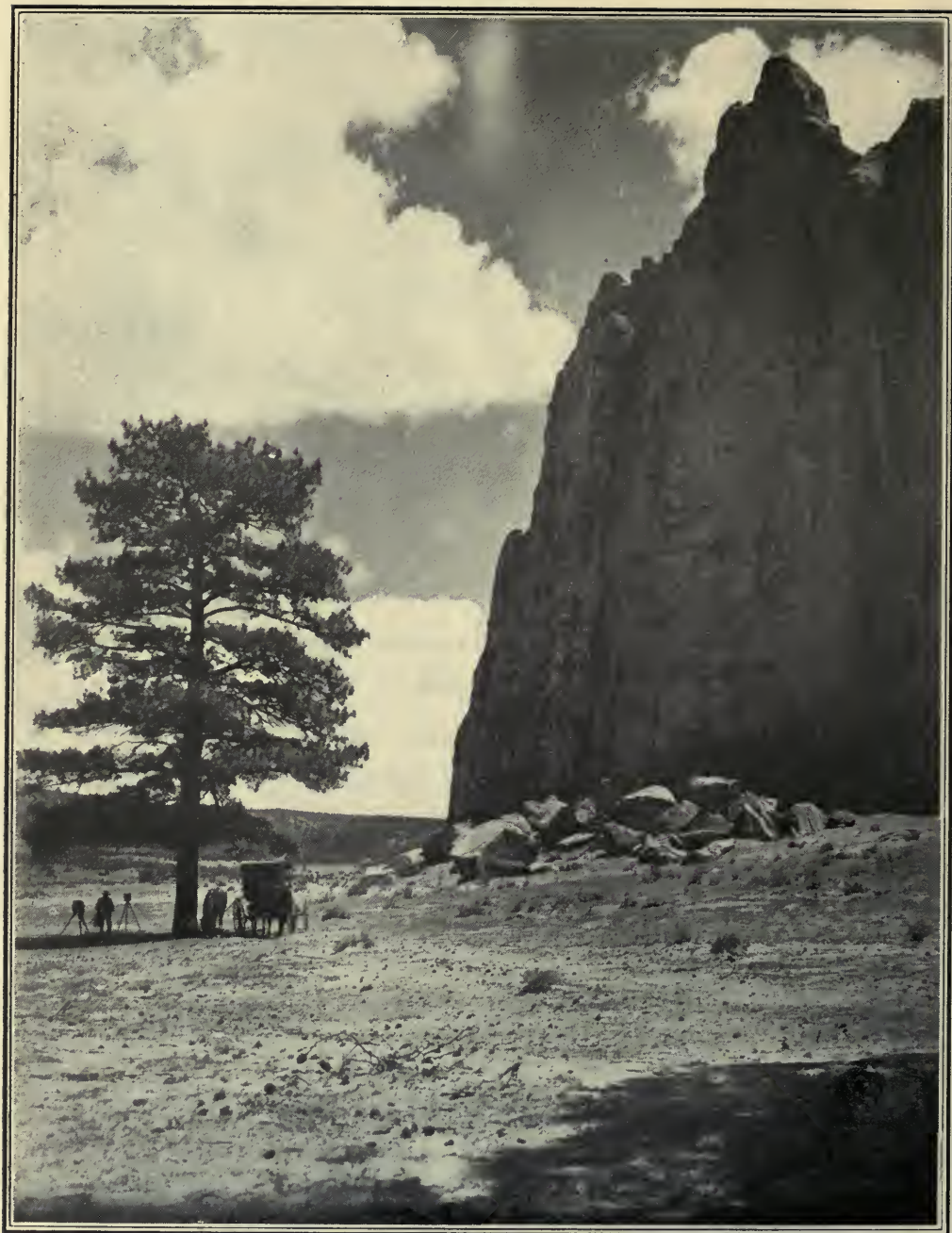
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THE THANKFUL HEART

Let the heart be light and goodfellowship attend within the hearts of men; let us be grateful for pleasant hours; for the thoughtful kindness of friend and kin; for opportunity of service to those in need; for the joy of sunny days; for the inspiration of journeys over hill and valley and along the winding trail; and yet not least for the multitude of daily blessings— for bread and wine, the sheltering bough, the wide sky, and the ever thrilling joy of life. ✎

R. B. M.



*El Moro Camp
Canyon de Chelly*

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NOVEMBER

1911

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By Dr. George Wharton James

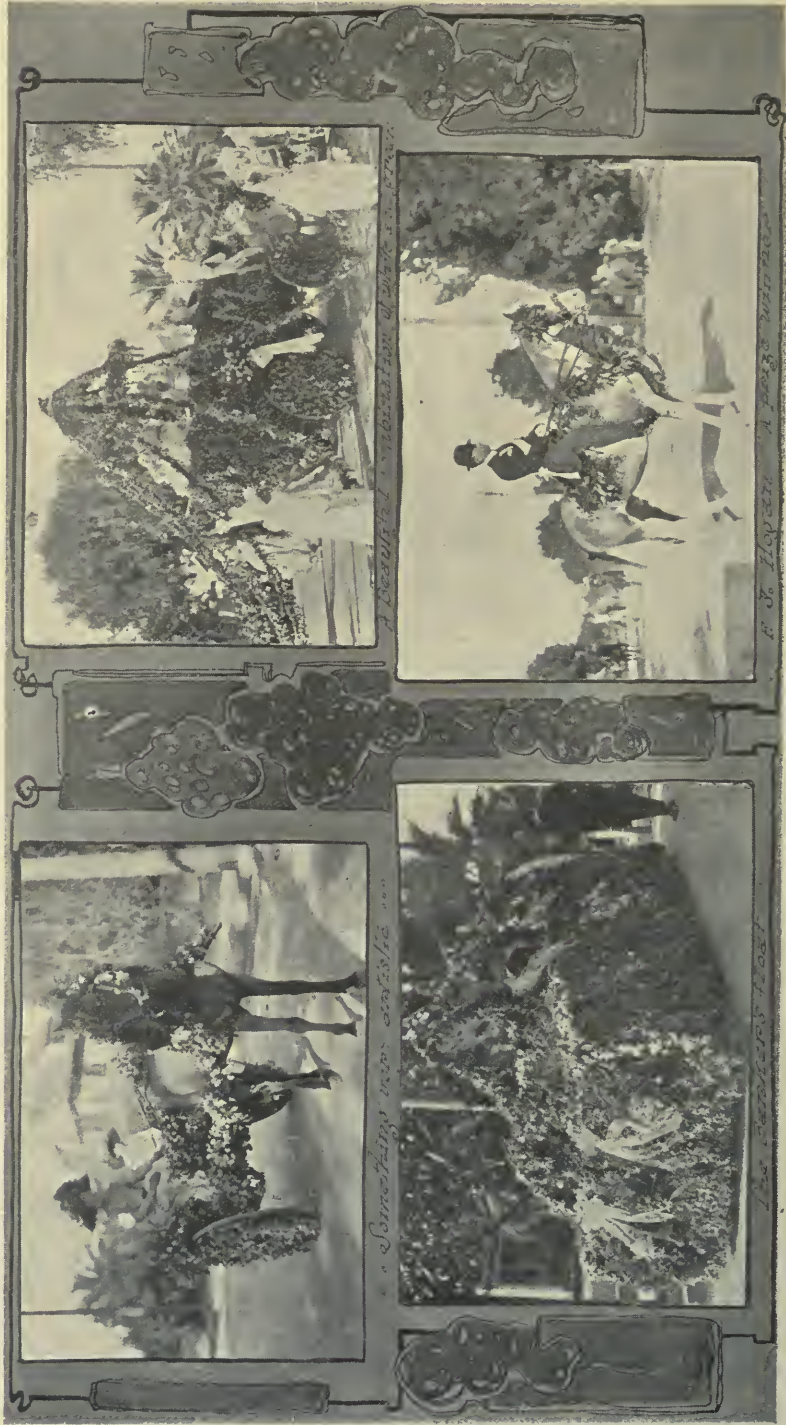
To all eastern visitors the remarkable thing about the Pasadena Tournament of Roses is that all the flowers and decorations used are natural. Here are no paper rosettes or imitation flowers, or any of the gaudy tinsel, gold paper and bunting usually relied upon for such purposes. Floats, wagons, automobiles, buggies, carriages, broughams, motor-cycles, vehicles of every description are literally covered with flowers of every form and every hue. Here is no careful stinginess, but prodigal extravagance. A quarter of a million roses of one variety have been used in the decoration of one single float. Roses of a hundred varieties, calla lilies by the hundred of thousands, banks of wild lilies, masses of goldenrod, beds of cannae in their red and yellow brilliance, gorgeous poinsettias in their scarlet attractiveness, moving hedges of geraniums, vehicles clad in delicate heliotrope, exquisite violets, fantastic and colorful chrysanthemums, riotous tiger lilies and more modest mariposa lilies, radiant dahlias, and even alluring orchids of wierd and unearthly beauty of form and tone, are all to be found.

Now and again a maiden's carriage, decorated with sweet alyssum, graceful marguerites or even the blossoms of the night-blooming cereus, is to be seen, and there have not been wanting occasions when the desert has been ransacked for those blossoms of splendor that crown the prickly cactus with a glory unknown save to desert lovers. Here and there

a vehicle appears, one mass of glistening golden sheen, absorbing, reflecting in dazzling splendor the brilliancy of the sun. Only the California poppy can produce such effects; but while of the very opposite character the glorious creamy waxen bells of the stately yucca, which justify the name given to them by the old poetic Spaniards, of "Candlesticks of our Lord," produce an effect equally startling and powerful.

For it must be remembered that this festival is not held in the glowing Spring or the blossoming Summer. It is a midwinter carnival of flowers, held on New Year's Day, when the banks of snow in glistening white reflect their virgin purity from the mountain summits close at hand to the north. But strange to say, though less than an hour's travel transfers one to deep snow, there have been but three times in twenty-four years that snow has fallen in the streets of Pasadena, and then it has remained for but a few minutes each time.

Winter in Pasadena is a Carnival of Sunshine, flowers, orange blossoms, blue sky, and the songs of mocking birds, larks, thrushes, orioles, flickers, robins and linnets, while ruby-throated iridescent humming-birds make glad the eye as they flit from flower to flower. A cloudless blue sky overarches this God-blessed fairy-land, and peace, prosperity, joy and content bloom on every hand.



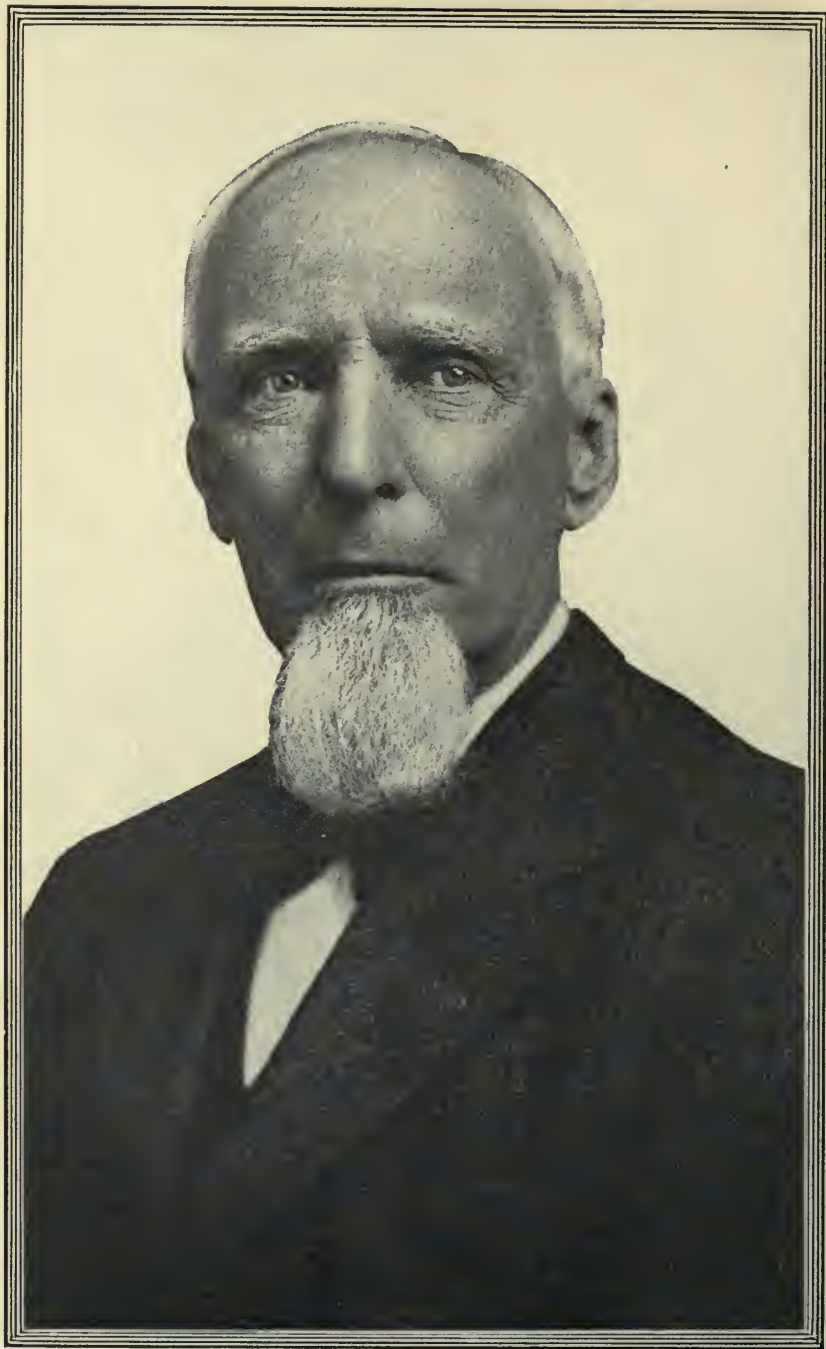
"For an Hour—even two hours—the Procession of Divine Flowers Passes by"

Courtesy Pasadena News



Courtesy Pasadena News

"Surely there never was so gloriously, divinely simple a pageant"



*Hon. George Alexander, Incumbent, Good Government Candidate for
Mayor, City of Los Angeles.*



*Job Harriman, Socialist, Candidate for Mayor,
City of Los Angeles.*

Redondo Beach

In Summer and Winter

REDONDO BEACH, situated 18 miles southwest of Los Angeles, in Los Angeles County, California, is beautifully laid out on a series of broad terraces overlooking the Pacific Ocean, and is the second largest shipping point south of San Francisco.

In the past three years Redondo Beach has increased in population from 1,700 to over 4,000.

While Redondo Beach is second to none of the California beach cities as a health and pleasure resort, it does not—like most resort cities—depend upon tourist business for its financial stability.

The climatic conditions at this favored

place could not be improved upon. With a maximum of sunshiny days, and a minimum of cloudy ones, the well known Southern California climate is here exemplified in the highest degree. No cold weather at any season, with flowers blooming their brightest in mid-winter, no frost, no snow, and only just enough rainfall to put vegetation at its best, the ideal winter is here found. In the summer cool sea breezes temper the heat of the sun, and the day that is sultry in the country back of the sea coast is a delight at the shore. It is very seldom that the thermometer registers as high as 85 degrees, and suffering from heat is unknown.



In the Surf, Redondo Beach



Pavilion and Bath House, Redondo Beach

For the entertainment of the summer visitors numerous attractions are provided. Among these may be mentioned a handsome new Pavilion and Auditorium erected at a cost of \$85,000, and containing the largest and finest dancing floor of the entire coast. Daily afternoon band concerts, with dancing each evening except Sunday. The Sunday concerts, afternoon and evening, are a special feature, to which distinguished soloists contribute rare musical treats.

There has recently been completed the largest and finest hot salt plunge bath house in the world, at a cost of \$200,000.

The bathing at Redondo Beach is unsurpassed anywhere, the gently sloping beach being ideal for the purpose. There is no dangerous undertow or tide-rip. Here the sands may be seen enjoying a buffet with the breakers as they roll gently up the shelving sands.

Nestling among the trees of the park that almost reaches the water's edge, in the very heart of the city, a modern tent city has been erected, and each year will, with new, clean tents and

furnishings, cater to those who desire the best amid ideal surroundings. For those to whom tent life does not appeal, Hotel Redondo, a famous hostelry, in its semi-tropical surroundings, offers an ideal home, while numerous hotels and rooming houses furnish accommodations to thousands yearly.

With each year the reputation of Redondo Beach as an ideal summer resort reaches further out and the visitors come from greater distances.

Redondo Beach has a reputation as a fisherman's paradise. At all seasons of the year the gamest fish of the ocean, both large and small, offer unequalled delights to the true sportsman.


Southern California is becoming world-famous as a winter resort, and the extensive travel to Los Angeles is fast reaching Redondo Beach. Each season sees an increasing number coming to this favorite beach for winter residence.

To the man of capital, looking for a location for a bona fide manufacturing enterprise, no better location, easily accessible by rail and water, can be found. Investigation is invited.



The Painted Desert

By Rosabel Rollins



AN overland journey from Gallup via the Santa Fe Railroad leads one directly into and through the Painted Desert.

The wagon road rises gradually from the level plains of Gallup, until a greeting from the Pinyon scrub Juniper and cedar reminds one that once again we are in the land of the Mesas tempered by a cool and exhilarating atmosphere.

Through this enchanted land of Mesas the road winds by rises and dips, the red and yellow rocks close on each side show at every turn fantastic shapes of titanic masonry and over all a wild volition of variagated desert flowers.

The road still leads on past the Mission of St. Michael where the good Franciscan Fathers live and work, past the ever genial and hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Day, and at night the traveler will remain over at Granada, the famous ranch of J. L. Hubbell. There the hospitality of this genial host is ever extended to the traveler and the latch string that hangs out is not tainted by hints of commercialism.

A refreshing rest with the dawn of a new day whets one's desire to renew the journey, and the road still leads on and up until you drop over what seems to be the sky line and a new world greets the traveler. A panoramic world swimming in waves of amber light and violet shadows. At every tick of the watch,

this kaleidoscope of far reaching vista is further enhanced in beauty by fluctuations of large masses of light and shade. The place of luminous shadow that lay at your feet one moment, is instantly transferred to a gleaming Mesa far ahead.

Down, down a long slope the road leads on, past large droves of grazing cattle, Navajo Hogans and waving fields of Indian corn. And the day is ended by passing the night at Chin Lee, a Navajo word meaning the flowing out of waters from what is known as Canyon de Chelly.

A New Titan of Northern Arizona

Canyon de Chelly of northern Arizona is called by the nomadic Navajos Sap Gee, (meaning between the rocks) and vies with the Grand Canyon in titanic splendor of form and color.

The overwhelming and masterful attitude of the Grand Canyon by sheer force of its splendid physical greatness has long overshadowed many other physical attractions which versatile Arizona rightfully lays claim, and up to a comparatively recent date, this new Titan of the North Canyon de Chelly has remained for many years unnoticed except to passing wanderers who gave but feeble hints of its existence.

The physical and titanic magnitude of Canyon de Chelly, the masterful play of variegated color, the sense of bigness the vain and futile effort to grasp even



South Portal of the Amphitheatre

Photo by A. C. Vroman Used by courtesy Santa Fe Railway



The Spires, Canyon de Chelly

Photo, by A. C. Vroman Used by courtesy Santa Fe Railway



Antelope Ruin Canyon de Chelly (note the ever-present Swastika)

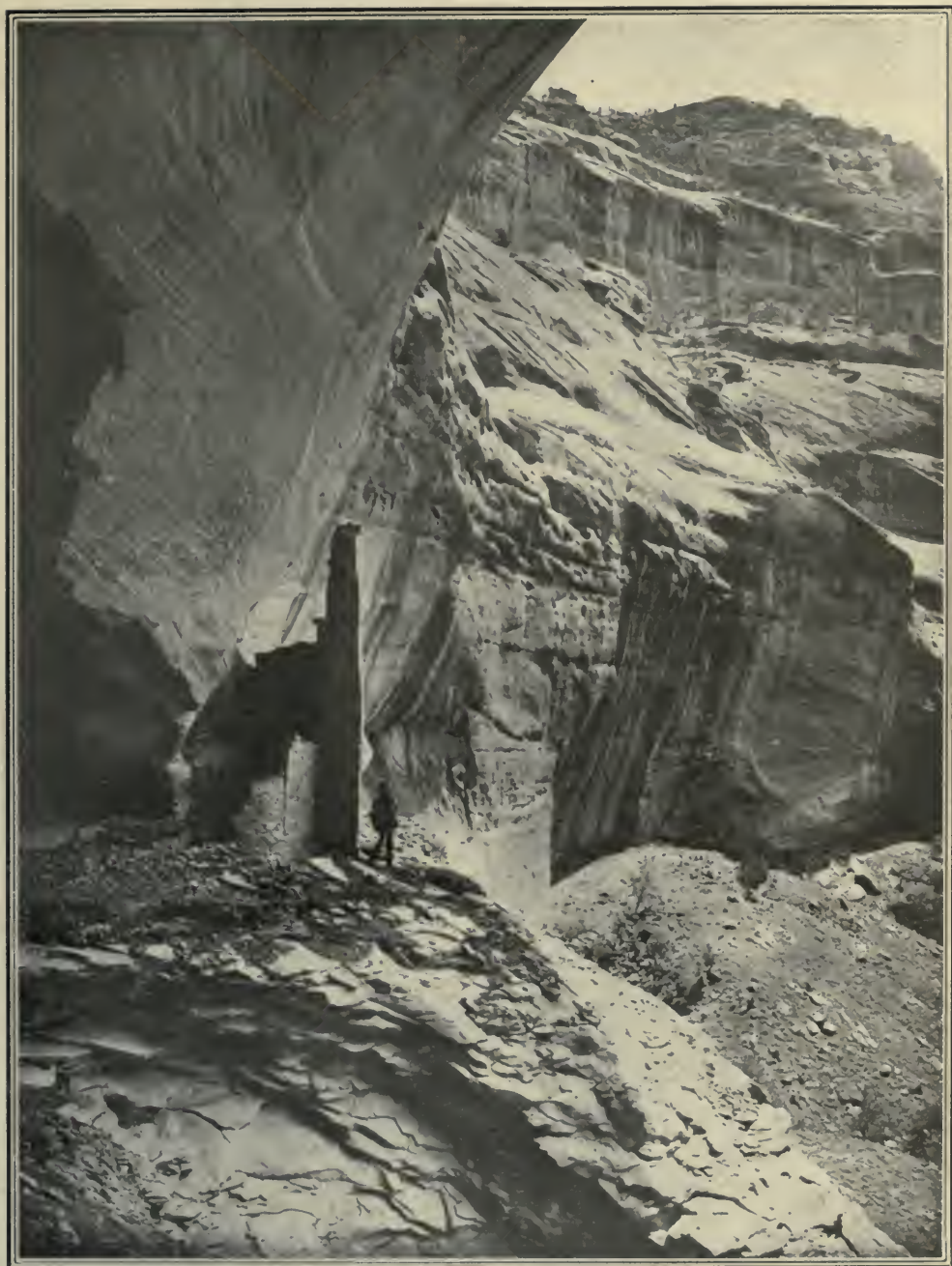
Photo by A. C. Vroman Used by courtesy Santa Fe Railway



At Sliding Ruin, Canyon de Chelly

Photo by A. C. Vroman

Used by courtesy Santa Fe Railway



In Mummy Cave, Canyon de Chelly

Photo by A. C. Vroman Used by courtesy Santa Fe Railway

a feeble suggestion of this titan wonder veiled by waves of penetrable, vapory air is echoed only in parallel to the Grand Canyon. An attempt at description by a play of words is a fallacy and the best that can be said to those who have the wanderlust—"Go and see Canyon de Chelly for yourself."

The tragedy of 1804. One of the most important and attentative missions of the Mexican republic at the beginning of the past century was the subjection and pacification of the nomadic tribes, embracing a portion of the territory that by the intrepid valor of the early Spanish conquerors, adhered to the Crown of Spain, this large and unknown land, lying north of what was known at the time as New Spain.

Many raids and depredations were committed upon the early Mexican settlers by marauding bands of Navajos, whose raids became so frequent as to depopulate the outlying Mexican settlements, land. In the campaign which followed, the emboldened acts of lawlessness by the Navajos, the chase of the warlike Nomads led the Mexican troops far to the north and to the strong hold of the Navajos to a Titanic Canyon having many divisions and now known as Canyon de Chelly.

The hiding place of the Navajos would have in all probability escaped detection by the passing troops but a cry of defiance from the over confident Navajos directed an attack from the troops against a large and well protected cave, where the Navajos lay concealed.

A siege of several days was ended by a small detachment of troops who succeeded in scaling a projecting point overlooking the cliff and exterminated the entire force of Navajos, whose bleached remains still lay as they fell, a grim reminder of the passing of the red man.

Since the tragic event of 1804, that part of Canyon de Chelly bears the name of Canyon de Merito (Canyon of the Dead.)

Houses of Undertermined Antiquity

The event of 1804 attracted some attention and this Titan of the unexplored north became known only to adventurers and relic hunters, and it

was only after the acquisition to the United States of the large portion of territory by the war of 1846 that anything like settlements were established or direct explorations made.

Subsequent to the founding of the Smithsonian by our government, Canyon de Chelly was brought to the attention of our American archaeologists who explored the full length of the canyon and found that at one time in the remote past, de Chelly was inhabited by a superior and populous people, who built large communal houses of stone, and showing fine skill in masonry.

The courageous daring and prodigious effort shown in the construction of their houses is attested by their location in places sheer up the towering battlements, truly a sheer abode like eagles' nests. These early people sought safety in refuge.

The White House

The most perfect and best preserved of all the prehistoric buildings located in Canyon de Chelly, for much vandalism was committed by curio seekers, is the White House, located in what is called Echo Canyon, and so remarkable is the echo that even a whisper is repeated, and who knows that the early builders knowing this phenomenon, used the echo as a means of warning and defense, as the settlement or cluster of houses, built in terraces and reaching to the highest place of the White House, could be easily reached by a besieging party.

No words of tongue or pen can express or even give a comparative suggestion of this silent and titanic wonder spot, Echo Canyon. One approaches the White House, with a feeling of awe and reverence. Still in whispered tone we involuntarily cry, "In riddles speak thy ruined walls to me." and from the yawning cavern the stoic walls, make answer, "Here once we dwelt."

The enchantment and perfect serenity of Echo Canyon, whose towering walls are hallowed by the lives of a prehistoric race who once dwelt here, may induce the wanderer to pass the night in the vicinity, under the sheltering Peonons, just across the sluggish river and opposite the White House.

The greenish, garish light from yon

rising moon will bathe the crumbling walls of a once inhabited people with a ghostly light, and from the silent tower, the owl's solemn call is heard, or far down from the reaches of the sluggish stream, bordered by the towering cliffs, a coyote's scream may startle one, yet

fancy the crumbling walls again take life, and from the gleaming fires the shouts and laughter of a peaceful and contented people mingle their voices with the crackling flames of their home fireside.

Gadsonia and its Ruins

By Lela Anfier Lenfest



LIVING south of the Gila and stretching along our Mexican boundary in Arizona is a strip of country, barren and desolate throughout a large part of its area, yet comprising many miles of the most fertile land; sparsely settled yet containing the remains of a dense population; comparatively unknown, yet famous as the scene of many dramatic historical events.

This interesting land of anomalies was acquired by the Gadsen Purchase of 1853. In negotiating for the purchase of this territory, Mr. Gadsen made every effort to secure a strip of Mexico as far south as Guaymas and including the Gulf of California and Lower California. We can now see that congress made a great mistake in not sustaining Mr. Gadsen, thus giving us that most desirable port on the Pacific. It is interesting to speculate, as to what effect such ownership would have had on our own present relations with Mexico. At the time of its purchase this territory was called Gadsonia, a name which has passed into disuse as did that more poetical one of Spanish possession Pimeria Alta.

In the southwestern part, this country is dreary and desolate but along the Santa Cruz and Gila Rivers in the northern and eastern part, it is second in fertility only to the famous Salt River District. Under irrigation, wheat, corn, melons, onions, and garden truck are produced in abundance.

As we traveled north from the Mexican border, we found such well known towns as Tubac, Tucson, Tombstone, Ft. Grant, Ft. McDowell and Casa Grande, all famous in the early history of the country. Along this route, Coronado, and the Jesuit Fathers, Kino, Mange, and Tonto marched in search of the seven fabulous cities of the North now so famous as the Navajo and Moqui pueblos. At Tubac, Father Kino established a permanent mission and from this as a base explored the Gila River attempting to establish Mission posts. We can scarcely imagine the hardships of those patient and zealous Fathers making their way through this desolate region filled with hostile Indians.

The two tribes who were the star actors in the long drama of Indian warfare beginning at that time and ending only with the deportation of the Apaches and their Chief Geronimo, were the peaceful, industrious, agricultural Pimas and the bloodthirsty, lazy, roving Apaches. Both have left their mark upon the country. As we traveled, we did not see piles of bones, and arrow-pierced, crucified Indians described in Ross Browne's lurid "Tour Through Arizona," yet such was the terror inspired by the murderous Apaches, that as we approached some famous stronghold or the scene of some frightful massacre we could almost see the blue smoke rise and hear their horrid war-whoops. But that is all of the past and in this day of the Roosevelt Dam one cannot imagine a more peaceful pastoral country.



Once a lonesome land of waste and ruin

The Pima Indians have always been friendly to the white people, and though they are diminishing in numbers, there are still many left in rancherias near the larger towns. One of these near Florence, the county seat of Pinal county, was very interesting. The huts of this village were not of the bee-hive type of early days, but the frail brush and cactus wood structures of the Mexicans. They are square with one room and a pergola like affair upon which the family wardrobe is displayed. This is rather hard on the clothes but has the advantage of being sanitary.

The young women, with their regular features, fine skin, and large bright, black eyes shaded with long lashes, are quite beautiful. The men are tall and broad-shouldered with good features and pleasant, open countenances. All carry themselves in a noble and dignified manner from their long practice in carrying water-jars. They are very courteous, but have a comical aversion to the camera.

The old squaws make plain red ollas and reed baskets. Their baskets are far inferior to the Apaches' both in

weave and design. The finery Apache is an artist in designing, and takes infinite pains in execution. Some of the older Pima baskets, finer in weave and softened by time, compare very favorably with the Apache. You may occasionally pick up one in an out of the way corner. One day, while walking on a ranch near Florence, we came upon an old Mexican woman sitting before her little shack sewing a gay patchwork quilt. Her scraps of calico were held in a large round basket, which upon examination, proved to be a fine old Pima weave. She gladly took the two pesos we offered her, happy to exchange a dirty old basket for two shining silver pieces with which she might purchase some gay calico. They are like children in the use of money—those simple, kindly Mexicans. As soon as they get money they spend it for a gaudy bandana or a bright rebozo. They live in about the same fashion as the Indians, only they are much more filthy. They are very much attached to their dogs. Each family has at least two and very often three of the most abject curs imaginable. We hear much of the dogs of Constantinople but it can hardly be



The Raging Gila River after a storm

possible that they are worse than those of a Mexican village. In the daytime they are very quiet; but nightfall is the signal for their sallying forth. They race up and down, over fences, across porches, under houses, barking, fighting, howling and making night a time of terror. The Mexicans resent any interference with their dogs.

The country around Florence is rich in historical remains. Villages, mounds, irrigating ditches, shrines and pictographs. Of villages there are no less than eight near Florence. These are typical of many others all along the Gila River Valley. It has been estimated that there were no less than 100,000 or 200,000 people inhabiting this valley; but later investigations have shown that these villages were not built and inhabited all at once, but were progressive. Dr. Fewkes who has been engaged in excavating and studying the various mounds, has discovered that the towns were made up of compounds. A compound being a rectangular walled enclosure with many small houses surrounding a large central building or "Big House" as it is called; gathering places for worship, sociability

and trade.

The people in a compound becoming tired of it or being molested by some neighboring tribe moved on and built another, allowing the old one to fall into ruin. Thus through succeeding generations large areas would be covered by a comparatively small number of people. Estimating on this basis it is probable that the valley never contained more than 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants.

The most notable and best preserved of the villages is that of Casa Grande or "Big House" ten miles west of Florence. It is called Casa Grande from the principal ruin in the area. When and by whom this was built, we have no historical account; but the Pimas have a tradition, and scientific authority seems to bear them out, that it was built and occupied by their ancestors. It is probable that the Pima, Moqui, and Navajo Indians had a common ancestry, who were the builders of these houses of which the Casa Grande is the only one in a state of preservation. The Pimas have numerous legends connected with this ruin. One is that it was built by a great Chief Civano, (the word means chief) who lived here with his twenty

wives. Each wife wore a huge, half basket, half bonnet, head gear the possible progenitor of the modern peach basket hat. Another tradition is that it was occupied by the chief, Morning Green, a powerful medicine man and a great magician. He was famous for his festivals and dancing parties given to neighboring tribes. On one of these occasions, one of his beautiful daughters

that it was at that time in a state of ruin. Father Tonto mentions the surrounding wall six feet high, which was completely covered up, but which has been brought to light and restored by Dr. Fewkes.

It is often referred to as an adobe structure, but adobe, as we usually understand it, is sundried brick. The walls of Casa Grande are made up of



Each rock bears an imprint of historic interest

was abducted by a chief from Tempe.

The building came to its present condition through the hostility of a neighboring tribe whose chief created a serpent by drawing a human hair through his teeth. This serpent cut down the walls surrounding the "Big House" and left it in its present ruinous condition.

The first authentic historical mention of this ruin is by Father Eusebius Kino, in 1694. Coronado mentions a "Red House" or "Chichilticalli" which has been supposed to refer to Casa Grande, but the consensus of opinion is that he did not pass through this part of the country. The later Jesuit Fathers, Tonto and Mange, have given us a very complete account of the building showing

blocks four by five by three feet, which were made on the walls in boxes or wood or brush. These were filled with puddled clay. It is easily seen that this resembles our modern concrete construction. It is very interesting as being the sole survivor in this country of this type of house structure, which is about the highest attained by any native American tribe. There are many ruins of this type in Mexico which has led to the belief that this is an Aztec building.

The building is a rectangle forty-three by fifty-nine feet and contains five rooms on the ground floor. There are four room on the outside and one entered by means of a very low opening extends through to the third story. As this central room has no connection with the



The Pictured Rocks—telling of ancient migrations

outside, it is a matter of conjecture as to its use. It may have been a store room, or a room of worship used in connection with the worship of the sun undoubtedly practiced by the people who dwelt here. The loopholes seen on the eastern and western walls were used for observing the sun. The poles and beams, used as rafters, show marks of wooden axes, but they have long ago been removed by vandals. The beams, now seen, were placed there by the government in 1889 when the sum of two thousand was appropriated by Congress for the repair of the ruin. There are no remains of doors and windows, so it is probable that blankets and skins of animals were used. The inside wall, even after over two hundred years exposure to the elements, is fine and smooth shining as in the day when Father Kino described it as "shining like Pueblo pottery." How this plaster was made

is a secret which died with the builders.

The ground for sixty-five acres around the main building, is filled with ruins of pottery, bone ornaments, and stone tools, very few, however, in perfect condition. The remains of pottery show the black and red designs similar to the ruin. Recent excavations have unearthed many interesting remains of jewelry, bone and stone anklets and bracelets, cloth of fine texture, baskets and fragments of unworked copper and copper bells. In one of the rooms excavated near the main building was found a pile of cigarette stumps. They were made of reed one and one half inches long wrapped in a woven band, by which they were held when hot. The reed was filled with tobacco and smoked by the priest, who sent the smoke out toward the cardinal point of the compass. This ceremony was observed by the Pimas up to within recent years.



Casa Grande—from the east—

Remains of toka, a game played with a raw-hide rope were found. The rope was knotted at each end and thrown by means of a sharpened stick, the contestants facing each other at a distance of one hundred feet. The daughter of Morning Green was engaged in this game at the time of abduction by the Tempe chief. How suggestive are these bits of romance from the annals of those people who lived, toiled, loved and suffered before the white man set foot in this land. Dr. Fewkes has done a wonderful work in reconstructing the life of this prehistoric people, and his plan for excavating and restoring Casa Grande so that it will be a type village, thus making it possible for the student to actually see one of those prehistoric towns, is masterly.

Through the ruins and running parallel with the Gila River are many remains of irrigating ditches. The best preserved of these is the one just north of the Gila River near Posten's Butte. It passes through a long stretch of rocky ground and shows considerable engineering skill. The extent and perfection of these remains, show that the people

who constructed them had discovered and applied a more extensive system of irrigation, than any of the aboriginal inhabitants of America.

Other interesting records of these people are the well known Pictured Rocks. One group about ten miles from Florence is of especial interest as a type of shrines scattered through the valley and most common near Mesa Verde. Some of these rocks have genuine pictographs and others are evidently of a Pickwickian origin. From this point we had a wonderful view of an immense Giant Cactus forest, if that luxuriant "reptilian growth" may be termed a forest. One writer has suggested that the fluted columns of this cactus bring to mind the "squat pillars of Rameses." The canes which make up the cactus framework are used by the Indians in the construction of shacks, and by the white people as fences.

To the south of Florence is another much larger group of rocks. The writing on these is much finer. The Indians say it is a guide post giving directions for reaching Casa Grande. These pictographs are numerous through the Gila



An imposing Prehistoric Monument

Valley and in desolate places mutely remind us that those prehistoric people passed this way and paused in their journeyings.

Not the least fascinating of the marvels of this region is the Gila River, itself, which winds its mysterious and torturous course through desert, mesa, and gorge, now lost in the sands and now a foaming flood. If you come upon it in dry weather when it is a tiny trickling stream or has disappeared entirely leaving its bed dry and burning you are not inclined to have much respect for it. But if it is your good fortune, as it was ours, to see a storm rise over the eastward buttes, you will have a never to be forgotten experience. At first there is only a tiny cloud which quickly expands into a rolling, seudding mass, darkening the entire heavens and pouring down a flood. After a few hours of storm you notice a white line of foam, trailing like Titania's scarf along the dry river bed. It creeps on and on to be followed in a few minutes by a swirling, furious flood of muddy water. We understand now why the Fathers called it "the river of swift waters." Like some awkward runner stumbling along, the dark water rises and falls back upon itself in a way

that has to be seen to be appreciated. This peculiar motion is caused by its treacherous quicksand bottom. Many are the stories told of the treachery of this river, of parties camping in its dry bed engulfed while sleeping, of luckless horsemen sucked into its shifting sands, of cabins undermined by its stealthy turnings. Probably the numbers of these occurrences is greatly exaggerated as is the frequency of Gila monsters, more often met in curio stores than in their native haunts. The Gila is a variable and uncertain stream changing its course without warning. An instance of this was found near Florence where a fine bridge had been left as useless as a last year's birds' nest.

If a storm on the desert is wonderful its after effects are still more marvelous. In the course of a few days of warm sunshine the whole face of the desert is changed. It is covered with soft grass and a gray, green carpet of wild white forget-me-not which furnish feed for the cattle as well as rest for the eyes. Countless dainty flowers spring up in every nook and corner, star-like pink and yellow oenothera, brightening up the gay green of the forget-me-nots.



Adobe Home--Typical of the Country

The half dead poplars and willows along the banks of the river take a new lease of life and send out fresh leaves and branches, the paola verde, ironwood and mesquite take on a cheerful and healthy green; in the shrubs and trees

countless birds flit, twitter and sing. The gay blue bird, the southern cardinal, the striped woodpecker give an enlivening note of color and the mocking bird and brown thrasher pour forth floods of delicious song.

Pima and
Apache
Baskets



The Stair
Pattern Basket
said to have
been used
by Geronimo

The Rhyming Miner

By Roy Reuben Rosamond

SO you've come out West to do your best?"

I had been lounging around the lobby of the Grand Central Hotel for almost a week, but had fallen into conversation with the Rhyming Miner only the day before. Curiosity prompted me to hang around. "He never talks but in rhymes," a fellow up the street had told me. And he was typically western too—wore corduroy clothes and high shoes and had a mighty independent air about him. There was a lot of good nature in his face, and I thought that a fellow's health might be improved by having him for a companion. He quit playing solitaire to listen to my reply.

"Well, you see, I used to live here in Helena when I was a kid. Mother died here when I was six, and then father took me down east and left me to the tender mercies of an uncle—a farmer. The mercies, such as sprouting stumps and hoeing potatoes and cultivating corn, came after father's death. I stayed with it until I was eighteen and then I ran away from home and hired out to a fellow down on the river, cutting corn. When I had earned ten dollars I started for Montana. Getting back was the only aim in my life. I don't know why. I'm just western, I suppose. It was September when I started. Here it is April and I just arrived week before last. Herded cattle in the western part of Kansas to get money to come on."

"If you're not Pudden and Tame, then what is your name?"

I told him, but he preferred to call me Jack; and Jack I remained.

"I used to know your mother and I loved her like a brother."

After that I felt that I had really come home. Being an orphan and alone in the world, I suppose I was a little touchy.

"I suppose you won't shirk in looking for work?"

"Well, you see, I've come rather early. Work is not very plentiful yet. I think that I would like to mine, but a fellow told me that I would have to go on as mucker until I learned something about the business. I could have gone out to Bald Butte yesterday, but the boss wanted hammer and drill men. I want work, too, because I am almost broke. I'm living as cheap as I can—paying a dollar a week for a room and eating up here at a ten cent chop house."

"I've been watching you now quite a while, and I'm getting right struck on your style. Along in the spring, when the little birds sing, you can go along to the Ten Mile."

The Rhyming Miner evidently meant what he said, for he counted out twenty dollars from a roll of bills and handed me the money, saying:

"I don't want you to eat ten cent lunches when I can hand you the money in bunches."

The Rhyming Miner and I became pretty well acquainted during those days we were waiting for winter to break up. I learned that he had been in Montana since the earliest gold rush, had

worked in the Grizzley Gulch and Last Chance Gulch and other placer diggings where the big clean -ups had been made. He was a pipe man and the best in the country. He had been a big game hunter in his day, too. He told me many a thrilling tale. And so as the days went by we grew to like each other. We ate together and slept together and went to the show together. He told his friends that I was his boy and was not alloy. He did seem kind of a father to me. I suppose he was about sixty years of age, and if he had any bad habits I never found it out.

By listening to his talk and watching the life about me, I learned a great deal about things I wanted to know. His mine was about sixty miles back in the Deer Lodge Mountains to the southwest, and he didn't care a rap for anything else in the world. I mean that he could have made money in several other industries, such as sheep and cattle raising, but his mine was enough for him. He would go up there in the summer when the snow had melted and mine out enough gold to carry him nicely until the next summer, and when a man can do that he can well feel pretty independent. He referred to the mine as the "place where there was little flow and lots of dough." I have since had cause to doubt his word concerning the flow.

The last snow came and went; the streets were filled with running water. A man certainly feels active when the snow is leaving the ground. May came with an abundance of warm sunshine. Miners and mining supplies were leaving for the mines every day. They had been sluicing on Eldorado Bar since the middle of April. I was filled with a great impatience. The rhyming miner informed me that in all probability the snow was twenty feet deep up at Ten Mile and that there was no such thing as getting up there before the first of June.

But we did not start until June 2nd. We were three days in climbing the highest mountains in Montana; and there wasn't even a trail to go by the greater part of our journey. We would go over a mountain and up a gulch and over another mountain and so on. The Rhyming Miner paid one hundred

dollars for the services of a man and five pack mules. When we reached the cabin, after struggling through the snow-drifts, we were all in a state of exhaustion.

I felt awfully queer away up there on the summit of the world. It was lonesome and still up there, I can tell you. I couldn't tell east from west; completely turned around, you might say. I knew that we were away up in the air, just to timber line, but imagine my surprise when I found that I could place my hand in boiling water without burning it and that beans would not cook at all. I don't see how gold could get up so high. There must have been lots of it in that country a few years before, for every gulch we struck had been worked out—rottening flume boxes and bent pipe, lying around, even old cradles where the Chinamen had worked in their small way, and empty cabins on the hillsides. We didn't see a living soul or a house that was habitated during fifty miles of the distance to the cabin. I got a shot at some deer coming up, with the Rhyming Miner's thirty-thirty (30-30) but missed them a mile. The Rhyming Miner would have shot one if the law had been out. I just couldn't help being shaky.

The Rhyming Miner's cabin wasn't much to speak of—made out of knothched logs and didn't have any floor, only sand. He had to build it down below the mine where the logs were. The mine was some little distance above timber-line. Some years before a fire had swept the side of the mountain where the cabin stood and left the white pines bare. Here and there a young one was shooting up to see if the danger was past. The gulch was about ten miles long—it was about five to the top of the range and five to where it joined another larger gulch. The snow was about a hundred feet deep farther up the gulch and had just began to melt, feeding the tiny stream that ran down over the riffle-blocks in the sluice boxes. There was scenery around that no artist could paint. The poor devil would chill with the brush while attempting it.

We arrived at the cabin about sundown. The door wasn't even locked. The Rhyming Miner said that he had

never seen a living soul up there, excepting the men who came up with him each summer. The cabin was full of things used in placer mining. I began to set them outside while the Rhyming Miner got supper and the man tended his mules. The bedding was suspended from the rafters by a wire to keep the mountain rats from making nests of it. I got it down and made the beds. We rolled in right after eating supper, for we were tired, I can tell you. The Rhyming Miner hadn't done a stroke of work since the summer before and I was as soft as a pasture horse from my loafing.

The man with the mules left early the next morning. I supposed we would take the next day to straighten up the cabin and pack away the grub, etc. A little rest would have come in right handy to me. But no. The Rhyming Miner was up in the mine at daylight, disregarding the snow that was falling and the ice on the small stream. I set the dough to sour, hung the twenty slabs of bacon on the wall, packed the flour away and carried water from the creek while he was preparing breakfast.

The Rhyming Miner gave me instructions in rhyme. I was only too willing to work. Little by little I learned all there was to do. We got the sluice boxes in order in a few hours; and as there was but little water running as yet, we cleaned bedrock, shoveling the rich dirt into a wheelbarrow and wheeling it over and dumping it out slowly into the sluice.

"If I'm a truthful man that goes a dollar to the pan," the Rhyming Miner informed me. The dirt next to bedrock is where the bulk of the gold lies. It must have been full of gold, because it nearly broke my back before dark. And I am rather husky too. I wasn't fed on hog and hominy down east for nothing. The Rhyming Miner said that "all men on this hill have to drill." And we did. It was work from daylight to dark, Sunday and all. We had June, July and August in which to mine, and then the water would freeze and the snow drive us out.

"I'll give you five a day if you conclude to stay," said the Rhyming Miner. I did conclude to stay. I liked the Rhyming Miner better and better every

day. He was the first man who ever treated me like a human being. I thought I would make a fortune at those wages. I wondered what the folks back east would think if they knew. I had certainly done well in coming out West. Of course there was a little disadvantage in the bill of fare. Bacon and bread and coffee and prunes was what we ate, and sometimes a mess of potatoes when we felt like keeping fire under them until late at night. Deer were plentiful about four miles down, but we did not take the time to go hunting. We were out for gold and we were getting it.

I never saw a living thing all the time I was up there, excepting the mountain rats. Now, I'll take that back. One day I saw an eagle about five miles away, circling above the lower mountains. I suppose he thought that he was pretty high, but I could see that he wasn't quite level with the diggings. I could hardly work for watching him. Sometimes at dusk the mourning of a wolf or the yelps of coyotes would come floating up the gulch on the quiet air, but other sounds, save the rippling of the water, there were none.

And so the days went on. We ate and slept and worked. We would clean up every Sunday morning. This was our easiest and most pleasurable task--taking out the riffle blocks and washing the quicksilver down the flume until all the gold was caught. I would get the largest nugget one Sunday and the Rhyming Miner the next. We would retort at night and our poorest clean-ups were in excess of \$1,000.

Some of the Rhyming Miners expressions while working with his gold were wonderful. He was too practical to be a real poet, but he was real humorous at times. One night, just before going to bed, he tacked a strip of sand-paper on the wall near the stove. "Come here with your match when you want to scratch," he said.

You would think that it would be warm up there in August. Not so. It snowed every two or three days that whole summer, but we would go on working just the same. I supposed that it would rain, but the Rhyming Miner said that it never had to his knowledge. But he was prepared for rain, neverthe-

less. When he staked off the claim, a few years before, he made a reservoir some little distance above the mine and put in a headgate and galvanized pipe and hydraulic ready for immediate use. But the snow had never even melted out of it, much less fill with water. The Rhyming Miner would be made a rich man in a few days could he have used the hydraulic. He made the remark one day. "If this stream wasn't stint, I could start a mint."

On the 25th of August, the weather turned colder than usual and the stream diminished in volume. We were mining in snow and ice. The man with the mules would be up on September 1st, if nothing happened, but we would have to stop work before that time unless the weather changed. It did change. Warm rain began falling on the 27th. We set to work with the hydraulic at once, or the Rhyming Miner did, for I was kept busy throwing boulders out of the race and piling logs on the fire I had built in the cut. We worked all that night by the light of the fire. The stream of water from the nozzle went tearing into a bank of earth twenty feet high. There was so much water that I was obliged to feel for the boulders with my feet, in a black racing current.

Every few minutes a great slab of earth would come tumbling down to be washed into the flume.

"Look out for your bones, for here comes the stones," the Rhyming Miner would shout. And then again: "If you're not getting lank you can work toward the bank." He was certainly an artist with the nozzle. Backward and forward I worked in the race, keeping it free of the larger stones.

We cleaned up a little after daylight—about \$5,000 I should judge. The rain increased. I went down to the cabin and cooked breakfast for myself and took up the Rhyming Miner's breakfast—enough for five ordinary men. He ate with one hand, never taking his eyes off the ground he was pipeing into the race.

We never stopped work for an instant. I never saw a happier man than the Rhyming Miner. He stood there working that nozzle, growing thinner and happier, firing rhymes at me every other

breath. We had on hip boots and slickers and oil caps and were immune to dampness.

"I've been waiting ten years for all these tears," he laughed, extending his hand into the rain.

I carried his food to him there in the diggings day and night, day and night for five days. It rained all that time. It takes some food to keep a man working without sleep. At the end of that time only one slab of bacon hung on the wall; the flour was low, the potatoes were gone, and me and what few prunes remained weren't on speaking terms. I had eaten them three times a day until they refused to remain eaten. I must say that the Rhyming Miner didn't figure on my appetite when he bought that bill of grub. I was still growing—still putting on the last and hardest toughest of my growth. I put on ten pounds while I was up there.

We cleaned up every morning during the rain, leaving the gold in the quicksilver, after straining it through several thicknesses of cloth. I had balls of gold setting all over the table in the cabin before it stopped raining, as much as \$1,500 in some of them. The Rhyming Miner left that part of the work to me. He trusted me implicitly. We did not take time to retort as we had plenty of quicksilver without doing so.

September 1st came and went, but the man with the mules did not come. I suppose he was delayed on account of the washouts below. Although the Rhyming Miner was piping some exceptionally rich ground, I could see that he was worried. "It's me that's in hope he comes up the slope, for something says bold it's going to turn cold," he said.

And it did turn cold; snow took the place of rain and a wind sprang up from the north. We made the last clean-up with freezing fingers, and none too soon. By ten o'clock that night a blizzard was on full blast. Our position was serious because we were short of grub.

"Things go amiss, but I didn't expect this," the Rhyming Miner exclaimed, drawing his head in from the howling storm.

"Shall we try and make it out in the

morning, if the storm lets up a bit?," I asked for I feared the worst.

No rhymed answer came from the Rhyming Miner. I caught him as he fell, and he was asleep when he struck my arms; and asleep he remained for I know not how long. I know there were two days we could never account for. I woke up first and devoured half that slab of bacon and the greater portion of the flour in the shape of flap jacks.

When the Rhyming Miner awoke he looked out at the storm, which had increased; then he made an inventory of the food supply.

"If I break my fast we'll soon breathe our last," he said. And his face was stern and thoughtful. "You must now suck your thumb 'till this damn storm is done." And this we literally proceeded to do, after retoring gold amounting up into the thousands. We had grub amounting to about two good square meals and gold dust amounting to somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars.

A Montana blizzard is a long-winded affair, so things looked pretty blue, I can tell you. I didn't know what to do. And as the Rhyming Miner was not given to plain downright prose explanation, I knew nothing of his plans. He would say something in rhyme when I would ask questions, but his replies were not satisfactory. I was hungry and wanted food. It was very cold and wood was scarce, that is, there was but little in the cabin and that outside, although plentiful, was already covered with ten feet of snow. It had drifted in the gulch to the right of the cabin until it was level with the window—about fifty feet of snow there, I suppose.

I must say that I can work better than I can fast. Working day and night had called for a lot of vitality and now this to come on top of it was about the limit. The Rhyming Miner didn't seem to worry about it. He set to work making a crude pair of snowshoes. I would have done the same thing, but there was nothing to make them of. I thought that there was a chance for him and not for me. However, I was too famished and miserable to do anything. I put in my time between sleeping and insist-

ing that we eat the remaining food. The storm kept right on coming. We burned the last stick of wood the second night, with the aid of a good many candles.

We burned the bedsteads and the stools the fourth night of the storm. By this time the Rhyming Miner was obliged to keep me away from the food by force. All the fatherly and sonly love between us had vanished as if the storm had blown it away. He sat between me and the bacon with rifle cocked. "If you come in, I'll shoot you in the eye," he said.

I suppose that I wasted my strength in mental rage. Pangs of cold and hunger shot through me alternately. I grew desperate. While I was in this state there was no sleep for either of us. Poor old man! He sat on the floor, leaning against the wall over there by the bacon, with his sheep-skin lined coat on and his bed clothes about him, holding the rifle and keeping candles lit to break the chill of the room.

And so the fifth day and night of the blizzard came and went.

I wish that the Rhyming Miner had explained to me what he intended to do—what his plans were for our rescue. But he did not. I had no thought of the future. I was more of a beast than a human being during those days of agony from the cold and hunger. While the Rhyming Miner was guarding that bacon and flour he was thinking of a way out of the difficulty, I suppose. There wasn't a bit of difference between us and the man on the rock out at sea, with gold all around and nothing to eat. For the life of me, I could not see why, if we were to die, we did not eat what food we had left. I thought that I might as well be shot as to starve to death, and so I made a dash for the bacon.

But the Rhyming Miner was there before me and we went down together in a deadlock. That I had wasted my strength through my mental attitude proved true. The first thing I knew the Rhyming Miner had me tied up in my bedding and the mattress as neatly as you please, just leaving enough of me out to catch the fresh air. Yes, I could see, but he was not aware of the fact. While he was tying the knots, I could feel



If that's you Jack, take this pack off my back."

the life going out of him. I must have been hard to kill, or my observation would have done the job. "If I ever get out of this I'll kill you sure," I told him.

The storm had ceased by this time. The Rhyming Miner broke up the table, the only wood in the cabin, and cooked a small portion of the bacon and made a few flap jacks. He ate right there before the corner of my right eye, off the stove hearth.

I believe that I lost consciousness about that time. I was so mad. I cannot otherwise account for the lapse of time.

So this was the man who was so liberal and so fatherly down there in Helena. I opened my eyes and looked about the room, but the object of my wrath was gone. One thing I was glad of. He didn't have the strength to pack the gold away; it was stacked up in a corner of the cabin. A small hunk of bacon and about a quart of flour in the corner of the sack hung on the wall. Why in the name of God did he leave that food?

I struggled to be free. The knots must have slipped a little, for I managed to work out the mattress after expending all the strength left in me. There wasn't very much, but I ate what there was, rekindling the dying fire with the stuffing from the mattress. Slowly the strength came back into my limbs; reason crept back into my brain.

I went to the cabin door and opened



"If you come ni I'll shoot you in the eye"

foot of the top, leaving a small place for it. The snow had drifted to within a exit. The wind had died down and the full moon was coming out strong and clear. Outside, I could make out the tracks of the Rhyming Miner leading down the gulch.

"He's gone, gone, the rascal." I cried. I suppose that he thought he would find me dead and frozen stiff upon his return. He would claim that I had died a natural death. Yes, he left that food on the wall to prove that I had not starved to death. He would give me decent burial and then go off with my summer's wages and all. Good Lord, but it hurt me to be deceived in him. Why, uncle, was a saint to him! He could well afford to be liberal, the cur. roping in a tender-foot that way. "I'll kill you, you rhyming scoundrel, if I

ever get the chance." I cried.

A crust had frozen over the snow, and so I made preparations to follow the Rhyming Miner. Yes, that was the only thing to do. Follow him and kill him! I would starve to death if I stayed.

I took a blanket and gold to the amount of my summer's wages. I weighed it on the scales we had that I might get the right amount, fifteen dollars to the ounce.

I fairly flew over the snow, once started. I was leaving a place of horror

to me and my head was filled with queer imaginations. I tell you it was silent and death-like up there, and the world of living things seemed so far away. I seemed to be running away from my own dead self. I don't know that I had hopes of getting out alive; I only knew that I was getting away. And I thought that, being younger and able to travel faster, I would surely overtake the Rhyming Miner. I suppose he had about an hour's start of me. Woe unto him if I did catch up. I had taken the hand axe from the wall the last thing before leaving the cabin; I held it in my hand firmly. If I overtook the Rhyming Miner I would slip up behind him and do the job.

I kept my eyes glued on the trail ahead, making out the prints of the snowshoes distinctly. The moon shown as bright as day and the snow reflected its brilliancy.

I suppose I had run a mile when I felt my legs weakening. My long fast and the weight of gold in my pockets were telling on my strength. I was obliged to slow down to a walk. I stopped, for the mourning of a wolf came floating up to me from down the gulch, paralyzing me with fear. And then I saw what appeared to be a bear coming up the trail not a hundred yards ahead.

The desire to climb a tree when a

bear is around must have been handed down to man since the beginning of the world. I took refuge in a neighboring pine. From this vantage point I saw the bear resolve itself into the Rhyming Miner with the greater portion of a deer tied to his back. He was crawling along, slowly, on his hands and knees, toward the cabin, defending himself from the attack of two large wolves with his hunting knife. He had left his rifle somewhere down the gulch, being unable to carry it.

"Heaven forgive me," I cried, descending from the tree and running to his side. He sank down exhausted ere I reached him and the wolves slunk away at my approach.

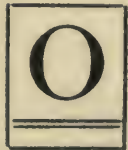
"If that's you, Jack, take this pack off my back."

His voice was feeble, but I heard every word; and I obeyed. I got him and the venison to the cabin somehow and burned the rest of the stuffing of the mattress in cooking the best meal I ever expect to eat. I wasn't fed on hog and hominy down east for nothing. The Rhyming Miner joined me in its praise, only his praise rhymed, and rhymed good. Three days later a half dozen men came to our rescue. They said that, after the rain, which was something fierce, they were having the finest weather they ever saw down below—real summer weather down there.



The Man on the Bank

by O. E. Youmans



ONE of the most disastrous train wrecks for many years had just occurred. To add to the horror, the wreckage had taken fire, thus adding many more victims to the already large list. The leaping tongues of flame, licking their way through the broken windows of the shattered cars, looked dull and red against the sky and over-hanging smoke.

On the bank, full in the glare, sat a man, his head buried in his hands. His clothing was torn and scorched, telling plainly of the struggle he had had with death. His eyebrows were gone, while his hair, which he from time to time nervously ran his fingers through, was nearly gone, only small, singed patches remaining.

People ran back and forth before him, but he heeded them not. He still seemed dazed by the thrilling experience he had so recently been through. One man, evidently the engineer of the wrecked train, as he wore jumper and overalls, limped down the track. When opposite the man on the bank, he paused and looked closely at him.

"Of course, they'll blame me for it!" he cried, addressing the man on the bank. "How was I to know the switch was open? The light was out! I jumped just in time! Wish I hadn't now! Wish I had been killed, same as Sam, my fireman, was!"

The man on the bank took no notice. He only raised his head and fastened

his eyes on the wreck before him. Shadowy forms appeared now and then, sometimes tottering alone, at other times carrying a still figure. There, too, the physicians from the relief train were working, hardly conscious of the blistering heat. Just beyond, peaceful in the midst of the horrible scene, lay the sheeted dead.

The injured engineer, realizing that he could expect no sympathy from the man on the bank, limped on down the track.

As he disappeared another man came stumbling up the track. When abreast of the man on the bank he suddenly stopped and looked closely at the man. A gleam of satisfaction passed over his face as he recognized the man as one for whom he had been looking, and he stepped up and touched him on the arm. The man started at the touch and looked up quickly. As his eyes rested upon the man before him he shrank back and lowered his eyes.

"Hurt much?" queried the newcomer, seating himself beside the man.

The man on the bank did not answer but kept his gaze fixed upon the scene before him.

"Anyone with you?" asked the newcomer.

A strange light instantly sprang into the man's eyes and he nodded in the affirmative.

"Who?" asked the other. "Perhaps I can help you find them."

"Its no use," answered the man on the bank, speaking slowly. "I don't

care to know."

For a brief interval there was silence.

"Who was with you?" asked the stranger.

"Wife and boy," answered the other, and the utter hopelessness of his voice caused the stranger to ask tenderly:

"Let me go look on the other side; they may be there."

"No, no," faltered the man on the bank. "I'm afraid to learn the truth. I wonder who that is?" he asked quickly, as a shadowy form came into view supported by another man.

"Its two men," answered his companion.

At this the man on the bank sank back with a sigh of relief.

"Just before the accident happened I went into the smoker," said the man on the bank. "I was knocked senseless. When I came around it was too late to do anything—the whole wreck was ablaze."

"They may be safe, somewhere," consoled the other.

"I've given up all hope," replied the man on the bank, covering his eyes with his hands. "Will you please watch for awhile? I've looked so long everything dances before my eyes."

"Don't give up," answered his companion with enforced cheerfulness. "You'll see them yet. Here come some more."

The other looked up, but quickly dropped his eyes again. The newcomers were men, their faces being almost completely covered with bandages.

"You can easily tell them," the man on the bank said. "Jennie is short, with light, golden hair. The baby's hair is light too, only curly. Oh, those dear little curls!" he cried passionately, wringing his hands. "Will I never see them again!" and he sank back in utter despair.

"Come, calm yourself," soothingly replied the other, "I know how you feel. I've a wife and children of my own at home."

"Why wasn't I killed too!" the man went on hopelessly.

"Tell me why you took that money, Perkins?" asked the other suddenly.

"Because I was a fool!" cried the other fiercely. "I needed it badly.

I fully intended to pay it back, honestly I did. Then I discovered that my crime had been suspected and I was forced to flee to escape arrest. I knew you were after me and saw you on the train. I should have come alone, but my wife would not listen to it. I thought at first of giving myself up. The thought of Jennie alone kept me from it. How was she to bring the child up without my help? Then the thought that the child might grow up to learn that her father was a felon also helped me to decide to flee."

At that moment another shadowy form came into view. As it approached, the two men saw that it was a woman. In her arms she carried a golden-haired baby. The man on the bank rose to his feet, an expression of hope lighting up his face.

"Jennie," he cried, his voice sounding above the crackling of the flames. "Jennie! Is that you? Is baby safe?" and he sprang down the bank and ran toward the approaching figure, without a thought of the man beside him.

The woman evidently did not hear him for she never looked his way. He kept on toward her.

"Jennie!" he cried again. "Don't you know me?"

The woman looked toward him and he hastened his steps and stretched out his arms toward her.

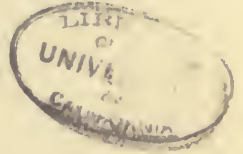
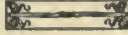
His recent companion watched him in silence for a moment. Then, turning away, he muttered: "Poor devil, I guess he's suffered enough. I think I'll hand in a report that he was killed in the wreck. Nobody will ever know otherwise, once he gets safely away," and he deliberately tore up a legal-looking document took from his pocket and threw the pieces away. "There, someone else can arrest him, if they recognize him, for I won't."

As the man who had sat on the bank neared the woman with the child he glanced back. His late companion was not to be seen. With a smile of satisfaction he passed by the woman without a word of recognition. Neither did she notice him, but continued on her way up the track.

"It was a lucky thing for me that I remembered seeing that woman and

baby on the train," he muttered to himself as he hastened on. "It enabled me to completely fool that meddling detective. Little does he know that

my wife and child preceded me two days ago. Well, I must catch the first train out," and he was swallowed up in the crowd.



Sonnet—

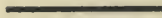
By Robert Page Lincoln

*He lies in death! Life's morning shadows scarce
Had touched his noon when death with silent wing
Sped down; and soothed by gentle hands a silent thing—*

*Of nameless beauty wrapt him round—he fares
No more the troubled highway for the spring
Is dry and cold. Clothed in a mystic sleep a cling
To him the divine kiss that tides away all cares.*

*He lies in death! nor shall man see him more:
For ne'er again that heart will beat its true
Throb of deep tender love such as he faithful bore.
One warm caress of sunshine—like the blue
Of heaven drooping down upon that glimmering shore.*

He sleeps serene—unwaking—an eternal due!



Kidnapped

By Jessie Davies Wilddy

NO one noticed when she crept through the back fence where a panel was missing, because no one paid very much attention to her in any way, so that she easily made her escape.

The fence enclosed The House and its out-buildings, and the North corner was down a dip of hill so that the space where the panel was missing, was hidden from view by the inmates, though she wished with a remote thrill that she might have been observed, and someone be in pursuit right this minute.

A keen glance assured her however, that safety was hers, which she expressed by a little chuckle of satisfaction, muttering: "I always wanted to, and now I HAVE."

The glorious Out Side, here it was, spread before her in all its delicious Spring-time allurements, after years and years of waiting!

Growing close to the out-side of the ugly high gray fence, were fields of "modest quaker," bowing their funny little flowers at the funny little old lady, who nodded back at them, courtseying as well as her bent old back would permit, saying: "Well, dearies, how dy do; I knew you'd all be here noddin' and wavin'."

"And here's pussley, too, sure as ever," she exclaimed excitedly.

WAS it long, long ago or only yesterday that she had gathered "pussley" for her white pet of a porker? Gathered

it one day, she remembered well, a whole apron full, out by the stable just after a rain, and the thick, juicy leaves were heavy with sand. And how that pig did love it.

That was when she was a bride—a young, young wisp of a bride, and the cunning little white pig was a wedding present.

How David had laughed at her for taking care of her pet so carefully, feeding it delectable bits of garden stuff, and buckets full of sweet, rich milk. How good a cup of that milk would taste now!

Here, by some scraggly bushes were real "butter 'n eggs" blooming just as it did when she, a little girl, rejoiced in the first finding of spring flowers, sprangling their little fluffy yellow and white blossoms over the meadows.

Slowly and happily the little old lady wandered on, renewing acquaintance with flowers and trees and vines, talking to them as though they were old and dear friends, and looking with joyous wonder at the great Out Doors.

After a laborious pilgrimage she found herself, near noon, within a wooded seclusion, where a clear little brook glided silently through the green solitude, and where woodland song birds filled the sunlit glades with ecstasy. She became tired and faint after her unusual exertion, and finding a comfortable seat on a heap of dead leaves by an old stump, she drew from her capacious pocket a little "snack" provided surreptitiously the evening before, and enjoyed

to the full her meager meal.

She was occupied a long time in eating, listening to the ripple of the little stream at her feet, the twitter of song-birds, and watching the long grass blowing in a gentle wind. Some broad-leaved water plants attracted her gaze; "land o' livin' if that ain't the very kind of plant little Joey always loved so much. He was bent on paddlin' around in the seep-spring a heap playin' with them big leaves for boats and such."

Purple violets starred the grassy hollows and hills near her, and grass, real live green sweet-smelly grass softened the rough ground of her tiny forest. At the House one never saw anything green or fresh or blossomy, for there was only a bare, dreary unkempt yard, surrounded by a high gray, fence; not even a tree cast its grateful shadows over the sordid surroundings.

The little old lady hungrily drank in the exquisite beauty of early Spring-time, happily breathing: "I've always, always wanted to run away, clean away from everything, and never got a chance till now, and I'm eighty-two to-day."

Anxiously, she listened for pursuers from The House to find her out, but the hours sped by and no one came; no sound broke the stillness except the twitter and song of birds, and murmur of the gliding waters, save once when a quiet-eyed matronly cow, pushing her way through a clump of pale yellow-green young willows, stopped to drink at the cool little stream. She gazed in solemn wonder at the little old lady when she saw her remove her limp old brown gingham bonnet from her head and throw it afar, then tie a wisp of bright blue veiling over her scant white hair.

"Joey liked blue, seems like, better than any other color;

"Well, if that cow don't mind me of milkin' time; and nobody could milk a cow any quicker than I could then," and her mind trailed far back across the distant years, to a white barn, a clean barn-yard, and the milk-cows coming home at evening.

She could almost hear the tinkle of their bells and smell their sweet grassy breath, as they lumbered through the bars and up to the watering trough.

"How Joey would love to be out here this way now, and purtend we was both lost" she mused tenderly. "He'd always want to go way off to the lonest places this way and stay; anywheres, most where folks didn't bother him."

An old wagon road, little used, wound enticingly through the trees and brush, down the hollow, and then across the stream; hanging in sweet tangles above it, wild grape-vines in luxurious profusion swayed in the soft winds from trees and bushes, heavy with their delicate fragrance of blossoming.

She sniffed the air deliciously, "oh, ganny, I ain't smelled that, seems like, since Joey and me gathered 'em that year we sold the place after Paw died."

Having so many delightful experiences and exciting fears that she might yet be found by the people from the house, had tired her more than she realized, yet she determined to follow the old wood road as far as she could, in quest of other sights and sounds that whispered of the long ago.

"And to think that I've waited forever, almost, to run away and seek my fortune, and NOW I'm doin' it, and nobody in the livin' world or at The House knows where I am."

As the late afternoon shadows slanted low across the woodland ways, her steps were much slower than when she first had gained the great wide world of Out Side, and she rested often. Eagerly she gathered her frail arms full of the many different weeds, vines and wild-flowers that she loved so well; and then sorrowfully threw them away as they withered, and wilted, "dearies, dearies, I just CAN'T keep you, for you do wilt up so quick."

She gathered violets, violets, violets, until her back ached from the bending over the purple sweetness, and filled her apron again and again; "Joey loved 'em so" was her plea for gleanings the woods so carefully for the tender treasures.

She had no idea in the world where she was bound for, or where she wanted to go: this was enough for the present; just to wander whither she pleased, alone, undisturbed, free, after the many, many, years, and the grim old place where the

friendly missing panel opened the way to God's Out-Doors. No one in all the wide world could understand, but Joey; and Joey had been lost to her these forty years.

A wagon, white covered, appeared over the little hill above her, where she sat beside the road, resting, for she was very tired.

It was drawn by two good horses, a gray and a black; it had a high canvas cover, and a stove-pipe stuck angularly upward from the back.

It looked to be a complete little house on wheels, with steps at the back, leading to the ground. A rough-bearded man, roughly clothed, no longer young, sat on the drivers seat, guiding the horses. He possessed to a remarkable degree the contented, restful look of those who inhabit the lonely, quiet places of a restless world; and his eyes were gentle and kind.

The little old lady was frightened at first sight of an intruder, and she shrank close to a huge tree; "of course they've sent him to fetch me back" she worried. "Well, I'll not budge, and mebbby he wont notice me."

When he drew up beside her with an exclamation of surprise, she turned her wrinkled, cheery old face up to him, shrinkingly, until she beheld his face looking down at her from his high seat, saying, "By ganny, lost, ain't you?" "I guess I be," she chuckled, "but that's what I've always wanted to happen to me," holding close her wood-land treasures.

"Tired, ain't you," he questioned, noting the tired face of the little wisp of a figure on the log, "what say to me givin' you a lift home?"

Her reply startled him, "you can't take me HOME, cause there ain't any this side of the gates of Paradise, but I'd like to ride with you a spell, if you don't mind." He gently assisted her up to the seat beside him, placing his heavy coat at her back to lean against: "Well, now that's nice," she sighed gratefully, looking down upon the horses broad backs and easing her tired limbs restfully; she clung eagerly to her apron-ful of violets; "you like them little flowers too, don't you?" the quiet,

grizzled man questioned, looking kindly at her. "Just about like mother would look now," he sighed "just about as old, and she liked the little blue flowers mightily oo."

"Which way should I be takin' you, ma'am"? he inquired anxiously, fearing that she did not realize that it was almost night.

"Oh, just anywhere that you be goin'." she turned her sweet old face up to him, trustingly, "just on and on anywheres; I'm not ever going back to where I started from, never, NEVER" she finished, fearfully.

Answering her question of his destination, he told her of his wanderings: "this is my home, this wagon, little old lady, and I'm going as far as these horses can pull me away from people and towns and things, away in the wilderness somewhere, beyond the sound of human beings and where birds and flowers and wild things is waitin' for me; when I find that place, I'll unhitch and stay till somebody crowds me out, again."

"For all the world you be just like my son used to be" she exclaimed to him proudly, "always wanted to get away off by himself, somewheres. He didn't like to be with folks, any, either; that's why he run away, I guess, when he was young, and I ain't never heard a word of him since," she quavered. The man glanced at her sharply, wonderingly.

Gently he drew from her the dreary tragedy of the long, long years, and the bits he gathered of her story made him rage; and determined lines settled about his mouth.

When they emerged from the woods, he sun was dropping beyond purpling hills, and fragments of crimson clouds sailed in a sea of sunset gold.

He stopped to let the horses drink from the stream. "Must I get down now" she asked wistfully, "an' let you go on to find the land where the woods and birds is waitin' for you?"

"No, little old lady, stay right there" he answered gently, "I used to play at kidnappin' when I was a wee chap at home, and I guess I'll play it again. I've kidnapped you, fair and square, and you're agoing too!"

Paling at his words, she faltered Joey!" And the man folded her ten-
 "Joey—my little Joey, used to play that derly in his arms, "Mother! Mother!"
 way long ago!" Then they drove on, into the crim-
 "JOEY" she exulted "you ARE son sunset glow.



The Sea Fog

(From Santa Clara Valley)

By Gertrude B. Millard

*A fleecy menace lifts above the range,
 Crawls softly sinister to blot out crest and cleft;
 And like some mighty ocean-driven tide,
 Called up by God to overwhelm the world,
 Pours glittering cataracts of silver foam
 That poise relentless o'er the sun-washed vale.*



In Trust. A Pearl

By A. M. McDonald

EDITORIAL NOTE—This narrative of life among the fresh water pearl fishers of Indiana gives a clear description of an unusual mode of making a livelihood interesting in itself.

THE advent of Bakers to Shelltown was unmarked by more than a passing ray of interest from the community already established there. The first move of the newcomers was to purchase a shelling outfit which they secured for forty-three dollars. They also came into possession of the hunt vacated by Jeff Turner, who because of malaria getting into his system and the antipathy of the "wimmen folks" to the steaming mussels, was bidding adieu to his riparian abode.

The community engaged in the shelling business consisted of nearly two hundred men, women and children. They lived, for the most part in tents, some occupied near-by huts, while others lived in house boats or in covered wagons. This village of canvas, with its playing children, outdoor stoves, and rick-rack lines of family washing, presented an invitingly gypsie-like appearance. A vacational air and camping-life charm hung over the vicinity. When the first flush of day lifted the darkness from the river, the tents stirred from their dream-slumber, Long pencils of smoke. like so

many landmarking pillars, ascended from the region of the camps. Sounds of speech and laughter broke on the air, as the people, sallying from tents, exchanged greetings. The family gathered around, frequently out-doors, to partake of a hasty breakfast. Then while the women cleared away the dishes, the men hurriedly pushed their scows into stream and drifted along with their hundred-pronged rakes to secure the advantages of an early-day catch. After a few hours they returned with a load of shells. These were dumped into stone troughs and boiled until the flesh shriveled from its protecting sheathe. In the meantime, women and children, at box-like stands overhung by a canopy to protect from sun and rain, worked with the dripping clams which had already undergone the boiling process. Each shell when opened was keenly inspected for the possible pearl, then tossed into a heap to await the coming of the shell barge. The Mussel flesh was sold to farmers for their hogs and chickens. The most disagreeable feature of the whole process was the unpleasant odor arising from the steaming troughs. To newcomers it frequently proved

nauseating, until inurement rendered it endurable. Such was the life and labors awaiting the Bakers.

Ike Baker, gaunt, with pale, kindly eyes and easy, shuffling manner had not the appearance of one who could dominate fortune. All his life she had frustrated him. He had followed in her wake and reached her haunts only to find them deserted. He had listened for the sound of her footsteps only to catch their departing echo. He had wandered from place to place and changed from one occupation to another in the hope of bettering his lot. He would have indulged his family in luxury; it pained him that he succeeded in providing them with but the barest necessities. Yet he did not despond. A shiftless optimism characterized him, consoling him in his failures, and prompting him to face the future with easy assurance. Mrs. Baker had the look of one from whom the hope of better things had long since faded. Sometimes a flash of energy brought back old time life to her, but it soon faded into listless resignation. Though not an invalid she was in delicate health, and had fallen into a complaining habit that tinged and colored all her views and expressions.

They had one daughter, a girl of fifteen, tall and slender, with a pale shrinking prettiness that sometimes passed unobserved. A dash of confidence in manner, a touch of skill in dress would have made her a revelation. But Rita Baker was one to occupy the background of a picture. Hers was a face seen through a door or open window to interest to awaken curiosity, but not to strongly attract. She must advance or encourage advancement or her seclusion would go unmolested.

The Baker family, because of their frequent change of abode, had but few intimate acquaintances. The father, easy and good-natured of disposition, was generally liked. But the mother, chilled rather than encouraged advances. This was unfortunate for the child for, though shy she was warm and affectionate. The constant lack of congenial companionship encrusted her in timid reserve. This new mode of life was exceedingly distasteful to her in spite of its romantic Bohemianism. Only the

grosser aspects loomed up. She was not petulant, but in her blue eyes lurked a glow of discontent. From some previous existence there had come a demand for ease, comfort, and things regularly and systematically arranged. Co-ordinate with this desire, was a call for something as yet but vaguely and not clearly defined. Perhaps it was only a longing for dress and that feminine birthright—artistic skill in drapery arrangement. Perhaps it was a desire for friends and friendship's confidences. It may have been a premonitory demand for love. Whatever its nature, it would doubtless be shaped and effected by environing events.

The community was comprised to a considerable extent of a foreign element. The families were for the most part good-natured, but uneducated and given to gossiping. Rita felt no desire to enter into intimate acquaintance with any of them, and her manner voicing her sentiments, barred their advances. Each day as she took her stand at the table beside her parents the work became more distasteful to her. Her father tried to cheer her.

"Never mind, chick, we'll run on to a pearl one of these days and it'll be yours."

"Yes, hers to do with as she likes; only, of course we won't find any."

The mother's prophecies concerning pearls as other things was tinged with pessimism.

One day there came into the community a young man passing his vacation days. He fell in with the family and after inspecting their work asked if he might join them. It would not be worth while, he thought, for the two months he would be there to buy an outfit for himself. If he could go in with someone else and earn a few dollars, it would help to defray his expenses at the University the following year.

The Bakers could readily accommodate him. The father felt the advantage of having another to assist him in the work. Thus it happened that the young man was frequently stationed next to the girl at the table.

At first she was timid and uncommunicative, but his wholesome, cherry manner tended to thaw her reserve. She found

herself listening with interest to his description of places and things he had seen. She even came out of herself so far as to ply him with furtive questions. His words were in the nature of a revelation. Aglow with high, healthful aspirations, he was from a different world, and was to her the embodiment of new life, before barely suspected, undefined and until now unrealized.

He noted her eagerness and nourished it with wholesome information. He spoke of men who gave their best and life-long efforts to the advance of science and the betterment of humanity. His own ideals undashed by harsh experience, he dwelt with enthusiasm upon the efforts of the wise and worthy. In moments of confidence he touched upon his own hopes and aspirations. She listened in wondering sympathy, and was led presently to confide in him her own vague desires and misgivings. His words were soothing encouragement, his manner kind and brotherly. In the sun of an awakened interest the girl was blossoming into a new creature. The lack-luster of her eyes gave way to a sparkle of life. Her expression of discontent vanished. Her work became less loathsome. The time passed quickly and profitably to all.

One evening there was a dance at the town two miles distant. The young man was going and asked the parents if he might take the girl. Rita, who had seldom attended any social function, looked forward to the occasion with mingled delight and dread. She never forgot her flutterings in the first dance on the floor, but she knew the step and his reassuring tones set her at ease. After a spell of the music lifted he led her to a seat and she glanced timidly about. Then embarrassment flamed her cheeks and she shrunk into her former shy consciousness. It seemed to her simple, untrained eye that every girl in the room was beautifully dressed excepting herself. Her cheap, ill-fitting gown magnified itself into a complexity of defects. Her first draught of pleasure was gone. She saw her escort moving among the flowers of fashion with the freedom and ease of culture and experience. When he returned to her he did not

seem to note any contrast between her appearance and that of the others, and she strove to conceal from him her embarrassment. She was glad when it came time to leave the hall.

The days passed swiftly and at length the hour arrived when he must depart. He had spent two happy months with her and he experienced pain in leaving. He held her in affectionate regard, and though he looked upon her half as a child, he realized that she was rapidly blossoming into womanhood. His eyes rested upon her admiringly.

"How you have grown and how beautiful you are becoming." Then in a burst of confidence he drew forth a picture. "I wish you two could know each other." His voice was soft and tenderness shone in his eye. "That is the girl I hope to marry."

Rita grasped the picture—her hand trembling, she knew not why. It was the face of a young girl, sweet of expression and possessed of a rare dark beauty. Her eyes eagerly drank in every detail of the picture.

"And you—you love her?" she breathed.

"Yes," the young man tenderly replaced the picture. "We have been engaged for over a year, and will marry as soon as I secure a good position."

The shelling season was drawing to a close. October winds were beginning to rap smartly against the canvas walls of the tents, and many of the campers were pulling up stakes to depart. It had been a prosperous season for the community. Thousands of dollars worth of shells had been sold, and several pearls of greater or less value had been discovered.

The Bakers were working with their last lot. Rita occupied her old stand at the table. She was quiet and uncomplaining, but the Mother had noted a touch of weariness in her manner. Of late, however, a new expression had crept into the girl's face—a determined glint in the eye, a compressed line of the mouth. The Mother sighed; she could not follow the intricate workings of the girl's mind, but her heart went out to her in silent sympathy. For her sake she was glad the season was over.

They were working silently the last afternoon, when the girl suddenly gave a little cry. She raised her hand, wet and reeky from the trough. In it gleamed something round and white.

"What, child! A pearl!" The father and mother bent forward eagerly.

"Ghostly Clams! You're lucky!" the man held it up to view more critically. "You've struck it rich—the queen pearl of the season!"

CHAPTER II.

The clock at the little corner drug store pointed to a quarter of nine. A lady in trim, tailored suit descended from the elevated station and pushed in the direction of the Columbia school. It was a threatening morning in April and before she had proceeded many steps, great drops of rain began to fall. Fortunately she was provided with an umbrella and was thus, in some measure protected from the pelting shower.

Just ahead were two children, a little girl and boy not more than eight years old. When it began raining they started to run. They had not gone far when the little girl fell. The boy was helping her rise and urging her to make haste when the lady came up to them.

"No we haven't time to go in anywhere, cause if we do we'll be late."

"I don't care if we are. My new dress is all spoiled, and I hate to be wet and dirty."

"It's too bad, dearie, but perhaps it will be all right when it dries."

They looked up at the sound of the pleasant voice.

"It seems we're all going in the same direction. This umbrella isn't large but it will help some, and if we hurry we may not get very wet."

"That's what I was telling her. And we'd been most there if she hadn't gone and fell."

"I couldn't help it," the tears welled into her eyes. "The walk slipped from under me, and now my dress is all wet. Miss Kinder don't like girls with dirty dresses."

"So you are in Miss Kinder's room."

"Yes, but we're going to move next week into Miss Baker's. I don't want to go a bit."

"You don't want to go?"

"No, cause Miss Kinder I *know* is nice and I don't know *how* Miss Baker is." Older philosophers than she might hesitate to exchange the advantages of the known for the what-not of the unknown.

"I do," the boy's tone was confidently emphatic. "I'm right glad to step up. Freddie Green says she's jolly nice, and she tells jimerack stories, just as if she'd been there herself."

"So Fred was my little champion. Well, I hope when you come into my room, and we get better acquainted, you'll like me."

The little girl's eyes widened with dawning contrition.

"Are you honest and true Miss Baker?"

"Honest and true I hope dearie." The lady's sunny smile led captive the child's heart.

By this time they had reached the steps and the gong was sounding.

"Now good-by, children. Be good, both of you, and I'll look for you next week."

She hurried to her locker in the cloak room to deposit her umbrella and wraps. On the way she greeted several of the other teachers who had already arrived.

"A tempestuous morning, Miss Baker." The principal always had a pleasant word for the teachers.

Twelve years had wrought many changes in Rita Baker's appearance. Scarcely would this neatly dressed, dignified looking woman, with pleasant composed manner, be recognized as the slight, shrinking girl who once worked among the shells. The broad, low brow, the clear, serene eye and health tinted cheek, with an all-pervading, inexplicable sweetness of expression combined to make hers a face to be instinctively loved and trusted. Although her form had lost some of its girlish slenderness and gathered in ampler proportions, it possessed an elegance of outline, while a poise of manner, once unknown, and a grace of carriage now distinguished her.

On that October afternoon when the pearl was discovered a resolution, that for sometime had been shaping itself in the girl's mind, took form. The find proved a valuable one and the mother held firm in her determination that the

girl should have the proceeds to do with as she wished. Then flamed up the resolution that for days had been smouldering—she would secure an education. A few months previous, and her decision might have been different. But the influence and suggestion of the summer had not been lost.

She had always learned readily—almost without effort. But her irregular attendance at school caused by their nomadic life, had lessened her interest and confidence in books. Now she set to work in earnest. She had much to make up in the grades but she was not disheartened. In five years she finished high school, then for two years she attended a university. In the meantime her mother died, and her father became an invalid, his support devolving on her. She taught first in the country, but later secured a position in the city at a more remunerative salary.

She had broadened and widened in these years. Her interests, fostered by her work, had extended. On her social list were numerous acquaintances. She was happy because her life was filled with wholesome purpose. She sometimes thought of the old days and was thankful for the influence that had lifted her above them. She had never heard from the man who had spent his summer vacation with them, but she had not forgotten him. On this day, after her interview with the children, the memory of him seemed in some unaccountable manner renewed. A fleeting thought connected the incident of the morning with by-gone days, but the pressing duties of the hour brushed the suggestion aside.

After the pupils had been dismissed she remained for a time at her desk, busy with little tasks margining the day's work. There was a faint tap at the door and the children of the rain entered. The girl dropped back a little but the boy advanced boldly.

"We forgot to thank you for keeping the rain off us this morning."

"And I didn't mean what I said about Miss—Miss Baker."

The teachers' face brightened as she turned toward them.

"My dear children, come in, I am glad to see you again. What are your

names?"

"Mine's James Earl Nelson." Rita started slightly.

"And mine is May Isabel Nelson."

"What pretty names you have. Do you live near here?"

"Five blocks; in that big stone house at the corner with the great big lawn."

"And Miss—Miss Baker, my dress dried out most all right. Miss Kinder didn't say anything, and I don't think Aunt Belle will scold."

"Tell your mamma just how it happened and she will forgive you."

The big eyes began to fill.

"We ain't got no mamma. She went to Heaven ever so long ago and Aunt Belle lives with us and takes care of things."

"She's good most of the time but you bet she ain't like mamma, and papa looks like he's awfully sorry for us sometimes."

They remained at her desk chatting and pouring confidences into her sympathetic ear until it became time for her to go, when they accompanied her as far as the elevated station. It soon became their custom to linger almost every evening after school in the class room, and she could not find it in her heart to wish it were otherwise. A strange, tender relationship began to spring up between her and the children. The day passing when they failed to linger at her desk held a little blank for her. They were the children of the man who had been her highest inspiration and on whom she had lavished all the wealth of her young love. The years had wafted all the tenderness from the passion, still there lingered the memory. She knew he would barely remember her and she had little desire to renew the acquaintance. She maintained the even color of her existence with its alternating shades of duty and pleasure, but her association with the children she accounted as one of the brightest threads in her social woof.

One day as she was passing through a park on her way to visit a friend an automobile with a man and two children whirled by. She recognized her favorite pupils, and they were frantic in acknowledging her salute. The little girl, in her eagerness dropped a scarf she had

been waving. Rita picked it up just as the car stopped and the man was returning for it.

"Papa, get Miss Baker to come and ride with us. Make her come, papa."

The man looked up, the old familiar twinkle in his eye.

"I'm afraid Miss Baker doesn't hold herself at your pleasurable disposal all the time. Pardon me, but I feel better acquainted with you than you may imagine. I have been hearing the children sing your praises every day for the last month."

"What an affliction we teachers unwittingly impose on helpless parents and guardians. But," the singularly winning smile lighted her features, "neither are you such a stranger. I haven't quite forgotten the college boy who spent his vacation shelling on the Illinois."

The man passed his hand across his brow reminiscently.

"At Shelltown? I once knew a dear little girl there who helped to make my vacation very pleasant. She was a quiet, sympathetic creature and—yes, her name was Baker. Did you know her? Is she related to you?"

"I was that 'quiet sympathetic creature.'" Her merry laugh echoed his look of astonishment.

"You! How different—but how good it is to see you again!" The old time boyish eagerness lived again in his face and voice. "Why, I was back there once or twice afterwards, and though I inquired after you, could never hear a word. I often spoke of you to my wife

and she was anxious to meet you. I can never forget that pleasant summer."

"Papa, is she coming?" the voices in the car were growing a little impatient.

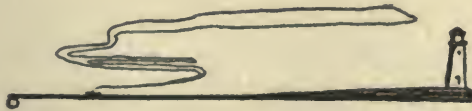
His eyes repeated their question.

"No, my friend lives less than a block from here."

"Then it is a pleasure for which we shall hope sometime in the future." He lifted his hat as he swung into the car.

After that many meetings between them followed. He was interested in her first on the children's account. A rare friendship existed between them and her. Their motherless hearts found in her, a waiting love and sympathy. Then he recalled the friendship of earlier days. He remembered her gentleness, her gratitude, her trust. And now! In the full bloom of her womanhood charm, irresistibly winning, wholesomely sweet, she stood before him. He found in her all he sought—help, sympathy, and friendship. Then it rushed over him that he wanted something more—that he loved her—that she was necessary to his happiness. He loved her not with the passing, surging love of youth, but with the deep, tender passion of strongest manhood. She listened to his earnest pleading, a soft happiness stealing into her face.

It may have been wholly on his own account, or it may have been partly out of love for his children, that she was prompted to give the answer that brought pleasure and happiness to all.



Under *the* Study Lamp



Checking the Waste: A Study in Conservation

By M. H. Gregory

"The author of *Checking the Waste* has done a distinct public service," says Charles Fairbanks, former vice-president of the United States. By all who realize that the conservation of our natural resources is the greatest problem before the American people, this tribute will be endorsed. Teachers, club women, doctors, farmers, manufacturers, business men and public-spirited private citizens of the West are to-day engrossed in study of the natural wealth of the country and yet there has been no book before *Checking the Waste* which has met their demands for information in an adequate way. *Checking the Waste* is designed as a short but complete statement of the entire conservation question. It treats of soil, forests, water, coal, fuel, iron, minerals, animal foods, the relation of insects and birds to vegetation, and discusses also the waste of human life and health through preventable ills. *Checking the Waste* treats of these topics in a way that can be readily understood by the ordinary reader and deals with the practical rather than the technical side of conservation.

Checking the Waste does not deal in generalities, but treats each resource separately, telling what has been used, what has been wasted, what remains to use, how long it will continue at the present rate of consumption, how it may be used more wisely, and how it may be replaced, if that be possible, or what

may be used instead if it cannot be renewed.

Every statement is authentic because it has the backing of government reports and scientific investigation. A government expert helped in securing and arranging the material. The Forest Service furnished several of the illustrations.

At the end of each chapter are definite references to reports and books easily accessible to any one who should desire to make an exhaustive study of any or all of the topics treated.

The style is clear and pointed and the diction never technical. All who read *Checking the Waste* can not fail to be interested and instructed and aroused to the importance of their assisting in this great movement.

Checking the Waste, By M. H. Gregory
—The Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.25 net.



At the Silver Gate

By John Vance Cheney

California, with her wide beaches, her sub-tropical verdure, her giant red-woods, her snow-capped ranges, is the paradise of the poet and artist. John Vance Cheney sings her beauties in this new volume, *At the Silver Gate*, in a way to fascinate all her lovers, whether distant or near. The vicinity of San Diego—"at the Silver Gate"—is the background for most of the poems.

Presidio Hill, the giant Sequoia, the mission San Diego de Alcala, the desert

and the canyon, together with many colorful legends or heroic historical events of the vicinity serve Mr. Cheney for themes. The delicacy of his verse may be seen from the following stanza from "Spring in the Southland:"

*'Thought-soft they are gone, the grays
of the ruin,*

The browns go under the green again;

*The wind sings love-songs whither he
blows,*

Now to the poppy, now to the rose:

And which is the sweeter nobody knows."

The illustrations, thirty-one in number, are soft impressions in brown duetone ink on dull-finish paper, from a remarkable series of photographs.

At the Silver Gate by John Vance Cheney, 32 illus., cloth. Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y., \$1.25.



The Life of Gladstone

By John Morley

Despite the fact that Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, published in three volumes, sold for more than \$10.00, there never was written a biography which enjoyed such wide popularity as this one, or of which so many copies were disposed. It is undoubtedly true that many people who would like to own this great work have found the price prohibitive. It is to put it within the range of these people and to meet the demand for a more compact form, that the two volume edition has been prepared. This new edition in two volumes which was published this week contains all of the material in the three volume work without change.

A similar edition of this work was published in England last year and the sales at once mounted up into thousands. The interest which the early announcements of this cheaper edition have aroused indicate that in this country the sales will ultimately compare very favorably with those of England.

The Life of Gladstone, by John Morley, 2 vols., cloth. The MacMillan Co., N. Y., \$5.

The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm

By Jules Guerin

This beautiful book on the Twenty Third Psalm will be welcomed as a gift at any time of the year, but especially at Christmas. Mr. Guerin, already noted for many masterpieces of illustration, including those for Robert Hichen's book on the Holy Land, has here given to the world four of the most beautiful paintings based on the famous psalm ever produced. The delicate but rich coloring, the feeling of spaciousness and grace induced by the design, and the genuine atmosphere of the Holy Land, make them unique both as interpretations of religious feeling and as truthful presentations of the scenic background in the mind of the psalmist.

The introduction by Mr. Guerin describes the country of the psalm, long and well known to him. There are included appreciations by C. H. Spurgeon, Henry Ward Beecher, and by W. M. Thomson, from "The Land and the Book." Besides the psalm as it stands in the Bible are given the various metrical versions—the old Scotch, the Puritan, and those by Joseph Addison, Isaac Watts, James Montgomery, and the Rev. Sir Henry William Baker. The music to which these versions are sung is also included.

The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm. Four illustrations in color and introduction by Jules Guerin, with appreciations by C. H. Spurgeon, Henry Ward Beecher, W. M. Thomson; and metrical versions of the XXIII Psalm, with music. Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y., \$1.00.



The Mastery of Being

By William Walker Atkinson

Once in a while from the unceasing procession of new publications a book will stand out for its originality and striking treatment.

The Mastery of Being by William Walker Atkinson boldly challenges the older schools of thought, and by a strong array of facts and logic, by clear and incisive reasoning, supports these claims: That mind is the most substantial

thing in the universe; that man IS Spirit; that back of the manifestation YOU lies "the totality of Being."

He then unfolds his conception of the plan of being and its application to mankind. The sum total of his conclusions points to a glorious present for humanity and presents a new and enlarged view of man and his powers. He leads up logically to what his title indicates—the "*Mastery of Being*." The book is in accord with possibly a little in advance of the latest conclusions in science and philosophy, and constitutes a new philosophical spirit level by which to true one's own thinking.

Mr. Atkinson is a keen-minded, logical thinker and his style is fascinating. Evidently he owes somewhat of his inspiration to the work of Henri Bergson, the famous French philosopher and savant.

The Mastery of Being, 196 pp, cloth, The Elizabeth Towne Co., Holyoke, Mass. \$1.00.



Richard Washburn Child, whose new book *The Man in the Shadow* was published this week, is one of the youngest of American story writers. He was born in 1881 in Worcester, Mass., the son of H. Walter Child and Susanna Messinger Child. He has lived in Massachusetts most of his life though when he was three years old he was taken with his parents to Texas. He received his education at Milton Academy, at Harvard College where he graduated in 1903 with the degree of B. A. and at Harvard Law School where he graduated in 1906 with the degree of LL. B.

Mr. Child seems to have been very popular at college for he was President of the *Harvard Advocate*, one of the Board of Editors of *The Lampoon*, the Ivy Orator on the graduation of his class and the author of the libretto for the Hasty Pudding Play presented during his senior year.

Since his graduation Mr. Child has served as correspondent for *Ridgeway's* and *Collier's Weekly* and attorney for Stone & Webster of Boston, by which concern he is now employed.

In his spare time Mr. Child has done work for the magazines and newspapers. At the suggestion of *Everybody's* he undertook the investigation of the wool schedule of the tariff. This investigation of a particular schedule and the giving of the result for popular distribution was the first attempt of the kind made in all that has been written about the tariff question.

Mr. Child's home is in Cohasset, Massachusetts, where he recently bought what he describes as a hillside "Home Piece" of 40 acres, where he has a fine view of the coast for twenty or thirty miles. He has traveled well over the United States, Cuba and Canada. *The Man in the Shadow* is Mr. Child's second book; his first, *Jim Hands*, was published last year.

The Man in the Shadow—by Richard Washburn Child. The MacMillan Company, N. Y. \$1.25.



The Garden of Contentment still is current, and *A Ship of Solace*, the new book by Miss Eleanor Mordaunt, is likely to increase the circle of its author's friends. Miss Mordaunt is a retiring author, little given to self-advertising, but she is now so well known as an author that the public may fairly ask to know a little about her. She was born in Nottinghamshire, her father being a North County man of Norman descent and her mother an Irishwoman from County Galway; the only other literary member of her family being her mother's brother, Captain the Hon. Denis Bingham, who was *Times'* correspondent in Paris during the Franco-German war, and who wrote, besides a history of the siege, several well known books of French history. The greater part of her early girlhood was spent in a rambling old house near Cheltenham. Here the author ran practically wild with her six brothers—her only sister being by far the youngest of the family—till she was thirteen, when the whole party removed to a lonely country district in Oxfordshire, where many of the characters which appeared afterwards in *The Garden of Contentment* were first met with.

Twice Told Tales

A lady who owned a tortoise-shell cat called her grocer up one morning and gave her usual economical order—an order for dried beans, hominy, yesterday's bread, and so forth—and she concluded with a request for one cent's worth of cat's meat. The grocer sighed, for this order would have to be delivered three miles away—but, as he was entering the items in his order book, the lady called him up again. "Mr. Sands," she said, "oh, Mr. Sands!" "Yes, madam?" "Mr. Sands, I want to cancel that order for cat's meat. The cat's just caught a bird."



"Yes," said the specialist as he stood at the bedside of the miser-millionaire, "I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" came feebly from the lips of the sick man.

The specialist made a swift mental calculation and said "ninety-five dollars."

"Can't you shade that figure a little" wailed the sick man. "The undertaker's bid is much less."



A grocer's boy hailed a vessel in dock. The surly mate responded and gruffly asked him what he wanted. "I've got some vegetables for the ship," was the reply.

"All right, you needn't come aboard; throw 'em up one at a time," said the mate, as he stood in readiness to receive the expected vegetables.

"Ahoy there—look out!" shouted the lad, as he threw a single green pea toward the mate. "I've got a sack of 'em for the captain!"

A traveling man, who was a cigarette smoker, reached town on an early train, says a writer in the *Cleveland Leader*. He wanted a smoke, but none of the stores was open. Near the station he saw a newsboy smoking, and approached him with:

"No sir," said the boy, "but I've got makings."

"All right," the traveling man said. "But I can't roll 'em very well. Will you fix one for me?"

The boy did.

"Don't believe I've got a match," said the man after a search through his pockets.

The boy handed him a match. "Say, captain," he said, "you ain't got anything but the habit, have you?"



Curious Charles—Do nuts grow on trees, father?

"They do, my son."

Curious Charlie—Then what tree does the doughnut grow on?

"The pantry, my son."



A Massachusetts Yankee was traveling down South recently on a line that collected five cents a mile. The New Englander said it was extortion.

"Well, stranger," drawled the ticket agent, "it does seem a heap of money by the mile; but it's dirt cheap by the hour—'bout thirty-five cents."



"So you want a divorce, do you?" said the lawyer, peering over his glasses at the worried little man in front of him. "Yes, sir. I've stood just about

all I can. My wife's turned Suffragette and she is never home." "It is a pretty serious thing to break up a family, you know. Don't you think you had better try to make the best of it for a while? Perhaps it is only a passing fad." "That's what I have been doing, but there are some things a man can't stand. I don't mind the cooking, and I haven't kicked on washing the dishes, but I do draw the line at running pink ribbons in my night-shirt to fool the children."

It was one of those unusually hot days in October. Margaret, aged four, and Alice, aged five, were playing languidly on the back porch. Suddenly Margaret laid down her doll and looked at Alice with the conviction of one who has made a great discovery. "Alice," she said, "I just believe it's next summer."

"Are you ever troubled with sleeplessness? I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"I pity you, then. I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now for about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnia paralaxitis."

"I've had it about six months; but we call it a baby."

"I like home cooking," said the man with the gladstone bag, "but sometimes it can be over estimated. It makes me think of the sign I saw in a railroad restaurant. 'Pies like mother used to make, 5 cents. Pies like mother used to try to make, 10 cents.'"

The uncle from the west took his little Boston nephew on his knee.

"Wadsworth," he said, "once there was a man—"

"Then he still exists, Uncle Peter," interrupted the little Boston boy. "No sentiment, reasoning being within whom the vital spark has found a lodgment on

this mortal plane ever ceases to be, albeit his activities may seek expression in another form. Annihilation is abhorrent to the aesthetic sense. Matter may vanish from the sight, but the elements of which it is composed are imperishable. In like manner the intangible essence that constitutes the real man, the ego, survives all changes and mutations. It is the indestructible, sempiternal self, that persists through the ages. A little reflection, Uncle Peter, would convince you that the time worn phrase, 'once there was a man,' is a solecism."

Uncle Peter after a little reflection put the boy down from his knee and began to talk of something else.

Flatdweller: And so your neighbor is a real philanthropist.

Commuter: Yep, He bought ten dollar's worth of flower seeds for my chickens this spring.

As a small boy was standing on one of the best library chairs and clawing with his grubby hands some of the choicest bindings in the bookcase, his progenitor entered suddenly and cried rather sharply: "What are you doing at that bookcase, Wilfred?"

"Trying to find the history of the United States, father."

"What for?"

"Why Joe Billings, at our school, says Mike Donlin played with the Giants year before last, and I say he didn't."

She (walking home from church)—Did you notice that lovely Parisian hat Mrs. Styler was wearing? I could think of nothing else the whole time.

He—No, my dear, can't say I did. To tell you the truth. I was half asleep most of the time.

She—Then you ought to be ashamed to own it. A nice lot of good the service must have done you, I must say.

Old Mining Camp for Exposition

*"The Days of Old,
The Days of Gold,
And the Days of Forty-nine."*

This is the proposal Sam P. Davis of Nevada, made to the Panama-California International Exposition company to construct a replica of Yankee Bar, Red Dog, Hangtown, Poverty Flat, Yuba Dam and the old time California mining camps.

Sam Davis is naught when he is not unique. Contemporary of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, humorist, veteran journalist, politician, ranch owner, known in every club and newspaper office in the world, he is now having plans prepared for one of the most spectacular "stunts" of his life. He proposes to have a "gulch" a real "placer diggin'" where a visitor to the Panama-California Exposition may wash out a little gold dust of his own, provided he knows how to operate a "rocker" or a "pan." The vision of some of the surviving Argonauts of the Forties returning to the gravel banks of half a century ago is interesting to say the least. Other features are a dance hall, real old time shooting up affrays, faro banks, roulette wheels, everything in full blast just as it was in the days when men washed fortunes out of the sand bars of the Feather and American rivers in the day time and spent them on the beauties of the dance hall and on the gambling lay-outs of the saloons at night. A daily stage coach is another feature. A collection of historical objects in actual use in the "Forty-nine" Camp will be another attraction.

Altogether the whole feature will be one of the most interesting things at the Exposition. Sam Davis expects to spend the next three years gathering the material and the curios for the camp. It will occupy acres of land, one of the deep canyons of the exposition site and will be one of the big outdoor features of the exposition.

Director General Collier has asked for detailed plans from Davis and is very anxious to have the camp in case Sam Davis will manage it, as he is certain that

under Davis' hands it will be of historical value as well as of such a nature that the most timid tenderfoot will be perfectly safe inside the camp day or night.

Features of the Exposition are coming in so fast that the 400 acre site will be filled with the most unique and beautiful exhibits ever arranged. Over 1,000,000 plants are being grown at the present time for transplanting in the exposition grounds, it being the intention to give the exposition the finest horticultural display ever shown in America.



S. C. Payson, representing the Santa Fe railway, and Victor Wankowski, delegates from the Chamber of Commerce of San Diego to the All-South Conference, attended the conference, which convened in Memphis, Tennessee, on October 9th. They were joined there by Colonel D. C. Collier, director general of the Panama-California International Exposition, of San Diego, who brought to an end there his whirlwind tour of the south, in company with G. Grosvenor Dawe, managing director of the Southern Commercial Congress.

The movement inaugurated by Messrs. Collier and Dawe, having for its object the diversion of travel from the northern to southern lines of transcontinental travel, has grown to be one of the biggest transportation movements that was ever started. Every Commercial body in the entire South sent delegates, and the railroads that traverse the South, and the hotels of the South all were represented. Besides this all the prominent state and city officials attended.

California is greatly interested in the big movement, not only because it was started by a Californian, but because it will insure a much larger attendance at the unique exposition that is to be given at San Diego throughout the entire year of 1915. The Panama-

California International Exposition at San Diego already is being exploited throughout the world as the "exposition of opportunity," and its projectors are endeavoring to make it the means of populating the great Southwest with hundreds of thousands more people who are seeking a congenial climate and a fertile soil, where they may live out-of-doors in comfort the greater part of the year.

Paper Bag Cooking

Here is something, which if not actually new as to origin, certainly is new in the sense of its popular use as a common, everyday culinary aid. To Mr. Nicholas Soyer of London, a famous chef, is due the credit for the present wide-spread interest in the use of paper bags for ordinary cooking. Paper bags had occasionally been used in cooking before, but this Londoner sized up the practical every-day value for effecting superiority in cooked foods, as well as economy of fuel, and forthwith brought the idea to public attention. In England, France and other countries, the people have taken to the idea very well, thousands finding in the bag another reason for speaking of the present as the "paper age."

A London newspaper, doubtless seeing advertising advantage thereby, early in the summer sent forth a perambulating kitchen, mounted on a motor truck, for demonstrating the process in various parts of England. Other newspapers and periodicals abroad have given much space to the subject, and a book has been written thereon. Altogether considerable stir has been made in Europe over this method of food preparation, which seems to mean nothing less than better food, more cheaply prepared.

Our United States Consul John L. Griffiths, located in London, early took up the matter, and sent quite a full report on the subject to Washington, which report has received wide distribu-

tion in this country, and which along with other American effort, is awakening an interest that promises to see our people go even beyond their European cousins in adopting the idea.

Where paper bag cooking finds special advantage in the case of fuel gases is in the simple conservation of heat. In an oven over a single burner may be placed meats, fish, vegetables, fruits, bread, rolls, cakes, and other articles, each enclosed in its own air-tight bag and placed on shelves, when the process of cooking and baking goes on as though a single article was being handled. The economy in fuel by this means is said to be placed by European authorities at 40 per cent as compared with the older way.

But there are other advantages. Where in ordinary roasting of meats, it is figured that about four ounces of each pound is lost through exposure to the air, by use of the paper bags this is retained, which means also that the aroma, escaping under common conditions, is preserved, thereby adding to the food's excellence. In the case of a joint or stew, the bags also being waterproof, all the gravy is retained, with advantage to flavor and nutritious elements. Fish, onions and similar odorous foods are cooked to perfection, with no signs of the process going on as is usually the case. Moisture being present within the bag, there is no danger of burning, although the bags do turn brown from heat. The process likewise is most sanitary, as there is no exposure to the microbes in the air, while there is a gain also in the absence of greasy utensils to wash at the end of the cooking.

Economy by paper-bag cooking, therefore, is both in directions of fuel and labor saving. According to the instructions given, one gas burner turned full is usually sufficient for baking. The direction that a hot oven should never be used for paper bag cooking is emphasized.

The bags used by this method are made from a pure cellulose paper. The top of the bags fold over and are cemented down to be strictly tight. Ordinary paper would spoil the cooking, it is said, tainting the food. It is expected that the bags will soon be on sale everywhere.

ELSINORE—

City of Springs

The instant that the stranger sees the setting of Elsinore he knows something of the forces that brought it into being.

Mountains and hills varying in height from 200 to 1000 feet form the outline of a noble basin, comprising an area of about thirty square miles; slightly westward of the heart of this basin is Elsinore Lake, likewise oval, and extending in the same general direction. This lake is three miles wide and seven miles long. From the foothills to the lake front this land has a gradual incline to the lake; two main canyons four miles wide, form the outlet to this basin, one leading to Corona, and the other leading to Oceanside.

This lake basin is 1300 feet above sea level; 90 miles from Los Angeles and sixteen miles, air line, from the ocean. To and through this basin or valley, runs the Santa Fe Railroad. Elsinore lies on the northeast side of the lake.

Elsinore is a city of springs—hot sulphur—possessing curative qualities that have wrought the miracle of rheumatic cures. The temperature of this water varies from 113 to 216 degrees. Its analysis is: Sodium of potassium sulphate, 5.02; sodium chloride, 1.64; sodium carbonate, 6.19; calcium and magnesium carbonates, calcium sulphate 2.09; silica, 3.51; organic matter and chemically combined water, 88.0. It is averred by resident physicians that this water has a radio-active effect. Its beneficial effects are by no means confined to rheumatism. It having proven of value for stomach, kidney, blood, skin and other disorders.

The accommodations for those visiting Elsinore for health purposes are excellent. There are several modern hotels and many attractively furnished cottages. Two of these hotels have hot sulphur spings, fine bath houses in connection; resident physicians, efficient

attendants, and equipment afford the guests every comfort and convenience. In the handling of severe cases it is possible for the patient to select a hotel that is but a few hundred feet from the depot.

Here is a climate where there is no bone-chilling winds, and no continued rainy season. The summers are made pleasant by the blending of desert winds and ocean breezes, and the nights are sleep-inducing in their coolness. Heavy fogs are unknown, the air being constantly dry and invigorating.

Lake Elsinore is the only permanent fresh water lake in southern California. It has a center average of depth of eighty feet, and there is a legend of a submerged supplying spring. This lake has been stocked with gamefish. Water fowl are found in season, and the hills and mountains abound in many varieties of game,

In accessibility, in scenery, in climate, in accommodations and in curative waters Elsinore challenges the health resorts of the world.

Through the two main canyons and the various smaller ones leading from Elsinore distances of 8 to 20 miles, are prosperous farms, orchards, groves and ranches. There are over 50,000 acres of land tributary to Elsinore, undeveloped and susceptible of economical and successful irrigation. The market price runs from \$20 to \$100 per acre, while the developed sections range from \$100 to \$600 per acre.

Throughout this country the character of the soil varies. A few miles up one of the main canyons there is a large acreage of rich, decomposed granite mixed with red clay and with just enough granite sand to make it peculiarly desirable for citrus culture, and much of this is suitable for deciduous fruits and general farming. In many of the smaller valleys, the soil will raise good crops of potatoes without irrigation; fine apples

and table grapes. Much of this land is good for alfalfa and general grains, and there is no better soil anywhere for eucalypti.

The greater portion lies smooth and even, but not level, having a gradual slope, thus favoring irrigation.

The problem of water development here is easy of solution at low cost. The water is soft and free from alkali.

The principal crops produced in this section of the country at the present time are olives, apricots, prunes, peaches, walnuts, alfalfa, hay, eucalyptus trees and various grains. More than 200 cars of hay, alfalfa and grain, from twenty to twenty-five cars of fruit and other productions of the soil, are shipped from Elsinore annually.

Five miles from Elsinore clay beds are being worked, and a factory producing sewer pipe, fire-brick and hollow building blocks. This factory employs about 50 men. At another point about the same distance from this city are two granite quarries, and it is asserted that on three sections of land there is enough high-grade granite to rebuild the cities of New York and Chicago. A good grade of lignite coal is mined near here. One of the largest olive mills and olive oil plants in this State is situated near Elsinore. The dried fruit industry is developed and there are also a monument works, ice plant, slaughter house and many smaller industries.



Autumn Fires

By Robert Louis Stevenson

*In the other gardens
And all up the vail,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!
Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.
Sing the song of seasons!
Something bright in all!!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!*

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be Independent.

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H. C. LANSING, Sales Manager.

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with abundance of water, rich soil
and an ideal climate, Elsinore on
beautiful Lake Elsinore, 31 miles
from Riverside in Riverside County.

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in Southern California

Write for Pamphlet and Information

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and Mud Baths

Experienced Attendants in Charge

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FOR THE COMMERCIAL MAN.

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The most up to date and popular
price store in the Valley.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISH-
INGS, SHOES, HATS

Agent for the Royal Tailors of Chicago (Pay Less
and Dress Better)

"BUTTERICK PATTERNS"

ELSINORE HOT SPRINGS, CAL.

For the Table

Mrs. Taft Goes Marketing

The wife of the president of the United States goes to market every morning while at Beverly, Mass. Other prominent women are glad to relinquish the daily routine of ordering and buying to a trained housekeeper. But Mrs. Taft every morning shortly after breakfast steps into her limousine and is whirled out on her tour of the markets.

She was so seriously ill that she was compelled to let a housekeeper take charge of the summer White House last year. But now she personally oversees the servants and all the details of the domestic routine. In marketing she selects foods carefully and invariably pays cash.

In the shops she is very simple and

The Robinson Crusoe Library



Three Volumes Selected by the Editor of OUTING from the Best Outdoor Books in America

For the person living a week or a year away from the doctor, the grocer and the tourist guide. Volume One, *The Book of Camping and Woodcraft*, by Horace Kephart, is the standard pocket encyclopedia on life in the woods. *Camp Cookery* deals with food supplies, from raw material to the eating; includes chapters on outfitting and nutritive values compared with portability. *Backwoods Surgery and Medicine*, the third volume, is common-sense book in plain language on the diagnosis and treatment of diseases and accidents. Written by Dr. Moody.

Under the guidance of this library one can be prepared to live in safety, comfort and health in the open. Used and recommended by mining engineers, travelers and hunters, from Alaska to South America. Bound handsomely in flexible leather and enclosed in durable cloth holder. Size 4½ x 7 inches. Order through any bookstore, almost any good sporting goods store, or direct. Price \$4.00. Descriptive circular free. OUTING PUBLISHING CO., 315 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Best Christmas Present for the Boy or Man Who Likes to Camp

A New Way to Cook

Calmaco Macaroni for Lunch

First a layer of **Calmaco** Macaroni, then a layer of butter and grated cheese, then a layer of meat fish, crabs or lobster repeat to edge of dish. Brown in oven.

Always insist on **Calmaco ---the clean Macaroni made in the clean factory that's always open to visitors.**

All Grocers.

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Los Angeles and Commercial Streets

inconspicuous in manner. The village tradesmen appreciate the fact that she deals with them personally.

"She is so easy to please," said one, "and so pleasant spoken." All agree she knows just what she wants.

Spiced Fruits

For this receipt one may use peaches, pears or crab-apples. Put into a preserving kettle four pounds of granulated sugar, a quart of vinegar, two sticks of cinnamon, and two tablespoonfuls of cloves. For pears or crab-apples tie the cloves into a small bag. When spicing peaches stick four cloves into each peach. Boil sugar, spices, and vinegar together for fifteen minutes, and add seven pounds of fruit. Peaches should be peeled and left whole; pears, peeled and cut into halves, but not cored; crab-apples, washed and left whole with their stems on. Simmer the fruit until tender, but be careful not to let it get very soft, as it will continue to cook in the hot syrup after the kettle is taken from the range, and may fall to pieces.

(Continued on next page)

PEARS WITH LOG CABIN

Bake large pears in an earthen crock with Towle's Log Cabin Syrup for one and one-half to two hours. Fruit should be almost transparent. Let cool and serve with whipped cream.

Look for another next month.



AT ALL GROCERS

Don't Be a Slave In Your Kitchen

It is no longer necessary for a woman to split wood, "haul up" coal, rake the fire, take up ashes or continue to be a "kitchen drudge." Put in your kitchen a Florence-Automatic Wickless, Blue-flame Oil Stove and observe the difference in the small amount of labor expended, the time saved and the improvement generally in the cooking. And you don't "roast" yourself toiling over a hot kitchen fire. The intense heat of a

Florence-Automatic Oil Stove

is concentrated directly under the cooking and does not heat up the kitchen. It is the ideal stove for summer cooking.

The Florence-Automatic burns kerosene, and the heat supply is regulated by a lever so that the heat is always under absolute control. There is no smoke, no smell, no wicks to clean. The pots and pans will not coat with soot.

With a Florence-Automatic Oil Stove and a Florence Asbestos-lined Oven a woman can bake, boil, stew or broil quicker and cleaner than on an ordinary kitchen range.

For sale everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for catalogue giving his name.

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HOLRBOOK, MERRILL & STETSON

San Francisco

Los Angeles



The fruit should be removed from the syrup as soon as it is tender enough to pierce easily with a straw. Fill jars with the fruit. Boil the syrup until it is thick, then fill jars to overflowing with it. Wipe the jars and put on rubbers and tops while very hot.

To Make Delicious Two-Crust Pies

Line a pie tin with pastry so that it extends beyond the edge of the tin one-half inch all the way round.

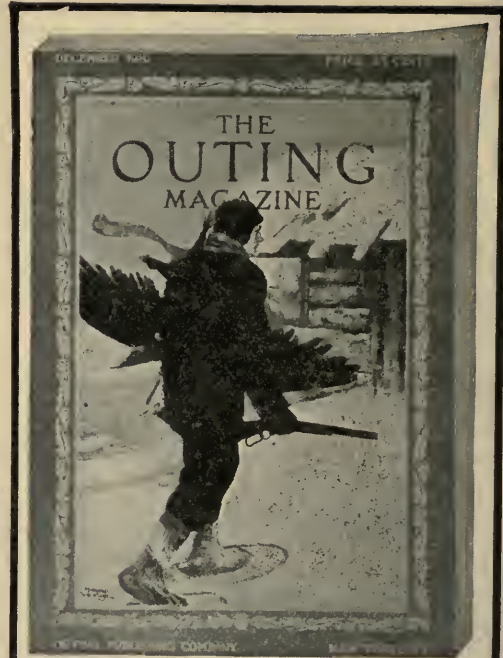
To accomplish this says a writer in *Women's World*, roll the pastry too large for the tin, place the center of the pastry in the center of the pie tin, exclude all air bubbles, hold the lined pie tin in the left hand and by the use of a pair of clean shears cut the crust one-half inch larger than the pie tin. Moisten the upper edge of the pastry with water, fill the pie with fruit and cover with the upper crust. This crust should not be stretched over the fruit as it shrinks when baking and this may cause small openings near the edge, through which the juice will boil out. Try to put the upper crust on in such a way as to make full or loose. With the shears now trim off the upper crust even with the lower and pinch the two together, but not on to the pie tin. Simply take the two crust edges between the thumb and first finger and press them firmly together all the way around.

Next fold the two edges back even with the edge of the pie tin and arrange in any desirable way. With the thumb and finger it can be formed into small scallops. This should be done without sticking the edges of the crust to the tin. If these directions are carefully carried out, pie will always keep its juice no matter how juicy the fruit is.

When berries are used mix together the fruit, sugar, butter and flour.

The amount of flour used depends upon the fruit. Very juicy fruit requires at least two tablespoons of flour, this makes a thickened juice, which is less apt to soak the under crust. The flour should always be mixed with the sugar thoroughly to separate the particles of flour and prevent lumping.

If a fruit is used which is lacking in acid use a little lemon juice. Tasteless dry apples can be used for pies if lemon



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America, but to clinch your interest in the glorious work that Mr. Flower is leading, we will send you three sample issues, postpaid, all for only 10c. Get this intellectual stimulus and literary treat and realize there is a new force in the magazine field. We'll refund your remittance without question if you say we have exaggerated the value of this great monthly.

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juice and water is added with judgement. If the apples are too long in cooking they may be partly cooked before they are put in the pie.

To insure a thick pie fill the tin round-
ing with the fruit.

If the directions given above are care-
fully followed there is no danger of losing
the juice.

Pies should be well baked. To insure
this allow an hour for baking. Half
baked, soggy undercrusts are neither
palatable nor digestible.

The upper crust of pies should always
be perforated to allow the steam to es-
cape, this is essential to keep the juice
in the pie.

Pies should be eaten the day they are
made.

Never bake a pie on a cracked earthen
dish. It spoils the flavor of the pie.

Pie crust and pastry made with butter
or half butter and half lard is considered
more wholesome than crust made from
lard alone.

Substitute for Oil in Salad

One who does not like the flavor of
oil in potato salad might try making
it with the grease from a few slices of
bacon. A small part of the bacon cut
in tiny pieces may also be added.

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Things to Wear



The strongest point in new fashions is their femininity. This is a subtle change difficult to define, since fashions have really not been masculine in their character for quite a long time; but they have been more or less severe, and the present change means an increase in all that is fluffy and delicate says a writer in Harper's Bazar. It means more long skirts, long sleeves with lace ruffles that fall over the hands, shorter sleeves that are in the form of small puffs, and still another which has a wire to hold its puff in place. Poke hats and fancy shoes and lace-trimmed handkerchiefs, laces of all sorts, and velvets and silks, indicate a nearer approach on every side to Miss Lydia Languish, if one dare mention her name in the same breath with the woman who goes up in an aeroplane every week and runs her own auto.

The collars and revers of the new coats and jackets require careful attention. After all they are a most distinctive detail of each season's style. They can be made of satin or velvet. The cuffs must match the revers, and this autumn all the newest coats have quite deep cuffs. This fashion began last year, but the cuffs now are deeper and wider. The sailor collar of last year, with the narrow revers in front, is not so fashionable this year, and the collar at the back is quite narrow even when the revers in front are wide. The revers are faced (but not the edge) with satin or velvet. There is a tendency to a closer cut in style of coat and jacket, merely indicating the waist-line, which is still quite high. This fashion also is more or less trying, and should only be chosen if it is especially becoming.

In choosing the designs for the new street costumes the greatest attention must be paid to the skirts. They must not be too scant, yet all the lines must

be straight. To carry this out satisfactorily it is often necessary to have a dart at the sides, but this dart must be carefully put in and well placed so that it gives the needed spring without adding fullness.

These skirts are not impossible for home manufacture. With the aid of a good pattern a woman who knows how to fit and hang a skirt can turn out a smart one. But it is much wiser after the skirt is made to send it to a tailor to be pressed. This gives the professional finish that is so necessary. Another point to be remembered is that all materials for street gowns should be most carefully sponged and pressed before being made up, otherwise after once or twice wearing the gown will look shabby.

The sleeves of coats and wraps for fall are of various kinds. It is largely a matter of individual choice. Those giving the kimono effect are finding particular favor, and nearly all the large sleeves have set-on or turn-back cuffs, sometimes of the cloth itself, or of the same material as the collar and revers.

Reversible cloths, warmth without weight clothes, in two colors reversible, or in plain colors, with plaid backs, will be much used for coats.

Serges have been good, are good, and will continue to be good. English and Scotch mixtures make up into simple mannish-looking suits and a renewed interest is expected in these materials.

Buttons will figure very largely in decorations for coats and suits. Some are of immense size.

Large collars round, pointed and sailor effects, as well as hoods, are seen on a great many of the new coats.

Millinery Selections

The preference shown for black, for white and for black and white finds ample expression in the fabric and felt shapes brought out for the opening Season.

A leading novelty in plush shapes—a plush with pile so short and lying so close that at first sight it may be mistaken for a panne—is only exhibited in black and white, the facing ebing in both cases black velvet with the exception of a few white samples faced with royal blue.

The output of black shapes is enormous and pretty equally divided between all velvet, velvet faced with satin, satin with velvet and plush (both short and long piled) faced with velvet, beaver and smooth felt. Nor are these different series restricted to any special line of shapes, the fabric varieties in particular covering a most extensive range of large, medium-sized and small hats.

In white felt the choice of shapes is almost as large, both in soft shapes and blocked shapes, the former including a variety in blanket felt and the latter divided between smooth cloth felt and beaver, some of which are provided ready faced with black velvet says the Millinery Trade Review.

If the predominance of black and white is particularly marked in the shapes provided ready for use, wholesale for the general millinery trade—more especially in the higher grades—it is hardly less so in the models of the leading firms, although of course these, being bound to provide their customers with greater variety, cannot confine themselves quite so much to one groove.

In point of fact however, nothing promises to be so fashionable for matinee and other smart occasions as the black velvet hat trimmed with white or some light color, and the white felt or fabric hat faced with black and trimmed with white mixed with a little black.

Among the fabrics used for covering hats is a sort of very furry plush which looks for all the world like ermine. One specimen of this sort, of unusually large size, is lined with black velvet and only trimmed round the crown with a chain made of linked rings alternately black and white.

The colors adopted for shapes are, as a rule, of a somewhat sombre cast, whether they be in fabric or felt, undress or Ratinee hats of the most elegant description. A fancy for browns, grays and drabs is as much a feature in this connection as that for black and white. It is quite possible that later on when Winter is with us fashions in this respect may be somewhat modified, but this must be for future consideration.

In the meanwhile milliners are making use of fabrics in all shades of brown, (including the deepest shades of Cornaline, Femina and Couronnement which come under the head of maroons if not

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of actual browns) drak greys, and shades intermediate between greys and browns which go by the name of mole-skin.

The colors in which the great mass of felt shapes appear are very dark, not to say dingy, dull brown and neutral predominating. The navy blues have a lavender tinge and are not very conspicuous, the sombre note of the Regiment series is struck in the greens and it is only here and there in the soft felt toques and turbans that a brim faced with some dark shades of red makes diversion.

For those who prefer something brighter, there is always white to resort to. Some of the blocked turbans and other comparatively small shapes with coronet brims in white felt, are provided with a narrow double fold of black or dark colored silk (taffeta or corded silk) mounted just within the edge of the brim's face, suggesting the use of a trimming to correspond.

With the exception of white hats, so often trimmed as well as faced with black or some dark color, trimmings supply a brighter touch. Harmonies rather than contrasts, however, are given the preference. These you will find provided in several of the series sampled, on the Syndicats Color Card. Take the Faisan and the Cornaline series for example. Here you have a sombre hue for the shapes and quite gay ones for the trimmings.

Such as these may find expression in the velvet hats with rather narrow width brims and high crowns, the fashion being to conceal the latter completely beneath ostrich feathers—short amazons

being used—which may either be selected in the three first shades of these series (two of each) or else each feather may be shaded from one to the other, or better still, severally contain all those in different proportions.

Among the light shades of fawn and grey, the lighter sombre shades or the low-toned pinks, beautiful harmonies will also be found for dark browns and maroons, the regiment greeny greys and the deep purples.

Many of the black velvet and plush hats with brims more or less wide (a good bit wider than deep) the domed crowns of which are pretty low, are often wreathed round with ostrich and for these pale pinks and pale yellows are much fancied and needless to add, white also.

They are shown, too, trimmed with a long aigrette attached to the front, sweeping around its left side, which may be white, a light Faisan or some shade of soft blue or pink.

Arrangements of paradise plumage (admirably imitated) containing the various shades of carmaline, made up into something the shape of a butterfly and set in front of the crown, make a handsome trimming for a large brown velvet hat or one of brown beaver.



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Things to Know

How to Save

To keep money, set it down as an invariable rule that you will never try to get something for nothing. That is the commonest way that a fool and his money are soon parted.

To sum up:

Do not over-estimate money.

Learn to appreciate money for its real worth toward human happiness.

Do not buy anything until you have the money to pay for it.

Never borrow.

Never lend unless you can afford to lose the sum you lend.

Never go on anyone's note.

Be generous, but not a spendthrift.

Be careful, but not stingy.

Never join a company in having a good time, going to an entertainment or on an excursion, without knowing first that you can afford it says the Womens' World. And when you join it be sure to pay your share.

Do not accept gifts, as a rule, unless you are able to return their equivalent.

Be straight, scrupulously exact and honest, in all money matters.

Start a bank account.

Keep a little money in your pocket, and learn how not to spend it.

In all money dealings, insist on a clear understanding before you enter into any agreement.

Keep account, keep account, keep account, of every cent that comes and goes, even in money you get from your parents.

By just being careful in these affairs you will save yourself a world of unhappiness.

A boy that keeps no reckoning of his money is undertaking to walk through life as if he walked barefoot through a field full of broken glass.

YOUR IDLE MONEY

Or your savings should be in an account with this Bank which offers unequalled facilities and the most liberal interest consistent with sound banking.

On Term Deposits the interest is 4 per cent a year and on Special (Ordinary) Checking accounts 3 per cent per year is paid.

This Bank has the Largest and Best Equipped Safe Deposit Department in the West.

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ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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To Make Waterproof Shoes

Warm the soles of new shoes and while they are warm, paint them with copal varnish; when it dries, paint them again; three such coats will not only make the soles waterproof, but will make them last twice as long.

How to Save Silk Stockings

First, buy them *large*, maybe a full size larger than you may wear in a cotton or lisle stocking; next, darn loosely the heel and toe and places for garter catches—all before wearing the stockings. This prevents holes from appearing in heel and toe and the knee from having "runners."

Rinse out in cold water after each wearing, and the stockings will last two or three times longer than when these precautions are not taken.

How to Color Wool

It is often difficult to match goods. White wool may be cream white or pure white. A pure white skirt can be tinted cream to exactly match the new cream white goods for the waist. Dissolve yellow oil paint in a pail of gasoline; stir briskly, hold the skirt by the band and dip it up and down in the gasoline several times. Drain and hang on the line by the band. Any shade can be applied in the same way to a garment in wool. Dainty evening gowns can be made of dingy white or light goods and hose, soiled white slippers, petticoats, gloves and trimmings can be tinted to match.

White Window Screens

It is not generally known, that if window-screens are painted with a thin white paint, instead of with black, as they often are, those inside the house may look through the screens the same as before, while outsiders cannot see inside.

A DOG'S FOOT

Has a number of raised cushions which prevent slipping and take up the concussion over hard surfaces.



BAILEY'S "WON'T SLIP" RUBBER HEELS

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Dolls and Artificial Flowers Which Change Color

The principal uses of cobalt in the United States are in making glass and pottery. A beautiful blue is given to glass by the oxide of cobalt. Sympathetic inks, according to a report of the United States Geological Survey, are made from cobalt acetate, chloride, and nitrate that are colored when heated or colorless when cold. This interesting phenomenon is due to the change in color of the salts on the absorption of water. When dry they are blue and easily seen on paper; when damp they are pink; and when diluted, colorless. A puzzling application of this principle may be in a doll whose dress is blue in dry weather but changes to pink when subjected to dampness, as in wet weather or when the doll is held in the steam of a tea kettle. Artificial flowers are made to show the same effect.

Origin of "Sundae"

It is stated that the name "Sundae" originated in New Orleans. A soda water dispenser found himself one bright and warm Sunday afternoon entirely out of carbonated water, with no chance to renew his supply. There was a constant demand for his services, and after repeatedly answering the embarrassing question why he was unable to produce the drinks, in desperation he hurriedly mixed ice cream and fruit syrups into

a frozen concoction which greatly delighted his customers. During the following week days he had so many calls for "that Sunday recipe" that the idea flashed over him that it would be a good idea to put it regularly on his bill of fare.

A well meaning but uneducated clerk who prepared the menu, did the trick of transforming "Sunday" into "Sundae" and the palate tickler has remained "Sundae" ever since.

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cut without irritation. The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft; the ring comforts and amuses the child, preventing convulsions and cholera infantum.

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BAILEY'S RUBBER SEWING FINGER

Made to prevent picking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large. Mailed 6 cents each.



used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1 for 25c.; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be



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This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, no smoothies, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17 5-8 in.; No. 18 1 in.; No. 19, 7-8 in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, 1 1-8 in. Mailed upon receipt of price 30c per pair Agents Wanted

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Ranch and Home

It is always well to know what the "other fellow" is doing even though it is disconcerting to learn that he is doing his best to get ahead of you. In the Florida Grower are the following pertinent suggestions to the state citrus exchange for boosting the Florida oranges. It behooves California growers to get busy.

"I would suggest that a series of cards on good bank paper be printed for wide distribution among all retailers who sell Florida oranges. I am listing below some suggestions for cards that might prove suitable.

"Florida oranges contain 41 per cent more juice than California navel. The juice contains the only nutriment in the orange. A box of Florida oranges is 15 per cent larger than the standard California box. Moral: Buy Florida oranges. Buy the box and get practically twice as much juice for the same money. Ask your dealer for Orangeade recipe.

"A standard box of California navels weighs about 72 pounds and contains about three gallons of juice. A standard box of Florida oranges weighs about 85 to 100 pounds and contains from 4 1-2 to 5 gallons of juice. Insist on Florida oranges. Get full value for your money. Nine Florida oranges are equivalent to about a dozen California oranges.

"A California navel may look prettier, but beauty is only skin deep. For the best flavor and nutriment buy Florida oranges and get 41 per cent more juice and a 15 per cent larger box. The juice is the only nutritive part of the orange.

"The Florida orange contains 41 per cent more juice than the California navel. Only the juice contains any food value. The best way to eat an orange is to drink the juice.

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"Ask for the Florida orange, which contains 41 per cent more juice than the California navel—not to mention the better flavor of the Florida product."

A Livelihood from an Acre

One of the contributors to the Farm Press points out that it is quite possible to support an average—and even a large—family on the products of five acres of land. We have heard, however, of persons in the Middle West who have done better than this—five times better, if you figure it out—for they have proven that the same thing can be done on one-fifth the land—on one acre, in fact.

One successful test, carried on for a year, has resulted in a plain showing, on the part of a woman, of a net profit of \$1,400. A pretty good-sized family could be cared for with that profit.

Vegetables, fruit, flowers and chickens were raised. The land was cultivated, as we say, "for all it was worth."

It is hardly necessary to say that before anything of this kind can be done, there must be brains mixed with the soil. Two persons might be given an acre of land each, and supplied with the same amount of capital with which to work it, and one might make money and the other lose, simply because one knew how and the other did not, but it seems to be demonstrated beyond a question that a good living can be made out of one acre of land, if one knows how to do it. This being the case, it ought in time to do away with the extra toil and unnecessary burden of carrying on too large a ranch, where men become slaves of the soil and have no leisure for the other advantages of life.

It also points towards the time when many of the congested city inhabitants may look forward to some kind of lucrative existence in the country where a small amount of capital, well invested, will bring in an annual comfortable living.

One almond tree on the Bidwell ranch at Chico yielded ninety-five pounds of nuts this season. The orchard in which the tree grows has forty-three

acres, which yielded 326,000 pounds of almonds selling at from 12 to 15 cents per pound,

One farmer near Walla Walla, Washington, will plant 10,000 apple trees the coming season.

A Gridley, Butte County farmer has cleared about \$90 per acre on cucumbers.

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Ylang-Ylang	Heliotrope	Musk	Violette	LaFrance Rose
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Pulverized Imported Sandal Woods and Rose Pedals

Make a note of this. For a splendid and lasting Christmas gift nothing could be more acceptable than an ounce of this delicate and exquisite fragrance.

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LOS ANGELES
This Winter?

- LOS ANGELES is without question the most **Comfortable** city in the United States, both Winter and Summer.
- LOS ANGELES climate in winter is like that of the Eastern and New England States in May and June.
- LOS ANGELES in winter has roses in abundance, and its neighboring city of Pasadena has its annual Rose Tournament on New Year's Day.
- LOS ANGELES has a score of delightful beach resorts, such as **Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo, Long Beach, Alamitos, Bay City, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa**, all within an hour of the center of the city by commodious electric cars.
- LOS ANGELES has **500** hotels and apartment houses, including some of the best appointed hotels in the United States, at moderate prices, conforming to the accommodations.
- LOS ANGELES has the largest and best Cafeterias in the nation, affording a most economical method of living for tourists of moderate means.
- LOS ANGELES county is constructing 300 miles of model roadways, for which it has bonded itself for \$3,500,000, and is a Paradise for Automobilists. Take your automobiles with you.
- LOS ANGELES roadways in winter are fragrant with the odor of orange blossoms, which frequently cover the trees while the yellow fruit is still hanging to the branches.
- LOS ANGELES is famous for its sea fishing. Tuna, Black Sea Bass (up to 300 pounds), Yellowtail, Braccuda, Rock Bass and Mackerel are abundant, and sportsmen from all parts of the world go to Los Angeles to fish.
- LOS ANGELES is about completing the Los Angeles Aqueduct, one of the greatest water conduits of the world, 240 miles long, of which 30 miles was tunnel work through the mountains, at a cost of **\$25,000,000**, and with a capacity of **20,000** miners inches—sufficient to supply a city of **2,000,000** inhabitants with an abundance of pure mountain water. For further information and literature address

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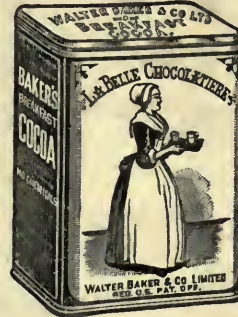
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you like—
likes

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Take her a box next time you call.

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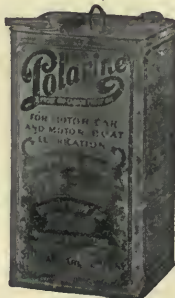
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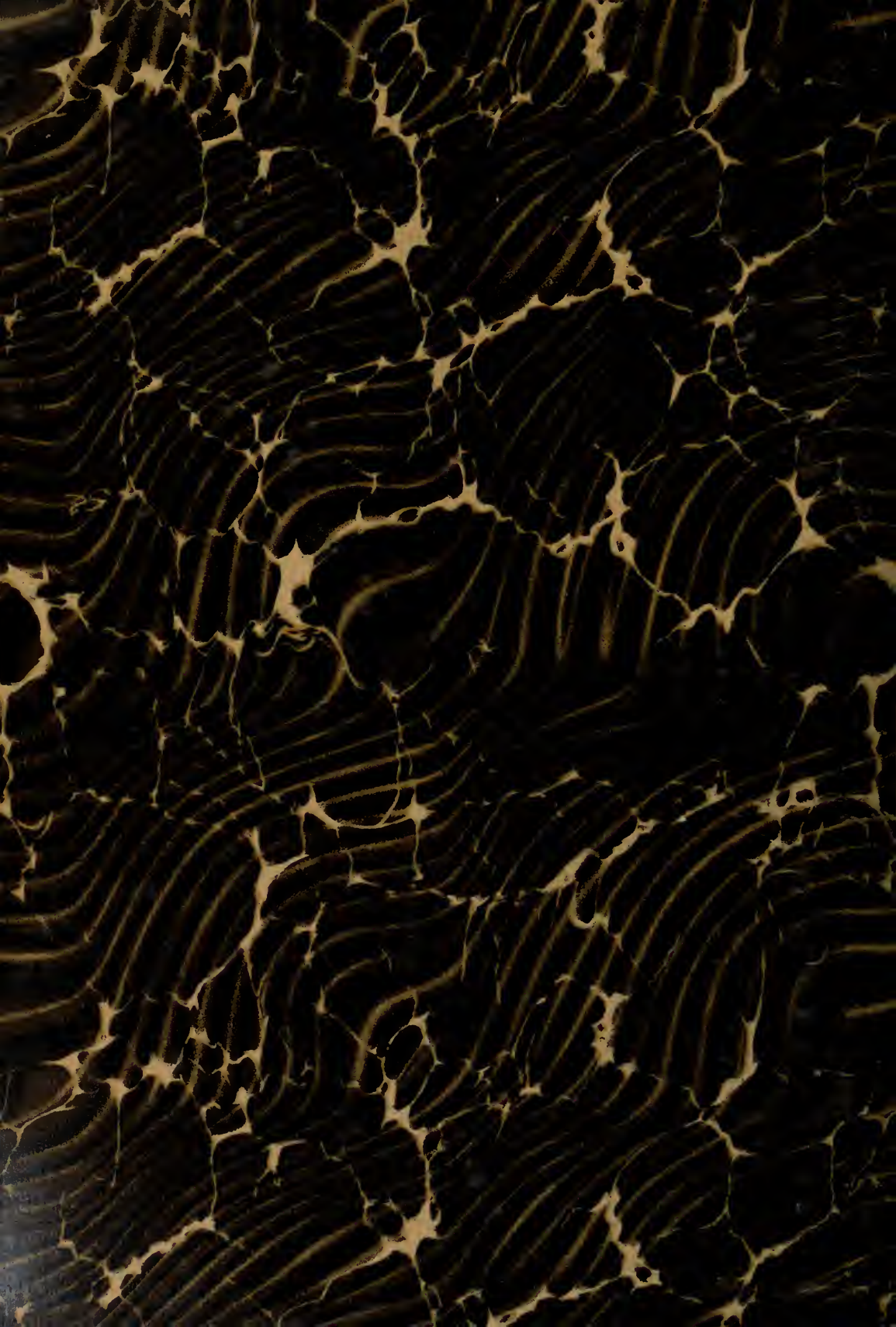
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